



PR  
4729  
G17K9

**Cornell University Library**

BOUGHT WITH THE INCOME  
FROM THE  
SAGE ENDOWMENT FUND.

THE GIFT OF  
**Henry W. Sage**

1891

A.95105

9/7/96

The date shows when this volume was taken.

30 S '07

2 1110

~~JUL 23 1953 HV~~

~~JUL 23 1962 MP~~

NCF 7/16

7/17

7/18

~~JUL 31 1968 MP~~

~~JUL 10 1970 Q~~

### HOME USE RULES.

All Books subject to Recall.

Books not needed for instruction or research are returnable within 4 weeks.

Volumes of periodicals and of pamphlets are held in the library as much as possible. For special purposes they are given out for a limited time.

Borrowers should not use their library privileges for the benefit of other persons.

Books not needed during recess periods should be returned to the library, or arrangements made for their return during borrower's absence, if wanted.

Books needed by more than one person are held on the reserve list.

Books of special value and gift books, when the giver wishes it, are not allowed to circulate.

Marking books strictly forbidden.

Readers are asked to report all cases of books marked or mutilated.

Cornell University Library  
PR 4729.G17K9

Kriegspiel: the war game. By Francis Hinde



3 1924 013 475 870

olin



# KRIEGSPIEL



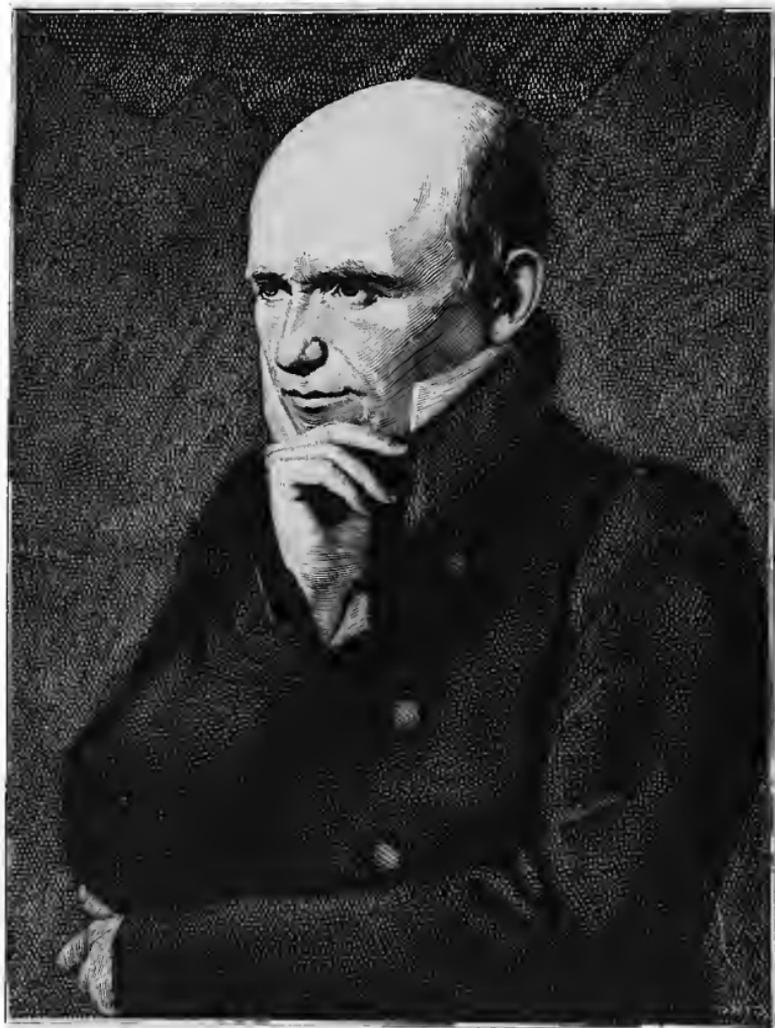
# Cornell University Library

The original of this book is in  
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in  
the United States on the use of the text.

<http://www.archive.org/details/cu31924013475870>





DR. ROBERT WATSON, PRIMUS.

*[From portrait painted at Rome in 1817, by PROF. VOGEL VON VOGELSTEIN,  
and now in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, Edinburgh.]*





# Kriegspiel: The War-Game

BY

FRANCIS HINDES GROOME

AUTHOR OF 'TWO SUFFOLK FRIENDS,' 'IN GYPSY TENTS,' ETC.

"But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays  
Upon this Chequer-board of Nights and Days;  
Hither and thither moves, and mates, and slays,  
And one by one back in the Cupboard lays."

OMAR KHAYYÁM

WARD, LOCK & BOWDEN, LIMITED

LONDON, NEW YORK, AND MELBOURNE

1896

[All rights reserved]

G

CB

A.95105

TO  
*My Friend*  
THEODORE WATTS



## PREFACE

SOME friends, to whom I, have submitted my manuscript, assure me that I have been grossly unjust to the Rev. Thomas Discipline. If so, I regret it. Another objection has been raised, that many of my scenes and conversations must be purely imaginary. True; but imagination is surely the staple of Fiction.

THE AUTHOR.



# BOOK I



# KRIEGSPIEL

---

## CHAPTER I

### A LETTER

*“ Schloss Kalkstein,  
“ Zittau, Saxony,  
“ October 21, 1867.*

“ MY DEAR CHARLES,

“ IT is a long time since we wrote to one another, but I have something special to say to you. You may remember an old school-friend of mine, Charlotta von Kalkstein; she stayed with us several times at Henningham. I visited her once here at her father's, thirteen years ago; and then there was a long interval, during which she has married a Count Rudolf von Heeringen. And now I have come to visit her again, again at her father's, where she and her husband and their two little boys are spending the autumn. Her father, Count Otto, is a general in the Saxon army; and that was how we came to go, just a week since, to a little place, Hochkirch, where a statue was to be unveiled of a Field-Marshal *Kite*—so the name sounded to me. He was a Prussian commander, the old Count told me; he did not seem much pleased about the matter, but it was to be a very grand function.

“ He and Count Rudolf were on horseback in attend-

ance on King John ; but Lotta and I, with the children, drove over from Bautzen. Our horses were taken out, and the carriage was drawn up with many others in the market-place not far from the statue, which was all enveloped in white. We had not to wait very long before King John arrived, and with him the King of Prussia and a whole host of generals and other notables. The bands played, and then there was a speech made ; and whilst it was making I noticed through a field-glass a small boy standing at the foot of the statue, and holding a silken cord attached to the drapery. He was dressed in an old-fashioned way—a three-cornered hat, a powdered wig, high boots, and a little truncheon in his left hand ; and all of an instant, almost just as I noticed him, I was hundreds of miles away from Hochkirch, at the children's fancy dress ball at the Gleverings', to which you, you remember, went as the Marshal. You were dressed like that picture in the dining-room at Fressingham, which hangs to the right of the side-board. And then all of a sudden I found myself back at Hochkirch, for the bands had struck up again, the boy had pulled the cord, the covering dropped, and there stood the big bronze statue—hat, wig, boots, baton, everything, exactly like the boy and like the picture. I seemed to be dreaming, and Lotta must have noticed something strange about me, for she said—

“What is it, Dorothy? You look as if you had seen a ghost.’

“‘Why is he dressed like that?’ was all I could say.

“‘Who?’

“‘The statue.’

“‘Oh! that is how they did dress a hundred years ago ; it is a hundred years ago since he was killed here.’

“‘But who was he?’ I asked.

“‘Who was he? Why, the Feld-Marschall *Kête* to be sure, or “Keith,” you English would call him ; I believe he was English himself.’

“Then I knew half the puzzle : the statue was of the same man as your portrait. But who was the boy? I could not rest till I had found that out ; it seemed

so strange. The ceremony was over now, and Count Rudolf joined us for a few minutes; and through him I got hold of an official programme, in which it was announced that the statue would be unveiled, after King William's speech, by 'the high-born Lionel Keith Glemham, a collateral descendant of the Field-Marshal Keith.'

"And in him, of course, I recognized your boy, the boy Tom has sometimes spoken of, but who I only knew was being brought up somewhere on the Continent. Naturally I couldn't rest there, no woman could; and through Count Rudolf I made still further inquiries, and learnt that the boy, your boy, had been brought the day before from Göttingen (you lived yourself once, I know, for nearly a twelvemonth at Göttingen) by an old Professor Müller, and they were stopping in the chief inn of the place. We—Charlotta and I—were to have lunched with royalty in a great pavilion; but I begged off, and went straight to the inn. Alas! boy and Professor were both to be at the banquet, so I had to wait for more than a couple of hours. And then I saw him. Charles, he is such a beautiful boy, so frank and generous, a little old-fashioned perhaps, but such a thorough little gentleman. And so like you, not in face so much as in voice and gesture; he has a trick of sitting with his right knee clasped in both hands that I remember well.

"I like him; and he, I think, likes me. And we talked, and talk still, much together. For—was it not good of them?—Lotta's father let me ask him and Professor Müller to come back with us to Kalkstein, and they are staying here until Friday week. The Professor is a historian, a man, I am told, 'of European fame.' I don't particularly take to him myself, but he has been very kind to Lionel. And Lionel's talk is all about you and Fressingham. He speaks wonderfully good English, considering; and he knows about you, and your school-days, and Balder the old mastiff, and how you got the V.C. (he has a book about that, he tells me, at Göttingen), and more too about the Glem-

hams and Fressingham than ever I knew myself. Some of this he has learned from the Professor, who it seems has published a book or a pamphlet or something of the sort about your family; and some from Sergeant Mackenzie, your old Scotch butler or steward, who (it seems so strange) goes over to Germany every summer to see him. But, Charles,—and this is why I am writing to you—he tells me he has never once seen you to his knowledge; he never hears from you, and has never written to you; and he has never set foot in England since he was brought from it a baby. Now, is this right? If it is wrong, I do hope my writing to you may help to bring things right. Anyhow, I do not believe you will be angry with

“Your old friend,

“DOROTHY DISCIPLINE.

“P.S.—I don't of course know your address, but I am enclosing this to Tom, who will, I expect, be able to forward it through your bankers or somehow. He is such a brave little fellow, Charles.”

[Addressed to Sir Charles Keith Glemham, Bart., under cover to the Rev. Thomas Discipline, Henningham Rectory, Thwaite, Suffolk; and readdressed to Major Glemham, Poste restante, Hermosillo, Sonora, Mexico.]

#### A TELEGRAM.

“New York, March 23, 1868. Mackenzie, Fressingham Priory, Thwaite, Suffolk, England. Am returning. Fetch boy from Göttingen. Glemham.”

#### ANOTHER TELEGRAM.

“New York, March 23, 1868. Rev. Discipline, Henningham, Thwaite, Suffolk, England. Am returning. Boy summoned. Will write London. Glemham.”

## CHAPTER II

IN 1868 it was still slow travelling by the Great Eastern Railway from London to Thwaite Junction ; and the train by which Sir Charles Glemham came down on the evening of April 15, was not even called an "express," but took fully four hours to do the eighty odd miles. Glemham had tipped the guard for a first-class compartment to himself ; but long before the train reached Colchester he had begun to weary of his solitude. He glanced through a bundle of newspapers, only to pitch them aside ; he rolled and smoked cigarette after cigarette, and at last he fell to counting the telegraph-posts, that slowest resource for making a journey pass quickly. His thoughts meanwhile ran somewhat thus—"Twenty posts—or is it twenty-five!—to a mile. Say twenty-five, then a hundred posts makes four miles. Four into eighty-three, that's roughly a twentieth, and the twentieth of four hours is twelve minutes. Now then, five, ten, fifteen, twenty—hullo! what station is this? Chelmsford, yes, that is the church-tower. I remember when I was at school coming home for the holidays, there were two other Stonyhurst boys, the Ratcliffes, used to get out at Chelmsford ; two of their sisters often came to meet them, and one of them was a very pretty girl. Off again at last. Let's try another count. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five—missed one there ; well, it's so much to the good—thirty, thirty-five. By Jove, this is slow work, though, worse than crossing

the Rockies, for then one had something to do besides smoke and think. I wish I could help thinking now; if only I *knew*, if only I could be certain! She says he is like me, not in face but in manner; how on earth could he be like me, unless—unless—? Bah! I wish I knew one way or other, and most likely I never shall know. Three months ago I felt certain that he was none of mine; and then comes Dorothy's letter, and certainty changes to doubt—a doubt that must be solved, and that most likely never will be solved. For two pins I would get out at the very next station and go right back to Mexico. Only it *was* strange her meeting him like that; it must have been meant for something. And besides, before I was half-way across I know I should be wanting to turn again. Well, in four hours' time now I ought to know something. How I have counted the weeks and the days since I got Dorothy's letter seven weeks ago. It was good of her to write it; and yet I half wonder at Tom's forwarding it. So she never has married. I was certain I never had seen it." And so on, and so on, and so on, to the accompaniment of the train's slow rumble.

The man whose musings ran thus was just in his thirty-sixth year, but looked both older and younger. His close-cut hair and heavy moustache were more than grizzled; but his mobile, finely-cut features, his fresh complexion, and his quick, bright, grey eyes might have been those of a lad hardly twenty. In build he was small but wiry, with a soldierly carriage and with a nervous restlessness of movement betokening impulsiveness. Impulsive he was, and yet there were two deep furrows between his eyebrows that spoke of thoughtfulness and resolution. There have been men more unlike in some ways than he and the great Earl of Strafford.

At Colchester he alighted and took a turn along the train, and then, to the guard's surprise but with the guard's assistance, shifted into a third-class smoking-carriage, its occupants two farmers and a blue-jacket. The farmers got out at Ardleigh, and Glemham by that time had fallen into talk with the sailor. He was a

pleasant young fellow, a gunnery instructor on his way from Plymouth to Lowestoft to join a gun-boat.

"And isn't it odd, sir?" he said; "I've an elder brother aboard her; and all the eleven years I've been in the service this'll make the third time we two shall have sailed together; once in the Pacific and once on the China station." He went on to tell how they were natives of Tavistock, and had been left orphans at an early age, so that till two years ago he had had no home that he could rightly call his own. But then he had married, and now had a wife and a baby-boy at Plymouth. "It's a rare thing," he observed, "to keep a chap steady, to think he has his missus and a young 'un to look to him."

"Yes," Glemham answered, "that must be a rare thing indeed."

It was curious how quickly the telegraph-posts flashed by unnoticed now; and curious also how quickly these two had become almost friends. The sailor himself seemed surprised, for, as he took a fill of tobacco from Glemham, he said—

"It isn't every gentleman, sir, would speak to a blue-jacket like you've been talking to me."

"No! is that so? more's the pity, then. But I was a soldier myself once; and, besides, I've just come from a country where one is glad sometimes to have a talk with anybody, even a horse-thief. That sounds a rude thing to say; but I couldn't tell you how glad I am to have changed into this carriage. The first two hours of the journey seemed like a long day; this last one has gone in no time. Whereabouts have we got to, I wonder?"

It was dark now, but the moon was up, and through the window he could dimly make out a wide estuary. The Stour? no, the Orwell, for here came the tunnel, and then the gas-lamps of Ipswich. The journey was three-fourths done; and the last fourth, after Ipswich, sped quickly by, though the train's pace grew even slower than before. But Westerfield station was past, and Bealings and Woodbridge; and at last, yes, here

was Thwaite Junction. Glemham got his things together, and, helped by the sailor, alighted, then turned on the step, and shook hands through the window, the sailor leaning out as he wished him "a lucky arrival. And I'm downright sorry, sir," he added, "to part from you. Good-bye."

A man came up and asked, Was he going by the 'bus?

"No," Glemham replied, "I want my things here and the others out of the van taken over to the Dragon, and a trap from there to drive over to Fressingham."

"There ain't no Dragon now," said the man; "it's the Station Hotel. And you won't be able to have no trap either; both our hosses are running in the 'bus."

"All right, then, I'll leave my things and walk. Only I shall want something to eat first."

He followed his luggage over to the inn. As he remembered it, fourteen years before, it had been a quaint gabled building, whose huge sign, the Roaring Dragon, had once been the figure-head of a Dutch man-of-war, which went down in the Solebay sea-fight. The present "hotel" was an ugly white-brick erection; and the parlour into which the landlady showed him, all horsehair and veneer, was a sorry substitute for the old sanded kitchen of its predecessor, with oaken settles and vast open fire-place. Still, the cold round of beef that was presently set before him, with bread and cheese, and a jug of ale, proved acceptable enough after the long journey. He had not finished when a tap came to the door, and the landlady entered again, full of apologies.

"I am sure, Sir Charles Glemham, if only John—Mr. Cox—had knowed for one minute it was you at the station; but there! seeing you get out of a third-class, and shaking hands with a sailor, and him not being much of a scholard. But I—I was under-housemaid at the Priory, seventeen years since come Michaelmas, which you mayn't remember me, but Mrs. Mackenzie will, the name being Susan Marsh, though my christened name was Cassandra, only her ladyship thought it too fine—the moment ever I saw your boxes, and read one

of the di-rections, 'Why, John,' I cries, 'if it isn't Sir Charles hisself, returned from foreign parts, and that's why the young gentleman will have come the other day by train with Mr. Mackenzie.' But I am real put about John didn't keep one of the horses. You see, Sir Charles, they take the 'bus up to the town, three miles off, and stop the night there; but he could have kept 'em here easy, or one of them; and what to do for you now, I am sure I don't rightly know, without John was to run up to the Vicarage, and ask for the loan of the pheayton."

"Oh, no," said Glemham. "I would really just as soon walk, only is there any one can carry a bag for me?"

"Carry your bag, Sir Charles, why John would himself, and proud to; but, as luck will have it, there's young Job List in the bar at this present minute, and he comes from Bartlemere, just this side of Fressingham, so that fare as if he was there for the purpose."

So ten minutes later, it being a little past ten, Glemham and Job set out upon the three-mile walk. Job had evidently been cautioned to be extremely respectful, and respect with him took the form of taciturnity. This chimed in, however, with Glemham's present mood. That road, so long untraversed, was a road of many memories, of many home-comings, all joyous but the last one and—the present. Here was the bend where one night as he was driving from the station (he had been to a cricket-match at Ipswich), the mare had shied into the hedge, and by the lamp he had dimly descried something right in the middle of the road. "What's that?" he had cried; and a hiccuppy voice had responded, "It's only me, I am rather inebriated, I am." Further on was the turnpike; Job said that old Ben kept it still, and was deafer than ever. Half-a-mile further yet was Bartlemere church, in front of which used to stand the stocks; Glemham turned a few yards aside to see if they still were there, and felt comforted to find they were not gone. And that white post marked the boundary of Fressingham parish—barely a

mile now to home. Yonder was the spinny, near which he had shot his first partridge; and here came the gravel-pit and the hill leading down to the river. From its brow in the daytime may be caught the first sight of the Priory; but all was black now, not so much as a gleam from a window. It is a pretty steep hill for Suffolk; and so, too, is the ascent on the opposite side. The water-meadows below looked unaltered in the moonlight, with the little, deep-pooled Ken winding through them between the willows and poplars. The road crosses the stream by a shallow ford, which yet in time of flood is dangerous. Then horsemen, as well as footfarers, must take to the narrow, buttressed red-brick bridge, which was built by the monks long centuries ago. Midway across the bridge there is a triangular recess, in which now stood the figure of a man, outlined blackly against the moonshine. As Glemham came opposite, the figure removed his hat, and, bowing gravely, said—

“Buenas noches, Señor Caballero.”

“Vaya usted——” Glemham began, then breaking off suddenly cried—“Spanish! And you know me! Now who on earth are you?”

“A tenant of yours, Sir Charles Glemham; Job List there will tell you who.” And with those words the stranger moved quickly off in the direction whence they had come, till, striking to the left, he was lost in the darkness.

“That’s curious,” said Glemham; “do you know who that is?”

“That,” Job replied, “that’s Master Gripper, that be.”

“And who in the name of wonder is Master Gripper?”

“Well, he’s one o’ the wise men, folks saa.”

“One of the wise men; whatever do you mean?”

“Why them what Parson reads about in charch. But Master Gripper he lives down there in th’ owd mill.”

“Not the Gibbet Mill, surely?”

"Yes," Job replied, in the old Gibbet Mill, which had been shut up for more than fifty years, since the last miller was brained in it with a mallet by his man, who for the crime had been hanged in chains outside; the stump of the gibbet still is visible.

"But," Glemham asked, "how long has he lived there, and what does he do? this Mr. Gripper of yours."

"Oh! he'll ha' lived there going four year; and what do he dew? why, he tells folks secrets, leastwise his birds dew."

"His birds?"

"Yes, his dows, they come flying in to him from all parts with the news. Father was at the Glemham Arms once, it was a Saturday night, not long after Master Gripper fust came here, and in he walks, Master Gripper dew, and he towd 'em as how Ben Moyes, Sam Moyes's brother, what was goin' to Australey, were drowned, and hundreds more on 'em. And Parson he towd father he never knowed nothin' about it hisself till three days arterwards."

Job was waxing talkative, but Glemham was relapsing into silence. They had gained the hill-top, had passed the park-gates and the empty lodge, and now were walking up the straight avenue. Two hundred yards more, and he would have reached the old house. For the past three months he had thought incessantly of this home-coming, how he would feel, and what would be the outcome of it all; and now the meeting with that confounded stranger seemed to dissipate possible hopes—despite himself he had been full of hope—and to raise up impossible fears. To be accosted in Spanish thus here, upon Fressingham bridge—pshaw! hopes and fears must speedily be solved, for here was the old stone archway, the bridge over the moat, and the house itself. It rose up black and white in the moonlight, so like, but unlike, what Glemham remembered it, the likeness of a corpse to the living.

"Here, give me the bag," he said quickly, "good-night; there's that for you." And Job went off, well

pleased with half-a-crown ; whilst Glemham, after a momentary pause, pulled hard at the heavy door-bell. It gave back no sound ; the wire had grown slack with disuse. That vexed him, too ; and when he knocked, and knocked, and got no answer, vexation found vent in words—

“I might as well have stopped the night in London, and written to Adam, and followed my letter next day. But that’s me all over. I fancied they’d be as eager to see me back as I was impatient to arrive. *They!* and who are ‘they’? two old servants and——” He broke off, and was just going round to try the back of the house, when footsteps were heard within, and, a few words exchanged, the door was hastily opened.

### CHAPTER III

THE old man who opened it carried a candle. Its light showed him to be not so very old, not much indeed over sixty. He was hale and comely still, thick-set and vigorous, with curly hair and a merry twinkling eye, an eye that endeared him to womankind. There was something about him of Falstaff, not the Falstaff of caricature, all paunch and vapouring, but Shakespeare's Sir John, the knight whom we cannot help liking, shrewd, jovial, humorous, kindly.

"So you're come at last, Sir Charles," he said, "and come like a thief in the night-time. What for, then, could you not drive, and what for did you not write? Eh! but, Master Charley, it is glad I am to be seeing you, it is like old times; and it is glad Alison will be, and young Master Lionel too—you'll not have heard that he's back."

"Yes, the woman told me so at the Dragon—the Station Hotel. How long has he been here?"

"How long?—this fortnight past. Every night the last week he has sat up against your coming, sat up to-night till nigh on half-past ten."

"Ye-e-es," Glemham said, "and how are you yourself, Addie? You're looking grand. And Mrs. Mackenzie, she's all right, I hope."

"Oh, ay! there's nothing wrong with the woman; 'deed, I tell her she's grown ever so much younger now she has got her young master to see to again. She'll be down in a minute; I told her I knew it was you."

And even as he said it, she entered the big, dark hall; a little woman, something younger than her husband, with keen-cut, pleasant features, and brown, prominent, spaniel-like eyes. Unlike her husband, she spoke with an unmistakably Scotch accent.

"The holy Virgin be praised!" she cried, "that we have you back again, Sir Charles. It has been sair work waiting on you for us old folk and for Master Lionel. Poor bairn, I thought he never would fall asleep the night, though he was fair tired out."

She too, then, *would* talk of the boy, whom, for all his desire, Glemham himself might hardly have mentioned. Now he said awkwardly—

"Oh! so he is sleeping. Because, Mrs. Mackenzie, I might wish to see him presently—you know I never have seen him yet."

"Yes, Sir Charles, I do know that," she said significantly; "but you'll take some refreshment."

"No, I got something back at Thwaite Junction. But I'll have some wine, if Adam can fish up a bottle of claret; and there's a fire we can smoke by, I hope, for I want to have a good long talk with him."

"I could put on a fire anywhere, Sir Charles; but there's a good one in the housekeeper's room, if you wouldn't mind."

"Mind! why should I? if you won't mind the smell of my tobacco. And—Mrs. Mackenzie, where is he—the boy, I mean—sleeping?"

"In your old bed-room, Sir Charles—the one you always had as a boy. Would you wish me to waken him?"

"No, no, by no means. Only—in case I do want to see him—you might just set a lamp there now, so that it may be the less likely to wake him if I go in. And then you go off to bed; I'll not keep Adam up so very late."

Ten minutes later the two men were sitting together—Glemham with his claret and a cigarette, old Adam with his pipe and a tumbler of toddy. They had talked

for a little while of things indifferent, his voyage, the crops, even the weather, when Glemham said suddenly—

“You remember, Adam, fourteen years ago, when I was stationed at Plymouth?”

“Do I remember? as if I was likely to forget.”

“And the lady of Lansdowne Cottage, *Ercilla*—‘*Miladi*’ I used to call her?”

“Ay, the young foreign lady, Sir Charles, Master Lionel’s mother.”

“Did you know I was married to her—that she was Lady Glemham?”

“At the finish I did, by reason that she told Alison. Before that Alison and I had often had words about it. Alison would have it she wasn’t, and I would have it she was.”

“Why?”

“Well, chiefly because you had Alison to wait on her. But I should know something of women, and it was easy to see she was none of your kept madams. If she had been, she’d either have been mock-modest or else brazen, and she was neither. So I guessed.”

“And guessed rightly. Yes, we were married. More’s the pity, I have been thinking these fourteen years; but now it seems just possible I am—was—wrong. You remember about four months after you and Alison came to us from Suffolk, I was summoned off to the Riviera by my mother’s illness. I was nearly two months away, and all that time I never wrote to her, or she to me. You remember that?”

“Of course I do, Sir Charles. You know, even servants can’t help being a bit curious. She told Alison she couldn’t write English, and that did seem rather strange, considering how well she spoke it; and I wondered, too, that you, being so well educated, shouldn’t have been able to write her language.”

“Ah, well!—Nearly two months, and then one day I came back.”

“Yes, and went off again in less than half-an-hour.”

“True, and never saw her again, and never have seen the child she died in giving birth to. Now, Adam,

there are some things I want you to tell me. During those two months did she see any visitors, and used she to go out riding?"

"Visitors, Sir Charles? Never a one but one, and him only once. But ride? she'd be riding pretty well every day."

"Alone?"

"No, most times I'd go with her. But sometimes she'd go alone, and long rides too. I told her once, I mind, it wasn't safe, and wasn't the proper thing. Lord, how she did laugh, to be sure! 'Safe!' she says. 'Sergeant, why, I could ride bare-backed when I wasn't that high. And proper! I know I rode once twenty miles to meet Sir Charles, and *he* never told me it wasn't proper to do so. And, besides,' she said, 'one must go to see one's own mother.' That was the first time, you see, Sir Charles, that ever I'd heard a word about her people not living in foreign parts."

"So, and about the one visitor?"

"He! yes, it was a day or two after she told me that, and the very day you came back. He walked up to the door, rang the bell, and asked, was his cousin at home. It was Alison went to the door, but I that showed him out; he wasn't there very long. He was a curious-looking customer, I can tell you, with——"

"I know, I know; didn't I see him myself?"

"Oh-h! you saw him yourself—— The Lord love you, Sir Charles, if you're thinking *that*, you're wrong. He hadn't been there five minutes, when Miladi pulled the bell. Alison answered it again, but 'Ask Sergeant Mackenzie to step here,' she says, quite stately-like. I went, and she told me to show him out——'deed I think she said, 'put him out.' He was half-minded not to go, I could see that; still, he went. And when I came back she said to me, 'Adam, Sergeant Mackenzie, never you let that villain set foot in this house no more; no, nor any of his colour.'—I mind the word well; it sounded curious. And then you came."

"Yes, then I came, and—went. But after I had gone, what then?"

"Why, she ordered her mare round, Brown Bess. I asked, shouldn't I go with her, but no, she wouldn't have none of me. She was all of a tremble, and I said to Alison it seemed a pity-like, and she in that condition."

"In that condition! *You* didn't know it?"

"Did we not? Why, she had told Alison nearly a month before."

"My God, she had! But go on."

"Well, she went out riding, and she wasn't that very long gone. But when she got back, the mare was all of a lather, and she herself fit to drop. But she laughed, Sir Charles, she laughed when I helped her down, and 'Adam,' she said, 'I have put a mark on a man as he'll not very easy get rid of.' And she showed me her whip—no, it was a hunting-crop of yours—there was blood on it. Well, she took to her bed that same night, and we sent for the doctor, but she was never herself again rightly, and five weeks later she died, the day after Master Lionel was born. The doctor had said she must die, and he thought as the boy would too, seeing as he was only a seven-months child."

"A seven-months child, are you certain?"

"As certain as one can be of such things. So she said, leastwise, and so the doctor and both of us believed."

"My God! again. But did she never say anything of me?"

"Of you—of not much else. In her senses or out of her senses she was for ever talking of you, and always one pitiful cry, 'Charles! and I would have kissed the very earth you trod on!' Often of course she would jabber away in her lingo, and what she'd be saying then was clean beyond us. The doctor said it was Spanish; but I can't say. And sometimes, but that wasn't often, she'd fall to cursing some one, bitterly."

The cigarette had gone out; the wine-glass stood untasted at his elbow; Glemham sat thinking heavily. At last he broke silence—

"Yes; and so you buried her. You wrote to me, I remember, before and afterwards, and I would not come.

God forgive me—perhaps. No, I sent you money and all that, and instructions to act in my name. Was it you (but of course it was) who gave the boy his name, Lionel—Lionel Keith?”

“Ay, we gave him Sir Lionel’s, your father’s, name. I knew that that was the way with the Glemhams for generations and generations—Charles and Lionel, Lionel and Charles.”

“Yes, *with the Glemhams*. But, Adam, I ask you as my old servant, as my old trusted friend, do you honestly believe that this boy is rightly a Glemham?”

“Do I believe? I know it.” And there was that in the old man’s voice which carried conviction.

“But is he like me? come!”

“No, I’m not saying he’s so like you to look at; he favours his mother. But he has ways about him, sort of little proud turns I might call ‘em, and he’ll speak so like you sometimes. Do you remember old Balder?”

“The mastiff, why?”

“And how he would always sit down if anything puzzled him. Well, a month ago I was over at Nether Hall, talking with Mr. Outlaw, the farmer there, and he had an oldish dirty-white dog with him, a regular mongrel. While we were talking, by comes a young gentleman on one of these new-fangled velocipedes, flying. As soon as ever he saw it, down he sits, this dog, just like old Balder. ‘What’s that dog’s pedigree?’ I couldn’t help asking Mr. Outlaw, and he laughed and said, ‘It’s not a prize one, sergeant. His mother was Nell, our old sheep-dog, and his father, I take it, was a mouse-coloured dog like a dickey<sup>1</sup> that used to come after her.’ Then I knew he was just a son of old Balder’s, and yet he wasn’t the very least bit like him to look at.”

The homely instance was not without its weight; still, as to what else he had said, Mackenzie might have been talking with Miss Discipline. No, he had seen her only once since her return, and then not to speak to. Master Lionel had been sore set upon going over to Henningham, but Alison thought it was better he

<sup>1</sup> Suffolk, donkey.

should hide till Sir Charles's return, and he, Adam, had thought so too. And the biddableness of that boy was wonderful. "Besides, as for Miss Discipline, what should she know about anything?" And Adam looked at his master meaningly.

But Glemham had risen, and, bidding Mackenzie await him, picked up a candlestick and left the housekeeper's room. He mounted the great oak staircase, and passed along the familiar narrow corridor, glancing now and again at the faded portrait of a long-dead Glemham, as if to recall the features of his race. He stopped at a door, and, turning the handle gently, stepped noiselessly into the bedroom that had once been his own. It looked unchanged. The little tent-bedstead with its white dimity curtains, the lithograph of Stonyhurst, that portrait of his mother—he took it all in with a one swift glance in the light of a lamp that stood on the dressing-table close to the head of the bed. In the bed lay a boy—the boy to see whom he had travelled so many thousand miles of sea and land. He lay with his face averted from the light, his head resting on his right arm in such a way that it was impossible for Glemham to make out more than a mass of curling dark hair, much darker than his own had ever been; the figure, too, under the bedclothes seemed taller perhaps than his own could have been at thirteen. That might be settled, though, easily, for on the press in the old nursery he remembered his mother had marked his own height year by year from two or three till certainly past twelve. Nonsense! the marks must have long since been obliterated, and even if they remained, to test them this boy must be awake. From meeting whose waking gaze Glemham shrank as he would not have shrunk from a rattlesnake. He stood for a minute irresolute, then extinguished the candle, and, lifting the lamp, was leaving the room as noiselessly as he had entered it, when, as though half-conscious of the removal of the light, the boy turned on his shoulder, so that his face lay fully upturned on the pillow.

Glemham quickly set the lamp down again on a table

in the middle of the room, and stealing to the foot of the bed, formed a kind of loophole between the curtain and the wall, through which he looked long and earnestly. As he looked, three distinct waves of feeling passed slowly over his face. The first was one simply of agreement: yes, the boy was quite unlike himself. It is not so easy to remember what one was like twenty-two years ago; but there was a crayon drawing of himself as a school-boy, taken by a local artist for his mother. It was a good enough likeness, if a poor work of art, with a most impossible cricket-bat. Glemham could recall every line of it, and it was not the least like this boy: Dorothy and Adam were quite right there. Old Adam was right too—and here came the second look, of recognition mingled with regret—in saying that the boy “favoured” his mother; it was indeed a marvellous likeness. That delicate oval, those long dark eyelashes, and that strange little puckered knot about the brow, ay, it was just her face—the face he had liked once for a little while, then tired of, and lastly hated so bitterly for fourteen years. Hated wrongly perhaps, perhaps cruelly—perhaps, perhaps. For—and Glemham’s look now was one of surprise, relief, almost joy—there was nothing in that boy’s face of what he had dreaded to find, no likeness to another, a detested face, not a trace of the bird of prey: “If there had been,” he thought, “I believe I might almost have strangled him.” He picked up the lamp again, and reeling sometimes like a drunken man, rejoined Mackenzie.

“Well?” Adam asked, glancing up at him.

“Well,” Glemham responded, “I am glad that I did come home, Addie. But how to face that boy waking beats me. How he must hate me!”

“Hate you, man—Sir Charles, I mean—hate you? I can tell you there are not many fathers better loved by their sons than you are by Master Lionel. The laddie has been fair daft with the notion of seeing you.”

“But why? why should he care more for me than for any one else he has never set eyes on—for me, too, who have purposely neglected him?”

“I can tell you that, Sir Charles, and easy. You see, the child knows nothing; I didn't know myself till to-night half of what I'm suspecting now. He fancies—and it was me who put that fancy into his head—that you loved his mother so dearly that you were pretty well broken-hearted by her death, and couldn't forgive him for being in a way the cause of it. Now, if I had known all I know now—mind you, I don't believe it myself, but what, I mean, you've been believing—do you think I'd have gone and told him that? do you think I'd have said to him, 'Your father doesn't own you'? No, I would have kept away from him, and just left him to find it out for himself. Instead of which I have gone and seen Master Lionel year after year. You won't know that, but you never told me not to, and it did seem hard to think of him being brought up among a lot of outlandish Germans. (Not but what there are some good enough people among 'em; and I won't say I haven't had some rare times over there.) It'll be nearly ten years now since you wrote me from India that Master Lionel was to be taken to Göttingen, and put under Frau Lichtenstein, the same place where you lived once. How Alison did take on!—she had had the care of him till then, you know, down at Plymouth. It was she that said I ought to go the next year and see after him; and if you'll credit it, Master Lionel minded me fine. And I have just gone every year since, barring the one when I had the bronchitis.”

“And what was it you told him, Lionel, I mean” (how hard it was, that first utterance of the name Lionel!) “about me, about his mother?”

“Just what I've been telling you, that she was a foreign lady, and died when he was born, and that you took on about her death so, that you went abroad first, and then took to soldiering again—he'll be on to you to know all about the Crimea and the Mutiny—and then went off roaming again to the uttermost ends of the earth. He'd never be tired talking of you and the Priory—'I wonder,' he used to say, 'if ever I shall see it.' And another thing I mind he said once in his old-

fashioned way—for he is old-fashioned, if ever a boy was—and in his funny English: ‘Hopingly, Mr. Mackenzie, I shall do my duty as a true Glemham, but the acquiescence therein sometimes is difficult.’ I’m not sure what he meant rightly, but I doubt it was that he did feel it rather hard.”

“Ah, well! they are worthy people he was with at Göttingen; I remember Frau Lichtenstein well. Still, I simply sent him there to be out of the way. For all the care I took, he might have turned out anyhow, he might have died. Adam, time upon time I have wished in my own heart that that boy was dead.”

“The Lord forgive you, Sir Charles.”

“Amen, Addie, amen.”

## CHAPTER IV

GLEMHAM was long that night falling asleep, but once asleep, slept soundly, dreamlessly. It was close on ten when he awoke next morning, first to a vague idea that he was still on shipboard, next to the half-consciousness that he was back at Fressingham, and finally to the full knowledge that he was lying in the bedroom which had once been his mother's, the room in which she had died. It is a large, low room, but bright and sunny, for the oak wainscoting has been painted white, and besides the south window looking out on the garden, there is a smaller oriel to the west, jutting over the moat, so that one might, if so minded, sit there and fish from it. Glemham's back was to this oriel, but in the glass of a picture fronting it—that crayon portrait of himself—he dimly descried the reflection of a figure. For a moment he closed his eyes again, then turning over, reopened them firmly with a strong effort. The figure was Lionel's, sitting nursing his knee in the low seat that runs round the oriel, his eyes fixed intently on Glemham. The boy started up instantly, and hurried to the bedside, stammering—

“Endly, my father, ah mine father, at last I see thee. Ah! it is long since I have expected thee. The dear Alison has told me it, that thou art yesternight oncome (*nein, wie heisst es?* arrived), and that, once arrived, thou hast questioned her concerning me, and art entered to see me. When I had only known it, surely had I not slumbered.”

All the while he ran on thus in his quaint broken English, Glemham was racking his brains to think what on earth he should say to him, was hoping against hope that he might presently feel as he had felt last night, just before leaving Lionel's room. But "Bless you, my child," was all that occurred to him, so he simply said, "Lionel!"

And yet to have said that much was something, you could see it by the boy's face.

"My father," he answered, "ah! I find it so delightful, so charming thus to hear thee address me. Knowest thou—no, no, I would properly say 'you,' but in the dreams have I always to thee said 'thou'—know you, I sit there already one hour, and wonder always to myself how then you shall appear to me, and how thine voice shall sound, and, see there, the face is otherwise, and the voice, as I imagined."

"Worse, Lionel?"—the pause had brought some little courage.

"Ah, no! the face appears more aged, more sorrowful; and the voice—My father, now I dare pray thee for forgiveness."

"Forgiveness—I forgive you?"

"Yes, certainly, my father; and yet have I promised to Alison that I would nothing thereof say to thee. Only that I was not therefor responsible. When—no, *if*, I had only known her, my dead mother, would I say; but, my father, I know thee alone, thee only through report, how Mr. Mackenzie and Frau Lichtenstein and Dorothy and Alison say to me. So it is difficult to sympathize properly, and I am so young, so a mere boy. And yet. But now I leave thee, my father, for so have I promised to the good Alison."

He lingered, though; and Glemham found himself asking, with a kindness, a tenderness even that surprised himself, "What is it, Lionel?" And for answer, the boy flung his arms round his neck and kissed him, and Glemham kissed him back—he was wondering still at that kiss when he found himself alone.

The wonder lasted all the time he was dressing. He

had intended to be so cool, to settle nothing rashly, to review his past conduct (it certainly had been hasty), and then if he found that there was room for doubt, to try to be just, to make this boy what reparation was possible. "*This boy!*" why he had called him "*Lionel,*" and had kissed him; nay, at this moment his brain was in a whirl, his blood coursing fiercely, for joy, for very joy.

It was strange how his thoughts ran riot in many directions. If Lionel was his son—and he must be—there had been no need for his long self-banishment. He, they, might all this while have been living at Fressingham—how glorious it was to be back there, to feel that he was in England, in Suffolk, old Suffolk! The garden outside there, how pretty it looked, with its terrace and greensward, and quaint clipped yew hedges. A pity there were so few flowers (his mother had loved that garden), but it was early yet in the year, so that might be seen to. And the rooks in the elm trees, good heavens! how long it was since he had heard a rook caw! The elms suggested the oak avenue that leads up to the Priory; Glemham turned to the oriel, and looked along it. That tree, the furthest to the right, was his own oak; he had been too preoccupied last night to notice it, but it must have grown a good bit in fourteen years. Thirty-five years old it was now, the same age as himself. For on the birth of an heir to the Glemhams, it is their custom to plant an oak, raised from an acorn of that heir's father's tree. The custom is more than three hundred years old. For the first oak here, the Elizabethan Sir Lionel's, was raised, it is said, from an acorn brought from Glemham Hall, the seat of the Glemhams before the eighth Henry granted them Fressingham Priory. "And mine," Glemham thought, "is the eleventh; one short, if—well, that may also be seen to."

It was with a glad free step that Glemham descended to the morning-room, where, as he expected, breakfast had been laid for him, and where Mrs. Mackenzie was waiting to know when it should be served. He had had

little speech with her the night before ; now, as she came to and fro attending to his wants, it seemed as though he could hardly say enough. Mostly about trifles, the gossip of the neighbourhood, who was dead, who still living, who married. What surprised her was to find him so well posted up in the local news, but that was easily explained, for, as he told her, wherever he had been, he was always a constant subscriber to the *Ipswich Journal*. It had often reached him in batches of from three to a dozen numbers, and yet he would go through them steadily, sometimes even down to the advertisements.

"By the by though," he said suddenly, "there's one thing I forgot to ask Adam about last night, I was so full of other things. Who on earth is this Mr. Gripper?"

"Master Agrippa, Sir Charles, oh! that's just a name they've given him. It's Dr. Watson."

"And who is Dr. Watson, Alison? I'm as wise as ever."

"Well, he's Scotch like ourselves, that's one thing certain ; and I am not very certain of much else about him. But Mackenzie will tell you. He came to Fressingham something better than three years ago ; and I mind well Mackenzie telling me he had found a tenant at last for the old mill, he was real proud about it."

"And is he a regular doctor, a medical man, I mean? That lad who carried my bag told me some nonsense about the birds telling him secrets."

"That'll just be his carrier-pigeons, Mackenzie tells me he keeps a lot of them. But for his being a doctor, why I know he set Sam Kemp's arm when he fell off the wagon ; and old Dr. Stannard said he couldn't have set it better himself. Still, he doesn't practise regularly ; 'deed, I'm thinking there's nothing very regular about him. Not that I know the man, only just what I've been told. But he never goes to church, let alone come to the chapel."

"Oh! then, the chapel goes on still, Alison?"

"In a manner, Sir Charles, in a manner. Father Considine serves us from Ipswich once every fortnight, but it's a great downcome from what it was in her ladyship's time, when Father Sulyard lived here on the place. There were the Frewers used to drive over then from Flemings' Hall, ten miles and more, and the Stauntons of Northbrook, and half-a-dozen families on the estate; and now only three, besides me and Mackenzie."

"H'm, another thing to be seen to, were I duly devout. Is he—Master Lionel, I mean—a good Catholic?"

The talk had come round to the boy, and Glemham was glad it had, Alison no less so.

"A good Catholic," she answered, "none better. He talks beyond his years, does Master Lionel; and it was only two days ago he had been asking me about that soldier's statue on the church (I couldn't tell him it rightly), and he said he would have liked to have gone for a mission-priest to the heathen, and to die for the faith, but he supposed he would have to be a soldier like his father."

"*'Like his father'*— Alison, I don't know whether Adam told you what he and I were talking of last night, or how much. But I've been wanting to ask you in turn if you too are positive that I *am* that boy's father." (His voice hardened again as he spoke; the old doubt came back to his eyes.) "Adam told me last night that she—the boy's mother—told you some time before about—about—that she was expecting him. Was it so?"

"Yes, it was, Sir Charles. Adam was speaking to me this morning something of what you two were saying last night; and it was for that that I sent Master Lionel out with him down the village, so as I might have the chance of a quiet word with you. But first would you let me fetch something? I'll not be gone a minute."

She left the room, and quickly returned, with a thin paper-covered book in her hand, which she gave him. It was a copy-book, a very elementary copy-book, beginning with pothooks and hangers and the letters

of the alphabet, and going on to "Ambition," "Benevolence," "Cupidity," "Derision," and so on. The child it had belonged to seemed to have stuck at "Cupidity"; the progress made so far had not been remarkable.

Glemham looked at the copy-book, then asked,

"And what may this be, Alison?"

"I'll come to that just now," she answered, "but first I must go back a bit. You'll mind, Sir Charles, I was maid to your mother, her ladyship, before I was married to Mackenzie. I came with her out of Peebles-shire, forty-one years since. And Mackenzie then was valet to Sir Lionel; he had been in his regiment, the Gordon Highlanders. Well, as you know, we got married, both being Catholics, and both Scotch, though he was from Ross-shire. We never had any children given us, so we just kept on, saving that Mackenzie became butler after Sir Lionel's death, and that I was your nurse while you needed one. So things went on till her ladyship fell ill of her last sickness, and was ordered off somewhere to Italy. I wasn't to go with her, for she had her English nurse—I never did like that woman. But just that very time you wrote and said me and Mackenzie might come and keep house for you at Plymouth. I was fine and pleased when I heard of it, but I was not well pleased when I got there. I did not know there was to be a lady of that house; truth to tell, Sir Charles, I did not at all like the lady. She was bonny, eh! she was bonny, but I was no that sure she was good. I did not like the way she went dressed. Do you mind that scarlet riding-habit of hers, Sir Charles, and her big black beaver hat with the feathers in it?—and even out walking I've seen her with a yellow silk handkerchief round her neck—once she went across the street with it over her head to the fruiterer's. 'Foreigner or no foreigner,' I said to Mackenzie, 'I'm just going straight back to Suffolk; you can bide if you like, but it will not do for Alison Cockburn. If she is Lady Glemham, what for does he call her Miladi?' Mackenzie is not what you might call particular, Sir Charles, and we had words about it, when all of a

sudden you were called abroad—her ladyship was worse.

“So Mackenzie and me stayed on, sore against my will; still, I could not well leave then without having told you why. But I did not like her one bit better, you may take your word of that, until one day I noticed that she never sang now. She had used to be aye singing, morning, noon, and night; and her singing I had liked well, though one or two of her songs were not just the songs for a lady. But now, when you were away, she never sang; she was just like some poor wild bird in a cage. Nor she never went out much, except when she'd be riding. I could not say rightly whether it was she was drawn most to me, or me to her, both maybe; only one morning, two or three days after I had first noticed that, when I was clearing away the breakfast-things, she says to me, ‘Mrs. Mackenzie, didn't you never have a baby?’ ‘No, Miladi,’ I said to her, ‘that never was granted me.’ And then all of a sudden, before I knew where I was, she was greeting on my neck, and I grat too. She told me she was looking for a child, and you were gone, and she had never let you know, and that was what was troubling her. We talked and talked; and, Sir Charles, I took a liberty with her. I said, ‘My dear’ (it came more natural than ‘Miladi’), ‘My dear,’ I said, ‘is it all right between you and Sir Charles?’ ‘No,’ she said sorrowfully, ‘else I don't think he'd ever have left me; I wouldn't have left him so for all the mothers.’ ‘That's not what I'm meaning,’ I said, ‘but will the child that's coming have no cause for shame?’ ‘Whatever do you mean?’ she says, wondering-like. ‘I mean,’ I answered, ‘are you and Sir Charles Glemham married?’ She laughed—I fancy I can hear her laugh now—and ‘Married,’ she says, ‘yes, married in a church like house-dwellers’ (that was her word); ‘it was his doing more than mine,’ she said, ‘for I wasn't caring greatly, but we were married in the little church at——’ I don't mind the name now rightly.”

"Buddiscombe," Glemham put in, "yes, that was all true enough."

"Ay, I dare say that was the name. But you mayn't think what a difference that made to me—I mean what she had been telling me. Well, and so she said again how you were gone off, and how she was fearing—but she didn't say what she feared; but that if you had known—if only you could know. Couldn't she write to you? I asked her; and she told me she couldn't write. Couldn't write English, you know, I thought she meant; and Adam he thinks that still. But no, she says, she couldn't write at all, and not read much. That did take me aback, Sir Charles, above a bit, and to think she was Lady Glemham. But I have never told mortal soul, and I never would, Sir Charles, only you; for when I asked her, shouldn't I write for her, she said, No, she wouldn't wish for you to think she had let on about her ignorance. But could not I learn her to write?—how long would it take for her to learn and write you a letter? I couldn't answer that rightly, being no great scholar myself; but nothing would please her but I should go out there and then and buy her a copy-book—that's the very identical book. All that day she was at it, and the next, and the next after that. Dear heart! how inky she made herself! And at first she was merry, even singing again, but at last she grew impatient, she would never have done, and she didn't want to write to you about 'Derision.' Wasn't there no quicker way? she asked; couldn't she just learn the words as she wanted them? And so we tried it; I wrote down 'My' for her, and first she copied it and copied it, and then wrote it down for her letter. And next she'd go on in the same way to 'dear,' and so on. But it was slow work—the letter wasn't near finished that day you come back to Plymouth; it is lying there still in the copy-book."

Glemham turned the leaves over; yes, there was a faded letter, written right on in a big round childish scrawl, with many ink-blots and a few colourless blisters. So it ran:—

“My own dear sweet heart i have some thing to tell you witch i no you will glad to hear that i am that way i tryed to tell you but could not i think you will come back soon i hope that——”

There it broke off with that unuttered hope. Glemham read it through once, then, turning to the window, re-read it, folded it, and placed it in his pocket. His shoulders twitched; but mechanically he proceeded to roll a cigarette—then suddenly wheeled round, caught Alison by both hands, and burst into a passion of weeping.

There was no need for words, but, as she left the room, the old woman murmured to herself, “I bless and thank thee, Holy Mary, Mother of God.”

## CHAPTER V

THE rest of the morning passed quietly away. Glemham strolled out presently to have a look round the old place; shall we come and have a look at it along with him? Yet descriptions of places, as of persons, are little worth. Were a Dickens or even a Carlyle to essay to describe in words with all possible detail and vividness some scene or some face to half-a-dozen of the very cleverest artists, who should set themselves meanwhile to transfer such description to canvas, how oddly their results would differ one from another, and from the describer's own concept. Some day, perhaps, in the future, when novelists have struck for Eight Hours, their labours will be enormously economized by a *Mudie's Manual*, with the numbered pictures of the ideal blonde, the ideal brunette, the arch-villain, the comic man, the typical mother-in-law, the ruined castle, the Philistine villa, the sunset, and the like; then, by simply referring his readers to the numbers the novelist will save whole pages of weary writing and still wearier reading. Nay, such saving of labour might be indefinitely extended by the introduction of printed matter—the rescue from drowning, the love scene, the bridal, the happy death-bed, the unhappy death-bed, and so on; then novels could be written in three pages, instead of three volumes. Or (happier thought still) such pictures and episodes might be printed on packs of cards, by shuffling which every reader might make a new novel for herself. And so there would be no more need for novelists, and part at least of the Social Problem would be solved.

But meanwhile Fressingham Priory is known to every one, for it has figured in picture-exhibitions and annuals innumerable as the "Moated Grange," "Chesney Wold," or the "Haunted House." You are quite familiar with its russet brick Tudor façade, overgrown here and there with creepers, its stone-mullioned windows, its clustered chimneys, and its broad, deep, water-lilied moat, out of which the old monks once drew their Lenten fare—great pike and carp and tench. The moat runs close round the house on all sides but the south, where is the garden; and it is crossed by two bridges (once draw-bridges), of which the western leads to the main entrance, and the eastern connects the house with the stables and offices.

In the stable court-yard Glemham came upon Adam and Lionel. He was glad to find them thus together, for he felt that with Adam there he could talk more freely to the boy than he could have done had they been alone. Lionel at any rate showed no signs of embarrassment. He chattered away, speaking much better English now than in their first interview, and asking a hundred questions; once or twice he hung upon his father's arm.

The stables, which in the old days had held a dozen horses, were empty now, except for an Irish cob; Lionel had had a few rides on him already. Oh, yes, he could ride a bit, said Adam, pretty well for a foreigner, though not as he could wish his master's son to. "But my father," put in Lionel, "will teach me to amend myself;" and Glemham promised, and went on to speak about future purchases—at least a couple of horses for himself to ride and a pony for Lionel. Adam was to drive over that afternoon for Sir Charles's things to Thwaite Junction; perhaps it would be worth while for him to go on to the town, and have a look at old Sandford's stables; there might be something there would suit. Lionel might go with him, for Glemham was expecting a visitor to or soon after lunch, the Rev. Thomas Discipline, and he would want a quiet talk with him alone.

"Will Dorothy, the Miss Discipline, also come?"

asked Lionel eagerly ; and Glemham said, No, if he came he would come alone. "If he comes," he repeated. "I sent him a note from London yesterday, but—— You never have seen him, Lionel?"

"No, only Miss Dorothy. Ah! I find her so charming, so—so respectable, and lovely. Her Mr. Brother is a pastor, a preacher, she has told me ; pity that she is not Catholic. Knowest thou, my father, it is strange how I have always imagined to myself England is Catholic, and yet have I read much history. But as I first seen the village church here it seems to me that I have right, she appears to me so quite Catholic."

"She, who? oh! the church; we shall have to coach you up a bit in English as well as in riding. But the church, yes, you're quite right there" (this he said on purpose encouragingly, for he saw that the boy had winced at the slur on his English); "there are very few English churches like Fressingham. Let's walk across, and take a look at it."

Fressingham church stands barely fifty yards from the Priory, whose church indeed it was formerly. As they walked to it through the back shrubberies, Glemham told the boy how in the days of the Great Rebellion there was one William Dowsing sent by the Parliament to make the round of the Suffolk churches, and purge them of all monuments of idolatry, and how he came to Fressingham. The Sir Lionel of that day was away at the King's camp, but his wife, Dame Cecily, was there, and she, in the words of the iconoclast's own Journal, did "shamefullie withstand us ; and neither churchwardens, Lucas Earthy nor Robinson Seaman, would not let us have the key. So we departed sorrowing. Howbeit godlie Master Shelver affirmeth there be above an hundred very superstitious Pictures, 7 Holie Ghosts, 10 cherubims, one Pope with two cardinalls, and Superstitions in the windows, and 7 popish inscriptions of *Orate pro animabus.*"

It is a good specimen of the flint-work churches so common in East Anglia, and consists of a square west tower with a beacon-turret, a nave, a chancel, and a

south-aisle—the Glemham aisle. There is a Norman north doorway, else the style is mainly Decorated, with a few Perpendicular insertions. The exterior is striking, but the interior far more so, for, with the exception only of Fairford, no English parish church is richer in mediæval stained glass than is Fressingham, rich also in carved oak benches, in carved and painted font-cover and rood-screen, in brasses, and in sculptured monuments. Yet, for all its antiquity, the most curious thing in the church is something outside the church—a quite modern figure in a niche of the south porch. It represents a foot-soldier of fifty years ago, cap, cross-belt, brown bess, everything correct, only quaintly mediævalized.

This figure it was that Lionel had been asking about ; and Glemham, to a renewed question, answered laughingly—

“That, why! that’s the Blessed Bill Mullinger.”

“And who then was he, my father?”

“He was a Protestant and a poacher. You’ll remember him, Adam?”

Yes, Adam remembered him for the biggest young rascal unchanged.

“Exactly ; he got into trouble for poaching, and had his choice between Ipswich gaol and enlistment. He chose the latter, and was sent out to China, where we had one of our small wars on, thirty years ago or so. Well, he and another private were taken prisoners by the Chinese, and Bill had a fresh choice offered him—renegacy or death. If he wouldn’t burn incense in a joss-house, he was to lose his head. The other fellow yielded, but Bill stuck out. I remember, or else have been told of, Father Sulyard’s great sermon on the subject, how ‘he, William Mullinger, my brethren, a native of this poor parish, said that sooner than do so he would see himself damned first. As damned he would have been, my brethren, assuredly, whereas by the baptism of blood he was promoted straightway from the British ranks to the noble army of martyrs.’ Yes, I believe dear old Sulyard was really quite keen about getting him canonized, even set about making a collection of his

relics. It would have been rather an odd one—a clay pipe or two ; item, a rabbit-snare ; item, a tavern-score, and so forth. And the Father it was who inspired Sir Lionel, your grandfather, with the notion of this statue. As lay impropiators we have to keep up the chancel, and some time in the forties the chancel-roof needed repairing. There was a rumpus somehow about it, but my father gave in finally on condition that he should be allowed to place that figure—it is by Pugin—in the niche. And then there was a grand to-do over that, for some Protestant newspaper got hold of it, and made a great fuss about the ‘Fressingham idol.’ It came to the bishop’s ears ; his permission, it seems, should first have been obtained ; and he sent over the archdeacon. But he was a capital old boy, quite saw the fun of it, and highly approved this ‘sermon in stone’ as he called it. So there it stands to this day.”

“But the Blessed Bill, my father, his deportment was verily heroical, thinkest thou not ?”

“Unquestionably. He had, like most of us, his chance in life, and, unlike most of us, he did not miss it.”

Adam having fetched the key from the clerk’s house hard by, they went into the church. Lionel had been there twice already, and his father was struck with his knowledge of the Glemham monuments and of those to whom they were erected. The earliest is the stately Renaissance altar tomb of Sir Marmaduke Glemham, knight, who got a grant of the priory lands in 1543, but under Queen Mary reverted to Catholicism, and figures indeed in Foxe as “that most bloodie vexer of Gods saintes.” After him come Sir Lionel, who, Catholic though he was, fought under Drake against the Spanish Armada ; Roland, who married a Rookwood, and with the Rookwoods was mixed up in the Gunpowder Plot ; his brother, Francis, the first baronet (cre. 1626) ; and his son, Sir Lionel, the Cavalier, whose alabaster effigy sits half upright, with curling love-locks and wide-open hazel eyes.

His son and successor was known as the “Bad Sir

Charles"; and "Nothing," observed Glemham, "can be more respectable than for one in a family to be styled 'the Bad'; it emphasizes the goodness of the other members. Still, he was honestly bad even for Restoration times. For one thing, he flung his wife into the moat, and drowned her. She was a daughter of one of the Earls Marischal, Lady Jean Keith—that is how the Keith blood came in. This is her stone, here in the pavement. You see she was only twenty-three, and by her picture she must have been a pretty enough woman. What he did it for was never properly known; the thing was hushed up, as they hushed things up in those days. But water has ever since been unlucky for the Glemhams."

"How, then, unlucky, my father?"

"Oh! fatal, drowning them, though I know of only one instance, and he very likely suggested the belief—the little middy yonder," and Glemham pointed to the marble statue by Roubillac of "Marmaduke, third son of Sir Lionel Glemham, Bart., who was born 9 November 1730, and was lost at sea on board Admiral Belchen's ship, the *Victory*, the night of  $\frac{4}{5}$  October 1744."

"No," Glemham resumed, "I have tempted the water times enough myself, and never come to harm. But do you notice one thing in that epitaph—it says Admiral Belchen's, not His Majesty's, ship. That shows Sir Lionel's Jacobitism."

And he went on to tell how Fressingham church was the last English church, he believed, where Mass had been celebrated. It was in the '45, when the Prince was advancing on London; and this Sir Lionel, with half-a-dozen tenants and servants, was about to set out to join him. With them, too, went the Rev. Giles Garneys, the Protestant vicar of Fressingham, but a staunch believer in the right divine; and, whether with or without his sanction was never quite certain, but on the morning of starting, Father Inghald, the Glemhams' domestic chaplain, said Mass, not in the Priory chapel, but here in the parish church, where no Mass had been said for nearly two centuries. So they rode forth, and

on the hill-top beyond the ford Sir Lionel reined up, and looking back, exclaimed, "O my fair house! and O my fair broad lands!" He was never to see them more, for they had only reached Bury when they heard of the failure of the expedition, that at Derby the Prince had turned, and that there was an army between them. The news came in time for escape, and Sir Lionel crossed safely from Harwich to the Continent. He was heard of presently in Russia, where he was supposed to have joined his kinsman, Marshal Keith; and next there were several letters from him to his wife and his eldest son, written mostly from Berlin. Otherwise little or nothing was known of him, so that the epitaph on his monument (a cenotaph, like the midshipman's), whilst recording the date of his birth, left that of his death a blank.

"And yet," said Lionel thoughtfully, "it appears to me that I have heard the Herr Professor Müller speak thereof, how this same Jacobitical Sir Lionel is killed in the battle by—ah! I remember not the name, but I will inquire thereafter when we return to house, for I possess an example of his *Denkschrift*." (He was perfectly right; and the place and the date of Sir Lionel's death, "in the battle of Rossbach, 5th November 1757," may now be seen cut on his monument.)

"And the others," the boy asked, "all the other Glemhams, my ancestors, rest here, in the vault there-under?"

"Yes, all," replied Glemham, and then remembered one who was not there; her grave must be at or near Plymouth, he could not himself say where. Should that also be seen to? it almost seemed that it should.

They left the churchyard by the other gate, and, skirting the moat, came round to the stone archway, older than the Glemhams, but sculptured now with their arms, from which the avenue leads down to the park entrance. The oaks in the avenue diminish pretty regularly in size, for the two oldest are the two next the archway, then the two next oldest, and so on. Glemham's own oak had thriven well, fourteen years

makes a difference to a young tree ; it was not it, however, that he noticed, but a sapling right opposite, just where Lionel's oak should have stood.

"Yes, Sir Charles," Adam answered to Glemham's mute look of inquiry, "and not my doing either, except that I shifted it there when it was big enough to bear shifting. It will be seven years now that I was telling Master Lionel at Göttingen about the avenue, and he asks me, 'Was his oak there too?' It wasn't, you know ; leastwise I thought it wasn't ; but I was meaning to raise him one from one of your acorns. But, look you, the thing was done to hand already. Just yonder" (he indicated the spot) "I found this sapling, it must have come from your tree ; and all I had to do was to fence it in, and presently transplant it. So there !"

"Yes, that was lucky, wasn't it, Lionel?" Glemham said carelessly, with a warning look to the old man, for he feared lest the boy might get any inkling of what this purported. But the sparkle in his eye told Adam the proof had sped home.

"Only one thing," Lionel said, "perplexes me. How long then is it since one began this avenue?"

"Three hundred years and more," Glemham answered.

"And see, it is already three-quarter accomplished. How when in one hundred year there is no more any room?"

"Oh ! then we must *brize yont*, press forward, as the Scotch say. But a hundred years hence there will be no longer any parks, even if there are still any Glemhams."

## CHAPTER VI

FROM the avenue the three sauntered out into the road, and down the hill to the river, where Lionel ran off along the waterside, to try if he could see a king-fisher. Glemham and Adam remained loitering on the bridge, and the bridge again brought back to Glemham's mind his rencontre of the past night.

"By the by, Adam," he said, "this reminds me. Who is the Spanish-speaking stranger?"

"The Spanish-speaking stranger, Sir Charles! I am sure I don't know."

"And yet you should know, for he told me he is a tenant of mine, and Alison tells me he is a Scotchman, Dr., Dr.—I forget the name: 'Master Agrippa,' it seems, is an alias."

"Oh! it's Dr. Watson you'll be meaning, Sir Charles. Yes, he is a tenant of yours; he has got the old mill on a lease. But Spanish-speaking?"

"Yes, and first-rate Spanish, too. I was crossing this bridge last night, when, '*Buenas noches,*' he says to me; I thought for a second I was back at Hermosillo."

"But how did he know you?" Adam asked; "and how did he know you knew Spanish?"

"That's just what I am wondering myself, I thought you would have been able to solve the mystery. But who is he?"

"I can easy tell you all I know about him" (still, there was an undertone of misgiving in the old man's voice). "It will be four years now come November I

called in at the Glemham Arms one forenoon—I look in there now and then—and he was sitting by the window. I never took much notice of him (he's not that kenspeckle after all), until all of a sudden he comes out with, 'And how are things doing at Eskadale?' 'Who the devil are you?' I cried; you could have knocked me down with a feather. For Eskadale, you know, Sir Charles—no, you won't know—is right opposite where I was born, not a village even, but just the priest's house and the chapel. 'Don't you remember me?' he asked, looking hard at me, and then I couldn't help but look hard at him; you must if he wants you to. All the same I did not remember him, and don't now either, which has often puzzled me. 'But don't you remember the Princes?' he asks next. 'Do I not?' said I; they were two gentlemen, brothers, you know, Sir Charles, who gave out that they were grandsons of Prince Charlie, and lived near Eskadale on a bit of an island in the river; they used to be rowed every Sunday up to chapel. 'Well,' he says, 'I was in attendance on their Highnesses the Sunday that I saw you. I never forget a face.' And he gave me the very day and the year—close on thirty years ago it will be now—when he saw me. I was in uniform, he said, the uniform of the Gordon Highlanders, and that would be right enough, for if I was there at all, I must have been there upon furlough. Anyhow, he told me about things and places and people up by there more than ever I knew myself. It is just the same round about here too; you can't hardly mention a house or a minister or a farmer but what he'll out with some old-world talk about them."

"A wonderful being," said Glemham, "only you haven't explained yet how he became my tenant?"

"No, I'm coming to that, Sir Charles. You see, him being Scotch (he's from Elgin), and me too, and Mrs. Backhouse forby (that's the woman that keeps the house) having some excellent Scotch whisky (the 'Sergeant's Special' she calls it), we got cracking together, and I liked the man better than ever I've liked him since. At the long and the last he got asking if

there was not any smallish house about here to be rented; and No, I told him, never a one that I knew of. 'What's that old house, then,' he asks, 'down by the bridge? it looks empty.' 'Oh! that's the mill,' I said, 'it's been empty ever since I can remember.' 'Isn't it to let?' he asks. 'And who would take it?' says I. (For you know, Sir Charles, there are things said about the old mill; I don't suppose a soul in these parts would have had it at a gift, rent-free.) 'I might,' says he, 'haven't you the letting of it?'—he seemed to know I had. Of course, I told him I had, as your factor, subject to the approval of Mr. Kent, the Thwaite lawyer. What was the rent? he asked then; and I said he might send in an offer. Sure enough, five days later, an offer does come from Ipswich. He would take the mill, with the garden and paddock, for £25 a year, free of taxes, on a six years' lease; and he would pay the first year forehanded, or could give the Messrs. Coutts for his security. It was a clear gain of £20 a year to the property, for the paddock had never fetched much; and I talked it over with Mr. Kent; and he made inquiries, and found he was good for £30, or £300, or £3000 for the matter of that. And so we finished by letting him have it."

There was a kind of excusing-accusing note in the last half of Adam's speech that made Glemham say: "And has he proved a bad tenant, not paid up properly?"

"Oh! yes, he pays well enough, and he has spent money on the place. He had men over working on it from Thwaite and Ipswich for a couple of months or more. But——"

"But what?"

"I don't know what; that's just it; nobody does. Anyhow, I don't believe he is more than a hundred years old."

"More than a hundred!"

"There's them that say he is nigher two hundred. I'll not deny but he talks as though he was. There's young Sam Mutimer—they call him 'young' because his father is living still, but he was a grown man in the

Waterloo year, so he must be well over seventy. Well, Earthy, our keeper, told me he heard him and Master Agrippa talking one evening together at the Glemham Arms about a murder at Stamfield that young Sam's grandfather (mark you) was mixed up in. It was like this. There was an oldish farmer with a young wife, and they hadn't been married a twelvemonth before he was strangled by his bailiff, who had been her sweetheart. They buried him under a muckheap, and every soul on that farm knew about it, but not one of them ever let on for more than six months, for fear that they'd lose their year's hiring. Then they told, and both mistress and bailiff were hanged upon Rushmere Heath. Now, young Sam's grandfather was one of those farm-servants, so Sam ought to know something about it; but Dr. Watson, it seems, told him lots of more things, just as though he'd been there himself, but I don't believe he was. Only that's just one story; there are plenty more to match it."

"By Jove, this is curious. I shall have to look up this tenant of mine. Does he live alone?"

"No, he has a dummy blackamoor lives with him. And that's another curious thing, he doesn't talk to him in English. For Mr. Crick, the schoolmaster from Thaxton, tried him one day (he knows the deaf and dumb alphabet), and all he got out of him was, 'No English,' and then a whole lot of gibberish."

"More and more curious. But what does he do for a living?"

"For a living, why! as I told you, he is supposed to be worth thousands; goes a lot about; rides a pretty good horse."

"And he a hundred years old!"

"Yes, just what I say, Nonsense—rides a pretty good horse; and will sometimes be away for days and weeks together. If he liked, mind you, he could turn a pretty penny."

"How so?"

"Why, he is talked of for miles around, and people have come from the other side of Ipswich to consult

him. Not that he'll hardly ever see them, only sometimes he'll send them out messages. There was the woman from the Three Horseshoes at Chedingham; that's not so far, but it was a comical history. Her man, Daniel Ruffles, I don't know if ever you saw him, but he was a monstrous fat man, weighed over twenty stone. Well, there was a mole-catcher in the place, a drunken kind of a body, had run up a long score with Daniel; and to wipe it off he steals half a sackful of corn out of the parson's granary, and takes it across to Daniel. Next morning, early, the parson's man was going to his work, when he sees a black line of birds on the ground stretching from the granary right across the meadow. He looks closer, and they are picking up corn. 'Oho!' he says, and follows the line up over the meadow, and over the next meadow, and through an orchard, straight up to the back-door of the Three Horseshoes. So Daniel was taken up, and the mole-catcher too; and that was what brought Mrs. Ruffles over to Fressingham. She drove up in her tax-cart, and was just going to get down, when the door opens, and out comes the dummy blackamoor, making signs for her to bide where she was, and gives her a scrap of paper. I didn't see it myself, but Mrs. Backhouse did, for the woman went on to the Glemham Arms, and put up there; and on it was written—how did it go?

'Had the sack had no hole,  
Then his case had been stronger;  
But thanks to its weakness  
His life will be longer.'

"Oh! he's a rhymer, then, our village oracle," said Glemham; "of course, a true one."

"He was true enough in this case, Sir Charles, for Daniel Ruffles got six months' hard labour. And he went in weighing over twenty stone, as I said, and he came out less than fifteen. You see his wife was told if she'd get a doctor's certificate that his heart was weak, and him being such a monstrous fat man, they'd excuse him the hard labour; but No, she said, she'd

been a hard-working woman herself all her life, and she didn't see why he shouldn't take his turn at it too. And old Dr. Stannard told me himself that half a year's work would mean twenty good years' more life to Daniel Ruffles. So the jingle is like to come true. And look you here, Sir Charles, how did he know it was she? And how did he come to have the message written out pat for her?"

"I am sure I don't know, Adam. As I said before, I shall have to go and consult Master Agrippa myself."

## CHAPTER VII

LUNCH was about half over, when Lionel caught sight of a pony standing at the Bridge Archway, with a basket-carriage, but nobody therein.

"That'll never be Discipline," Glemham said; and "No, Sir Charles," said Adam, who was waiting, "it isn't the Rev. Discipline, but it's the Rev. Discipline's pony. He'll have got down to open the park-gate, there being no lodge-keeper. I forgot to have it set open."

"Oh! it is, is it?—well, then, he should not be far off. Come, Lionel, let's go and have a look if we can see him."

They crossed the bridge, and there stood the pony, munching a mouthful of grass, whilst half-way up the avenue a very large figure in black was slowly advancing towards them. Glemham, screwing his eyes up (he was a little short-sighted), pronounced, "That's never Tom;" then rather less confidently, "It can't be, I'm positive;" and finally, "By Jove, though, it is. He's twice the man he was when last I saw him."

Truly, he *was* a man whom one does not see often, except in a show or the Lifeguards, for he was six foot three in his stocking feet, and broad in proportion. A travelled friend once likened him to one of the three colossi of Abu-Simbel, who, grown weary of long sitting and of gazing out over the Nile, should have come out into the world and taken orders. Dark wiry hair and beard, with no moustache, placid grey eyes, a smallish nose, and a wide-lipped, close-compressed mouth—that

will give some notion of what he was like outwardly; inwardly, it is easiest to say what he was most unlike, viz. the first impression most men formed of him. He was *not* profoundly philosophic or humorous or benevolent, though sage, and witty, and generous sayings were often in his mouth. No, he had amazing powers of receptiveness, memory, and assimilation; he had read widely and wisely; he had a just perception of his limitations, *e. g.* of his total lack of creativeness; and he had always a strong desire to please—himself and others. From which one will know as much or as little about him as one knows of an unknown country from a very rude map. At the present moment, as he slowly strode up the avenue, he was still deliberating what line he should take with Glemham and this boy, whom Dorothy had unearthed in Germany. That Glemham should have come back was so far well; they had been close friends, and might be closer yet; still—Hullo! there was Glemham, and with him a boy, the boy. That decided him.

“My dear Glemham, my dear old Charles.”

“Tom.”

Born within half-a-dozen miles and half-a-dozen months of one another, they had been friends from their earliest childhood. Glemham from Stonyhurst had gone for a twelvemonth to Germany, and then into the army, whilst Discipline had been bred at Harrow and Oxford. Still, for the first twenty years of their lives they had been constant comrades; had ridden together, fished together, and shot together; so that, brotherless both, and both of the same age, they had more recollections in common than many brothers have. Wholly unlike, they had each had an admiration of the other for the very qualities each felt himself deficient in. And so they met thus after fourteen years' separation. One said rather more than the other; but the one who said least meant most.

“But does your animal always precede you?” Glemham asked presently.

“No, not always;” Discipline spoke in a slow, man-

nered voice that was new to his friend ; " by no means invariably. I have known myself sometimes to arrive at a place before him. In such a case, indeed, he never as a rule arrives at all, but goes home."

" And do you never arrive together ? "

" Oh ! yes, and at quite unexpected places. The first time ever I drove him over to Thwaite, I meant to put up, as usual, at the Angel ; but no, Toby was used to the Blooming Fuchsia, so the Blooming Fuchsia it had perforce to be. His knowledge of public-houses for miles around is perfectly Wellerian. And I bought him of a churchwarden, a rector's churchwarden."

" That's sad. But come in ; we haven't begun long. Here, Lionel, do you think you could drive round to the stables ? By the by, Discipline, you have never seen Lionel before."

The boy and the parson solemnly shook hands, each a little afraid of the other. Still, Lionel got out an inquiry after Miss Dorothy ; and Discipline replied that she was well, and had sent all manner of greetings—to whom, Glemham or Lionel, or both, he did not say. Then he followed Glemham to the dining-room, where he acknowledged Mackenzie's presence with a " How are you, Sergeant ? " and where Lionel soon rejoined them.

The talk during lunch was of a general character. Maximilian's murder was discussed, and other recent events in Mexico ; had Glemham borne any part, one way or the other, therein ? No ; well, he was probably right, they must be a wretched lot, those Mexicans. The new Reform Bill had its turn presently, then the permanence of the present ministry, the Clerkenwell explosion, the Irish Church question, the prosperity of the country, and the improvement in Glemham's own property. And then, lunch finished, and Discipline having lighted a cigar, Glemham a cigarette, the two strolled out into the garden, took a turn up and down the terrace, and finally settled themselves on the further stone bench. Then Glemham began—

" You'd be astonished to get my telegram ? "

"No, not exactly; I thought we should get some answer."

"In spite of my long silence."

"Yes; why were you so long silent?"

"I should have been longer silent if it hadn't been for Dor—your sister's letter. I meant never to come back to Fressingham."

"Never! and why? if I may ask the question."

"Of course you may, that's just what I am wanting to out with. Ever since I got back here last night, I have been hearing confessions; at any rate, learning news. And now I am wanting to make my confession to you, and to get your advice."

"Such advice as I can offer, my dear Glemham, is wholly at your disposal."

Glemham glanced at him sharply. "You have grown terribly parsonic, Tom. I knew an old padre over yonder with exactly that tone."

"Ah! yes," said Discipline with a smile, "it is not easy to drop the professional, especially with an old friend who has let himself become a stranger. But what I can, Charles, I will, honestly."

"I know, I know. What an age it is since you and I were sitting here together! My mother was living then. You remember her?"

"Lady Glemham. Perfectly."

"What a saint she was!"

"She was, indeed, Charles," Discipline assented. And yet in his heart of hearts Lady Glemham to him was only a memory of a stately middle-aged lady, proud, bigoted, and narrow-minded as no other woman he could think of.

"Yes," Glemham went on, "she was that. Still, I do wish my up-bringing had been somewhat different, I wish she had sent me to Eton, or Harrow like you, not to Stonyhurst."

"Why, I thought that Stonyhurst was the Catholic Eton."

"The Catholic Eton, exactly."

"But you are a Catholic still, Glemham?"

"I am not anything else. Only that shutting up boys in an Eden with the tree of knowledge in it so jealously fenced off from view that they only know it is there, only know about or imagine every fruit that may grow on it. You didn't have a Prefect of Morals at Harrow, did you?"

"No, we had not."

"Well, we had. A nice enough old gentleman he was, but I fancy I can see him now, perched up in his desk, scissors in hand, busy expurgating the *Illustrated London News*. It was his duty, you know, to look over every number, and see there was no picture in it of a nude statue or anything else suggestive of the slightest impropriety; if there was, why, he snipped it out. I must have told you that before, but it came back to me now as a sample of the idiotic way in which we boys were brought up. I remember a lady in the train once lending me an *Illustrated* with a picture of a nude statue in it not cut out; I thought she must be somebody improper. For, you see, I knew of that; I knew of everything. You taught me a good deal, Tom."

"I," Discipline said slowly, "no, I cannot say I remember that."

"You did, though. Still, I must have continued an egregious young prig; 'Early Piety' they nicknamed me in the 92nd. Göttingen hadn't taught me much. I have a dim recollection of trying to get up a flirtation there with an elderly young woman in a beer-cellar, and failing dismally. You must remember me at twenty-one, what a solemn young ass I was."

"I remember you, and well; still, I cannot say that was my impression of you."

"Yes, but I know. You and I, though, did not meet often after I joined the service. I was down here for the shooting that September, my last partridge-shooting, the time you killed—no, annihilated—the rabbit a yard from my legs; and I was down again on a three weeks' leave at Christmas, when I came of age, you know. It was to have been a great to-do, only my mother was so poorly. But you remember the frost and the skating,

and the sheep which they tried to roast whole on Bartle Mere—it went through. That was the last time ever I saw you, except just the glimpse at my mother's funeral."

"Yes, I remember that well. Dorothy was there too; she was talking of it only this morning at breakfast."

"Was she?" (there was a note of pleasure in Glemham's voice, which was not unnoticed by Discipline). "Well, I went back to Plymouth the day after that, and four weeks later I came a cropper."

"How?"

"A literal cropper, over a fence. I was out hunting, and went at this hedge. It must have been wired; anyhow, down I came, pretty badly, and was stunned. And the other side of that hedge there was a girl."

"What, had she come a cropper, too?"

"No, just looking on. Her people were—" (Glemham seemed to be groping strangely for his words) "were stopping there. Their place" (he made an odd dash at the word "place") "was close by. And they carried me in. That was how I first met her—she was Lionel's mother."

"Hah! it was a properly romantic meeting."

"Yes, so it seemed to me, I suppose. Let's see, that would be towards the middle of February 1854; well, hardly a month later I was married to her. Looking back now, I cannot conceive why and how I came to make such a fool of myself; the folly of it, I believe, was really the chief charm. King Cophetua—I wonder if his beggar-maid dropped her *k*'s and ate with her knife."

"But yours didn't? yours was no beggar-maid?"

"No, no," Glemham answered hastily, "of course not. She was a—foreigner."

"A foreigner!"

"Yes, that is, she wasn't English, though she lived in England. Her name was Ercilla—Ercilla Beschale."

"A singular name. What country-woman then—not Italian?"

"No, the name is a Slavonic one."

"Handsome, of course?"

"Yes, splendidly handsome. The boy is wonderfully like her."

"And older a bit than you?"

"No, nearly four years younger; she was seventeen."

"And clever?" Discipline helped him out, as though he really had been his confessor.

"Yes, decidedly clever, though not—well, not accomplished. She was a rare singer and a first-rate horse-woman, but she wasn't, wasn't—not like an English girl, you know. Tom, it is so difficult to tell this story; I never have told it to any mortal soul; and it is so hard to tear up a rooted conviction. Yes, she was handsome and clever; and I am inclined to believe now, I do believe, that she loved me."

"You have doubted that?"

"Yes, for years; or rather, not doubted, but been certain she didn't. The doubt only came in with Dorothy's letter, and is changing, has changed to certainty the other way. It seems a silly kind of thing for a man to say that a girl fell in love with him; yet I suppose now that she did with me. Anyhow, she met me more than half-way. That was how it all came about. I was such an unlicked young cub, so shy and awkward with womankind, that it seemed to me wonderful to feel at ease with a girl, to be able to talk with her, and laugh with her, and all that, without flushing every moment and feeling like a fool. There was very little love-making, but I used to ride over to see her, or oftener she would ride to meet me somewhere; and one day—I had hardly known her a fortnight—she asked if I wouldn't go off with her."

"She suggested an elopement!"

"Yes and no,—she didn't mean marriage; but I thereupon calmly proposed it to her. I couldn't honestly say now whether I was horrified at the notion, or whether it was the King Cophetua fancy—a mixture, may be, of both. But married we were a week later."

"In a Catholic chapel?"

"No, in a little country church, Buddiscombe, the parish where they were stopping."

"Ah! the Greek Church is in a kind of communion with ours. Still, I wonder rather that you——"

"I! why to have been married at Plymouth in the Catholic chapel would have been to proclaim my marriage. And that, if only for my mother's sake (I did not quite forget her), was not my wish. As it was, I don't believe a soul that knew me knew anything about it."

"No, only last year I met an old brother-officer of yours in town, Col. Innes-Græme. He was talking of you, said you had got mixed up with a girl who died, but never a hint of marriage or even of the boy. Of course, I said nothing myself; indeed, I have never been sure."

"No. Well, I must hurry up. I have shown you how I was a fool, and now I must tell you how I was, I suppose, a brute. God knows, I never was cruel, intentionally cruel, I mean; and all these years I have been justifying myself to myself, trying to think, and succeeding in thinking, that she, Ercilla, had made a catch of me, had never really cared for me, but simply wanted to be Lady Glemham. It won't do, Tom, and I am beginning to be glad, I *am* glad, that it won't. She did love me, very truly I believe; and I deserted her. Not a deliberate desertion, like the scoundrelly seducer's in a play; but my mother, you remember, got worse, and was ordered off to San Remo. She pulled round a bit, and then had a sudden relapse, and I was summoned; it was something less than four months after my marriage. So I went off, leaving her, Ercilla, at Plymouth, with only Adam and Mrs. Mackenzie. I was nearly two months away, and got word of her only now and again from Adam."

"You never wrote to her!"

"No-o. You see, she could not read—English; and I couldn't write her language."

"No; the character is pretty stiff, is it not, something like drunken Greek?"

"Yes, that was it. I didn't know the character. Well, my mother got better again, at least a bit stronger; and nothing would satisfy her but to come home to

Fressingham; and we got her back slowly to London; and she was to rest there a couple of days, so I took a run down to Plymouth. It was towards the end of September, and I reached it on a Friday about two. I had taken a house there, you know, Lansdowne Cottage, a little place, but with a good big garden. Well, just as I opened the garden-door—it was in a high wall—I came against a man coming out.” Glemham stopped for a second, then went hurriedly on.

“I knew him instantly, though I had seen him only once before; he was a cousin of Ercilla’s. The sort of fellow whom a man detests, yet might think that a woman would fancy. Big, strong, good-looking, intensely conscious of his good looks, and ‘flashy,’ there is no other word for it—you will have seen the sort of creature; but this one besides had the look of a bird of prey, there was a taint of carrion about him.” Glemham stopped again, and then again went on, grinding his words out.

“Honestly, I remember little of what happened. I know what he must have said, but I cannot remember his saying it. Only I do remember he gripped me by the shoulders; I was as helpless as a chicken in his grasp. And he told me that he had been to see his cousin, his little Ercilla, that he had often been to see her, that she had often been to see him, that she had been his sweetheart long before she had ever set eyes on me, and that—that—she was looking for a child, which would be his, not mine. I am positive he told me that; *that* I could never have imagined. ‘Ask her,’ he said, ‘yourself.’ And then—Tom, do you remember a novel of Lever’s, *Charles O’Malley*, I think it is—with a story in it of a French bully who after Waterloo tried to provoke an English officer to a duel, and how the English officer served that bully? There is a picture of it.”

“Yes, of course, forced his mouth open and—Charles, he never did that to you?”

“No, not exactly, but he spat on me, spat in my face, and flung me in a rose-bush. Good God! when I’m

washing my face that often comes back to me. I picked myself up; he was gone. Now what should a man, let alone a husband, have done under those circumstances? Supposing I had carried a revolver then, as I often have carried one since, and had shot him, that vile, hulking blackguard, shot him dead? I should have been fairly justified, I conceive, the more so as all he told was a lie."

"It was?"

"A lie as black as hell; it must have been. But as things were I did not go armed then, and it was possibly just as well. What a showing-up that would have meant! But can you have any notion of how I felt?"

"Scarcely, I think," said Discipline.

"No, I daresay not. But, you see, I had come down to Plymouth, knowing I had not dealt fairly with her, with my wife; I knew that I had to come, still I was sorry for the necessity. And then to have that told you, and that done to you! I don't remember much of my interview with him, I remember still less of my interview with her. This much I do recollect—her running to meet me radiant, and next her ablaze with anger, fallen upon her knees, with her hands lifted over her head; even then it struck me, what a pose for an actress! But of all I must have said, and she must have said to me, I can recall this only: 'You have wished a wish, Charles, against the baby unborn; Christ send that that wish may never come home to yourself.'"

"There was not much in that," observed Discipline; "nothing, I mean, from which to draw any bad inference."

"No, I know now there wasn't; and yet then it seemed to me only an admission as to the child. But just as at the time of that same cropper I remember nothing until fully an hour afterwards, so this time I did not come rightly to myself till I was half-way back to London. I vowed in the train I never would see her again; and I never did—she died a few weeks afterwards in giving birth to that boy, within a fortnight of my mother's death. It was a shock to me, a surprise,

but not a grief. What did trouble me was whether, she being dead, I could and should do anything to dispute my fatherhood of her child. I don't know to this day if I could have done so—I mean if things had really been as I believed they were—for I never stirred in the matter, never consulted a soul. No, I just pitted my life against his. If I had got news of his death, I should simply have regarded it as a fresh confirmation; if I had been killed myself—and I have run the risk pretty often, not out of bravery or bravado, but just to see—my last thought, I fancy, would have been, 'Then was she not guilty?'

He made a long pause, and Discipline said at last—

"But you have not told me, Charles, what has altered you."

"What? why your sister's letter, to start with. That set me thinking and raised a doubt, made me see that it was not impossible I had been mistaken. The instant I read it I felt I must at once resolve that doubt; and I have travelled here as quickly as I could, which was none too quick. And here, at home, I have learned what I might have learned years ago, that I had nothing, absolutely nothing, to go upon but the word of a liar. She had seen him that once only, for a few minutes, and ordered Adam never to let him in again; she had told Alison, Mrs. Mackenzie, that she was expecting her confinement; she had begun a letter to me to tell me of it (I have it here); and she died with my name on her lips. That's about enough, Tom, isn't it?"

"Enough assuredly."

"Yes. If I had been told of any other man's having acted as I have acted, I wonder what I should have thought of him, whether pity would have been mingled with my loathing and contempt? And to think that I have been glad, quite merry, two or three times since my return!"

"But, my dear Glemham, why not? Surely you should be glad; surely you have great occasion to be thankful."

"What, for my folly and cruelty?"

"No, for having the chance of undoing them."

"But how? One thing, Tom, *has* occurred to me. She is buried down there at Plymouth, and I was wondering this morning whether I ought not to bring her here. Mind you, I don't know whether it is possible."

"Even though it were, I hardly think that I would recommend it. It really could do no good, and would unquestionably give rise to talk."

"You think so, do you? About the boy, anyhow. He is a bright, clever, likeable boy, is he not? He has no aversion from me, quite the opposite; we have spent most of the morning together pleasantly enough. And yet——"

"Yet what?"

"I hardly know, only I can scarcely imagine my ever feeling at my ease with him. He must always be such a reminder."

"Oh, that will wear off surely in time. But if I were in your place, Charles, I think I should send him to a good public school—not Stonyhurst."

"H'm, well, perhaps. And I myself, Tom, what am I to do?"

"You? why, settle down here, live your proper life of an English gentleman, stand for the county if you like (I maintain there must very soon be a general election), and come over and see us."

\* \* \* \* \*

Said Glemham that night to himself, "I told him nothing that was not absolutely true; still, suggestion of the false, suppression of the truth, ran, I fear, through almost everything I told him."

They did indeed, for this was how the Rev. Thomas Discipline had retold it to his sister Dorothy—

"It was a Russian family who rented a place near Plymouth; and Glemham was out hunting, and met with an accident, and was taken into their house. That was how he first met her, and she must have been, well, rather 'fast,' you know (Charles hinted that she had not the ways quite of an English gentlewoman), and they got married. Married in haste, and repented, of

course, at leisure; at least he did. And then Lady Glemham's illness called him away to Italy, and he had to leave her for more than a month, and he couldn't write Russian or she read English, so there was little or no correspondence. And there was something about a cousin of hers, a bad lot; but Charles completely exonerated her in that matter. And then, shortly after his return, she died when the boy was born; and Charles was ordered off to the Crimea."

"To fight against his wife's people!"

"My gracious! why yes. That had not occurred to me. Oh, I fancy that was a mere coincidence. But it is a painful story."

"Yes," Dorothy said thoughtfully, "a very painful story."

## CHAPTER VIII

“**H**ENNINGHAM always was my second home, and this is really like home-coming.”

It was Glemham who said it—he had just driven over with Lionel—and he said it to Dorothy Discipline. Except that she was tall, she was singularly unlike her brother. She was one of the queenliest of women, distinguished by a faultless and serene beauty, by the quickness and grasp of her intelligence, by her perfect sincerity and absolute fearlessness. There is a story told of her that illustrates this last quality. She and her brother were once in a crowded theatre, when something on the stage took fire. For a second or two there were symptoms of a panic; the Rev. Thomas Discipline, for one, started up, and would have hurried her out with him. But she rose quietly, with her one hand adjusting her shawl, with the other levelling her opera-glass on the stage, and then as quietly sat down again. Few could have noticed it, although she was sitting in a foremost row, yet it seemed as if all must have noticed it; for the panic was stayed, and it was towards her that the manager looked as, a few minutes later, he came forward with thanks and apologies.

When Glemham last had seen her she was a girl of eighteen; now she was a woman of over thirty, her wavy brown hair prematurely silvered (“I believe,” said a friend, “that she powders it, to look more like a marquise”). Still, there was not a wrinkle on her face; its complexion had never been lovelier; but lovelier still

was her look of welcome and friendliness as she stood there at the hall-door, Tom behind her.

"That's good of you, Charles," she said, "to have come over so early. Well, Lionel, and how do you find Suffolk?"

Not five minutes before Glemham had been wondering how she would receive him, and whether he would not have to address her as "Miss Discipline." It would have seemed strange to him to do so, even after those many years, for he and she had been as brother and sister still more than he and Tom had been as brothers. "She could always understand me," Glemham thought afterwards, as he was driving home. As brother and sister they had known and liked one another too well ever to dream of love-making, so on that score at least he had no embarrassment. It was his fourteen years' silence troubled him—that, and what she might think of his conduct towards the boy.

What did she really think of it? Probably that he had been hasty and unwise, though she knew, we have seen, but a garbled version of the story. Anyhow she resolved to make the best of things, for Glemham's sake no less than for the boy's. She had known, just known, for years of that boy's existence, but had always believed with her brother that he was not legitimate. So her discovery of him in Germany, being brought up in the belief that he was Glemham's true son, the heir to his lands and title, nay, accepted as such among princes, had startled and shocked her. "Is this right?" she had written to Glemham. "If it is wrong, I do hope my writing to you may help to bring things right." She would have said the same to a stranger if duty had bidden her say it; but in saying so to Glemham she was prompted mainly by the old love she bore him.

There have been people found to call her meddlesome, to hint that this and that might never have occurred if she would have let things be. Her own Aunt Cecilia, who is almost more evangelical than worldly, and whose daughters in those days were marriageable, will still smooth her plump white hands and purringly remark,

"I do not say dear Dorothy intended it, but she certainly succeeded—for a while." Yes, and will heave a fat sigh for the vanity of human wishes.

Bah! what a pleasant day that Spring day was at Henningham. The old Rectory, where Tom was the third generation of Parsons Discipline, had never looked prettier, more home-like, with its well-timbered lawn and meadows, and its orchard enclosed by three fish-ponds—itsself an irregular white house, broad-eaved, green-shuttered, and verandahed. They talked, and lunched, and then fell a-talking again; at least Glemham and Dorothy did, whilst Discipline carried off Lionel to show him the colliers and the farmyard, and the ruined castle and the windmill, and from the windmill a distant prospect of the sea.

Glemham's and Dorothy's talk meanwhile was as little worth recording as most talk is; they talked to one another, not for others. Partly it was about her past and present, partly about his own and Lionel's future. As to the boy, Dorothy differed widely from her brother.

"No," she said, "I certainly do not think you ought to send him to school; I mean, not yet. Think, it would be rather hard on him, with his imperfect knowledge of English and England and his father."

"Yet that's what Tom advised."

"That is what Tom perhaps thought you wished him to advise. There is nothing he would not advise if he thought you would like him better for advising it." She said it without the slightest touch of malice, said it because it was true, but its truth made no difference to her sisterly affection. "No," she went on, "if you were to send him off to school now, when he came back in the summer for his holidays, it would be none the easier then, it would be harder, to make a fair beginning."

"Ye-e-s," Glemham said, musing, "I dare say that it would. What do you advise then?"

"Well, it seems to me that there need be no great hurry about school, so far, I mean, as his education is concerned. He is bright and clever, and pretty forward

with his studies, I should fancy. I told you about his friend, Professor Müller?"

"Who brought him to that place, yes."

"I ended by liking that old man far better than I had expected, and Lionel certainly owes much to him."

"What is he like?"

"A little man who always wears a very wide wide-awake, and seemed always to be smoking a very big and very bad cigar. He has a terrible growth on his nose, poor man. It came, he told me himself, when he was twenty-something, and engaged to a wonderfully beautiful young lady, who thereupon threw him over. So he is something of a woman-hater, 'wedded solely to science.' But he is very fond of Lionel, and Lionel of him, and he has filled the boy's head with the most wonderful ideas."

"Of what kind?"

"Well, he seems to be an extreme Legitimist. You know the Prussians have conquered the Hanoverians recently, and driven out their king—he is blind. So King William, the King of Prussia, knowing something about the Professor and his principles, was both surprised and pleased to see him that time at Hochkirch, and said something to that effect. There was a great talk about the Professor's answer to him; it got into the papers. 'Your majesty,' he said, 'I bow to force, but I pay honour to the champion of hereditary right'—meaning your old Jacobite marshal. Yet for kings as individuals he has no high respect, especially our Stuart kings. Of Charles I., indeed, he has a strong abhorrence, for his betrayal of Strafford."

"But how does that square with his Legitimism?"

"I cannot say I ever quite made out. Only I fancy he has less a belief in the wisdom of the few than a conviction of the stupidity of the many. 'You cannot guide an ass by reason,' he said once; 'but you can with an unattainable carrot.' So possibly his Legitimism is just the carrot fastened in front of the donkey's nose. But the *inequality* of mankind is the cardinal point of his teaching; and he illustrated, I remember,

the absurdity of the notion that if all men could once be started equal they would all be equally prosperous. 'For take,' he said, 'any three brothers, sons of the same father and mother, who are brought up under the same influences, and go to the same school and university, who are started, in fact, more equally by Nature than any other three men could possibly be started under an artificial system. What do you always find a few years afterwards? Why, one brother perhaps a rich man, one moderately well off, and the third a pauper, sponging upon the two others. Now, what security can you offer that under your artificial system the same thing would not always be going on?' It was something like that, I think. I put it one day to Tom."

"And what said Tom?"

"That I should not argue from the particular to the general."

"Meaning thereby what?"

"I am not quite sure, nor quite sure he knew himself. Anyhow, he adopted the argument next week in an article for the *Argus*."

"Oh! he writes then, does he, Tom?"

"Certainly; hasn't he told you that?"

"No; at least I believe now he did say something about something he was writing, or had written, or had to write. But I was so full of myself the other day. What has he done then?"

"Done! why, he is one of the founders and principal mainstays of the *Argus*."

"And what's the *Argus*? I am afraid it has not yet penetrated to Mexico, at least to Western Mexico."

"It is the 'organ of the New Thought,' and all its articles are signed, that's why it is called the *Argus*."

"I fear I don't quite see why."

"It is so full of 'I's,' you know. At least, that's the Wit's explanation."

"And who may he be?"

"The Wit! why, Mr. Albemarle Dawkins, to be sure. They are all "the's," our Galaxy, the contributors

to the *Argus*, as though they were Highland chieftains. There is Mr. Solomon de Luzon, *the Musical Critic*, and Mr. Neville Pudsey, *the 'Playwright'*; Mr. Julian Elmore, *the Novelist*; Mr. Danby, *the Sculptor* (I like him very much); Professor Challoner, *the Scientist*; and Mr. Christopher firmin, with two little ff's, *the Poet*, who is almost worse than his poetry. And then there is *the Traveller*, Mr. Andrew Macaskey. You *must* surely have met him?"

"Never to my knowledge."

"I thought he had met everybody. If you had, he might have put you in his book, *Great Ones whom I have Encountered*, and then you would have been worth meeting. There is such a delightful story told of him. He was going by train, and got talking with a fellow-passenger, and said to him presently (he always does), 'You'd never guess now what I am.' 'Oh, yes,' said the other promptly, 'you're a traveller.' 'But how ever did you know it?' says Mr. Macaskey, hugely delighted. 'Oh! I knew it,' was the answer, 'the moment you got in. Something, I should fancy, in the soft goods line.' Poor Mr. Macaskey! And there are several others, but these are our bright, particular stars."

"Quite a collection; but how do you know them all?"

"Oh! they come and stay here, not all together, but two or three at a time, for a week-end generally. Henningham, you should know, is England's Ferney."

"England's what!"

"Ferney, the place where Voltaire lived, somewhere near the Lake of Geneva. I did not know myself until Mr. firmin enlightened me. Rather a poor compliment, I thought it."

"To Tom, eh? What is *he* then—the divine, the Biblical critic?"

"Oh! no. Tom is the political economist. He has become a great Liberal, you know."

"Yes, so I found by something he said on Tuesday. Rather a change, isn't it?"

"Of designation, yes. But, joking apart, I am so glad he has taken up the subject of our Suffolk labourers. He had quite a long article on it in the *Forum* four months ago; 'Laborantes Orantes' he called it. I was very proud about that article. There was a hit at you in it, though."

"At me!"

"Yes, it must mean you, the absentee landlord who goes away to a far country, and entrusts his estate to an alien—that old Scotchman, of course, your steward."

"What! Mackenzie. He has done uncommonly well by the property, I can tell you. It has gone up a lot in value during my absence, and there has been no rack-renting either. All the increase, and a good lot more than all the increase has gone towards cottages and improvements generally."

"Yes, I know that. Some of our local magnates, indeed, complain that you have pauperized your tenantry, that you 'do too much' for them. As though that were possible. Still, you do not know them."

"As I ought to know them, you mean."

"As you ought, undoubtedly. You stand as a father to them, you know."

She would have recalled the last words the instant they were uttered, but, with hardly a break, continued, "Tom did not say much harm, though, of the absentee landlord, nor much harm indeed of any one. That was what I liked in his article. Sometimes he seems—people seem—to say things simply for the sake of saying them; but there he was thoroughly in earnest. Oh! it made quite a sensation. The Home Secretary wrote to him to ask him for fuller information on one or two points, and Mr. Avenel liked it so much. He used to know you by the by."

"Who, the Home Secretary?"

"No, Mr. Avenel. He is not one of the regular *Galaxy*, though I believe he has written sometimes for the *Argus*. They have stayed with us several times, he and his wife and their little girl. They were here last September."

"Avenel? no, the only man I remember of the name was a Stonyhurst fellow, a few years older than myself. Mark Avenel, yes, a Scotch boy; and it couldn't be he."

"He it is though."

"But he took orders. I heard him myself once preach at Edinburgh. He was quite young then, but what a sermon it was!"

"That is the very man. I have a couple of volumes of his published Sermons, and they are beautiful as very few sermons are."

"But how can he have a wife, and a child too I think you said?"

"Yes, a little girl, Marjory, of ten or eleven years. So it is an oldish story now; I wonder you never heard of it. Tom has told me about it. He was considered the greatest pulpit orator of the day; there would scarcely be standing room when he was announced to preach. Yes, and then there was this wife of his. The Hon. Miss Boyne, I think her name was; Adelaide Boyne, a Protestant Irish girl, younger than Mr. Avenel by nearly ten years, very pretty, and rather silly. She resolved to convert him from Popery; and he, Tom says, though that I can scarcely fancy, was enamoured of the rôle of a French abbé. Exactly how it came about I cannot tell you, but there was, or there would have been, a scandal, only he married her."

"And turned Protestant?"

"No, I am not so certain of that; indeed, I rather think not. Once, the first time they were staying with us, we were walking across the fields near the Grange Farm, and Luke Pepper was ploughing there—he had won the ploughing-match the year before at the Bury Show. So we stood watching him, when suddenly, turning away, Mr. Avenel sighed heavily, almost groaned, and said something in Latin. I have a smattering of Latin, you know, and I picked up *arâtrum* and *respiciens*; and I asked Tom afterwards. It was a verse from the Vulgate, that one, you know, about putting his hand to the plough, and looking back. It seems such a pity; he is a man I like exceedingly."

“Yes, a pity indeed. And the wife, you say, is a fool.”

“No, not that. She is bright and merry, very kind, and very fond of him; still, she is not too wise. She has an extraordinary craze about our being descendants of the Lost Tribes. Did you ever see Dean Hathaway?”

“The man who was parson at Chedingham. Yes, once or twice.”

“Well, he is rather a solemn personage, you’ll remember. He dined here once when the Avenels were stopping with us, and sat next to Mrs. Avenel. She has a very audible voice, and suddenly we heard her ask him, ‘Shouldn’t you love, Mr. Dean, to be a Jew?’ ‘What a triple tiara three shovel-hats would make,’ Mr. Avenel observed to me. But hark, that’s Lionel’s voice. Yes, there are he and Tom coming up the coach-road.”

## CHAPTER IX

IT was on the Monday, just a week after his return, that Glemham put into execution his purpose of calling upon Dr. Watson. As he walked up the pathway of the Mill garden, he wondered whether he would be denied admission. No, even before he could knock the door was opened, and there stood the blackamoor, who after all was rather brown than black, and who wore a red fez. By him Glemham was motioned into the lobby, and thence into a sitting-room to the left. It was a plain country parlour, large but low, with raftered ceiling and two opposite windows; its plainness made all the more striking three big oak bookcases, lined with finely-bound books, old and modern, English and foreign. There were several good engravings, too, upon the walls, all portraits, in one of which Glemham recognized the First Napoleon, and in another Prince Charles Edward; there was a chessboard, with ivory men set out for a problem; and in the middle of the room there was a writing-table littered with papers, and on it also something that was like yet unlike a photographic camera. Glemham was looking at this, and wondering what it might be, when a door behind him, covered with a curtain, opened noiselessly, and Dr. Watson entered the room. A small man, excessively bald, and dressed in black, his clothes good, but very old-fashioned—that was all that a careless or a near-sighted observer might have seen in him, and Glemham was rather near-sighted. At least, he was

keen of hearing, and Dr. Watson's voice at once struck him; it was so soft yet penetrating. He merely said—

“Sir Charles Glemham, my landlord. I am honoured.”

There was nothing in the words, but much in his courtly way of saying them, and as much in the little gesture with which he begged Glemham to resume his seat. Glemham, who had looked for a vulgar impostor, a compound possibly of ‘Sludge’ and ‘Stiggins,’ might have felt some embarrassment as to how to account for what looked like an intrusion, but Dr. Watson went on—

“I must apologize for keeping you waiting, but I was busy just at the moment developing a plate. Have you ever attempted photography?”

“No, never,” said Glemham. “That *is* a camera, then?” glancing at the square box on the writing-table.

“That, oh! no; that is my ‘Fernspiegel,’ distance-mirror—there is no exact name for it in English. I can show you its use, if it would the least interest you.”

He pressed a small knob in the leg of the writing-table, and the brown boy presently appeared, to whom he said something in the finger-language. The boy at once left the room, and went out of the house, down the garden, and out into the road.

“Now,” said Dr. Watson, “if you would kindly take the writing-chair, and look through those two lenses.”

He had half-raised the lid of the camera, if so it may be called, and adjusted a mirror above it; and looking through the lenses, Glemham saw a reflection of the garden outside, saw the brown boy open the white gate (at that instant a bell rang sharply), and saw him come up the path—he looked so large, so clear, that Glemham started.

“Yes,” said the doctor, “it is a pretty toy, but a mere toy, for it shows you nothing that you could not see as well, or better, without it. It was invented by a Viennese.”

“Recently?”

“Oh no, seventy years ago or more, at least certainly before the date upon that paper.”

Dr. Watson pointed to a strip of paper affixed to the front of the camera. Glemham looked at it closely, and deciphered in faded characters:—"À M. le docteur Robert Watson, Napoléon, 10 Avril 1802."

"Napoleon, 1802!" he exclaimed, and in his voice there was a note of mockery.

"Yes," Dr. Watson said quietly. "Napoleon, the great Napoleon, a present"—he paused, then added—"to my grandfather."

"Your grandfather! also a Dr. Watson!"

"Yes, there has, I believe, been a Sir Charles Glemham before yourself."

"I beg your pardon," said Glemham, who felt the rebuke; "but there was some nonsense of Sergeant Mackenzie's running in my head, that the people hereabouts (it sounds too silly) believe you to be more than a hundred years old. I believe he believes it himself."

Dr. Watson smiled. "If one accepted," he said, "the doctrine of Pre-existence, Wordsworth's ode (say) on 'Intimations of Immortality,' it would be hard to say how old one might not be. But if you will step into the next room, I will show you something that perhaps may seem to you curious."

He led the way by the door through which he had entered; it opened into a smaller room, well stored like the first with books, but many of these MS. note-books.

"There," he said, pointing to a small oil-painting, a half-length portrait, that hung over the fireplace. Glemham looked at it carefully, and pronounced it "A very excellent likeness."

"Of my grandfather," said Dr. Watson.

"Impossible! never! it surely is of yourself."

"No; that picture was painted at Rome fifty years ago by a German named Vogel. At least, when I say 'that picture,' I mean the original of which this is a copy."

"Oh! this is only a copy, then."

"Yes, this is *only* a copy; the original is at Edinburgh. And the man who made this copy has never once set eyes on me."

"By Jove!" Glemham cried, "but this is wonderful."

"Yes," said the doctor, "there are sons more unlike their fathers than I and my *grandfather*."

It seemed carelessly spoken, but it told. Glemham looked at the doctor hard; the doctor met the look steadily. So for a second or two they looked one another full in the eyes, and it was Glemham's glance fell first. There was a short silence, which was broken by Dr. Watson, asking—

"There was something, I think, you were meaning to ask me?"

"I—something —," Glemham stammered, his thoughts were wandering.

"Yes, something you came here on purpose to ask about."

"I—yes, oh! I beg your pardon, of course there is. It was how you knew me the other night on the bridge a week ago, and how you knew I knew Spanish."

"The first is easily answered—you were smoking a cigarette."

"Was I?"

"Yes, and I do not suppose there would be another man smoking one within twenty miles of us."

"H'm! and how then that I knew Spanish?"

"That is harder to answer; at least the answer will be harder for you to credit."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. How if I were to tell you that Yusuf, my deaf and dumb Copt lad, had told me he had seen you at a bull-fight in Spain?"

"I fear I should say that Yusuf was a liar."

"What! you have never been in Spain?"

"Yes; I have been in Spain. I was stationed once for a few months at Gibraltar."

"But never at a bull-fight?"

"Yes, I have been at a bull-fight—at several—but not in Spain."

"In Portugal, then?"

"They don't speak Spanish in Portugal," Glemham answered, a trifle dryly.

"True." Dr. Watson was obviously perplexed. He seemed for a minute to retire into himself, to be wrestling with a tough problem. Suddenly his face brightened. "I have it," he cried, "of course. There, I went and made that stupid old blunder. Did you ever read a ghost-story where A. in China (say) appears to B. in England, and B. notes down the exact time of the apparition, and presently learns that A. died that very minute?"

"Yes; that's a pretty old story."

"But you do not observe the absurdity. The difference in time of China and England is—well, may be seven or eight hours; now, what is the apparition doing so long after date? And yet I go and fall into precisely the same blunder." He reflected again, then continued: "Yes, it was night, dark night, I remember, a Sunday night, when Yusuf saw you at the bull-fight. Then of course it could not be Spain, for Spain is almost in our longitude. No, it must have been west, far west—in America—Spanish America. Were you ever perhaps at a bull-fight in Mexico?"

"Yes, several times; but that doesn't explain how your black boy can have seen me. Was he then also in Mexico, and did he think it was Spain?"

"No," Dr. Watson said quickly; "that is where the difficulty I hinted at comes in. Second sight, clairvoyance, crystallomancy, beryls, magic mirrors, etc., to you these words are probably meaningless, or else suggestive of trickery. Yet you have been in India. Did you never hear tell of, or even see yourself, feats done by the native jugglers that passed, or seemed to pass, your comprehension?"

"Oh! yes," said Glemham, "I have heard plenty, and seen the basket-trick done once in a compound."

"And understood it?"

"Not the least bit in the world; no, it thoroughly baffled me."

"Well, now, since you have asked me, I will tell you something that will probably puzzle you more; that is, if you place any credence in it—in me. You are not a Freemason?"

He put the question hardly as a question, but as though he knew beforehand that Glemham would answer, as he did answer, "No."

"No," Dr. Watson said, "as a Catholic, though a good many Catholics are Freemasons. Pio Nono, for instance. I am one myself (I mean a Freemason), and it was from a brother in the craft, almost as high up in it as I, that I received a letter of introduction. I was living at the time, about four years ago, near Birmingham. The man who brought that letter of introduction was a man who in many ways puzzled me. He looked like a foreigner, but I do not believe that he was one; he was not a gentleman, yet a man, it would seem, of some means; he called himself 'James Smith,' but that was not, I suspect, his real name. In appearance he was very tall, about six foot three, very strongly built, age something over thirty, swarthy, hook-nosed—do you think you recognize him? He certainly knew you."

"Yes," Glemham said slowly; "I know the man you describe; I mean, I have seen him."

"Well, he came to me, as I have said, with a letter of introduction that I could not well disregard; his errand was to learn what he could about you, whether you were living still, and if so where you might be."

"But why should he suppose that you would know?"

"He must have been told about me, probably by my friend; the result perhaps justified his coming. Look here."

As he spoke Dr. Watson unlocked a small cabinet, and from a drawer in it took out a stone, which he handed to Glemham; it looked like a colourless crystal.

"That," he said, "is a stone with a history. Whether it really ever belonged to Dr. Dee is more than I can positively assert; there are at least four crystals—two of them now in the British Museum—that are claimed for his. But I do know its history for nearly two centuries; it belonged about 1780 to the famous Cagliostro, and from him it came to my grandfather. It was in that crystal that Yusuf saw you at the bull-fight. Whether he would not have seen you equally well in a

mere mock crystal, I am not sure ; indeed, from certain experiments I am inclined to believe that he would. Anyhow, the lad is, or rather was (for his power has now all but deserted him), the very ablest clairvoyant I ever have come across. I picked him up in Paris (it is French I speak with him) more than seven years ago. He was one of a troupe then of Arab mountebanks ; I literally bought him of his master. This stranger, then, whose description you recognize"—Dr. Watson all the while was watching Glemham closely, as they sat facing one another by the window—"desired to know, first, if you were living still, and, secondly, if so, your whereabouts. He had, of course, to tell me your name and condition ; and I do not mind owning I was curious to know what concern such a fellow could have with an officer and baronet. Mind you, of you I knew nothing. I just knew your name, as I know the name of most English families ; and next day, I remember, I looked you up in a baronetage, still out of curiosity. Well, for the medium to be able to furnish any information he has to be put *en rapport* (to use the cant phrase) with the subject of the inquiry. Accordingly, I asked this stranger, this 'James Smith,' if he had anything belonging to you. 'No, nothing,' he answered. Had he ever, then, shaken hands with you ? that would be quite sufficient. No, was his answer again, he had never shaken hands with you, but (and here he grinned, I remember, rather a wolfish grin) he had shaken you once, would that do ?"

Still Dr. Watson was watching Glemham narrowly ; he saw his lips tighten, and seemed to catch his inaudible curse.

"Yes," he went on, "that would do. (You see I was really interested in the fellow.) And so we tried the experiment. You will have seen something of the sort, I dare say. I threw Yusuf into the clairvoyant state, mesmeric trance, call it what you will, the stranger meanwhile touching the boy's shoulders, and thinking intently of you, the crystal before the boy's eyes. In a minute or two the charm began to work, Yusuf

described you as sitting (he said) in a circus, a woman beside you with a fan in her hand, and something black on her head (presumably a mantilla). That was scarcely definite enough, so I desired him to shift his gaze—the scene, I imagine, presents itself somewhat as in a camera obscura—and then he described a man on horseback, and another with something red, and then the bull—I remember he lunged with his head, to imitate its goring. That seemed amply sufficient; I jumped at once to the conclusion that it must be in Spain at a bull-fight. I am amused now to think how from such faulty premisses I arrived at the right conclusion that you ought to know Spanish. The stranger at any rate accepted my explanation (I do not know that longitude would have much meaning for him). Only I am not sure he was quite convinced that the whole thing was not pre-arranged, for through me he questioned Yusuf pretty minutely as to your appearance; the boy's answers seemed fully to satisfy him. So he departed; and I have never since set eyes on him. But it was strange my coming here scarcely a twelvemonth after, ignorant this was your place, and bent on a business quite unconnected with you. The accident, if it were accident, attracted me. Possibly it was meant that I might warn you against that mysterious stranger. Seriously, if I were you, I think I would avoid him."

"I would give," Glemham said, "ten thousand pounds to be able to dare to meet him; I would give a hundred to feel certain I never shall meet him."

"Ah!" said Dr. Watson; "but let us go back to the other room, and Yusuf shall bring us some coffee. I do not smoke myself, but if you will, I pray you to do so."

## CHAPTER X

THEY returned to the next room, and, summoning Yusuf, Dr. Watson bade him make them some coffee. "How do you call him?" Glemham asked; "he can't hear a bell."

"No; but my pressing that button shakes a pendulum. A deaf and dumb waiter, I can assure you, is invaluable."

"But he has lost, you tell me, his clairvoyant faculty. I wonder you have not replaced him. The power of tracking an unknown person to Mexico seems to open up such infinite possibilities."

"To Mexico; you should rather say, to Spain. No, that instance illustrates the risks far more than the capabilities of clairvoyance. I have studied the subject closely, and have come to the conclusion that in more cases than not clairvoyance is misleading. It is something like the 'Fernspiegel' here that I showed you—you cannot see more than you can see. You see a man writing something; but what, is beyond your vision—it may be a forgery, it may be a genuine cheque for a thousand pounds. Take even the case of a tremendous criminal, a man who commits half-a-dozen murders in a score of years. The chances are enormously against your clairvoyant's ever seeing him perpetrate one of those murders; let me see"—he paused for a second or two—"for a single *séance* about seventeen thousand to one. And, mind you, a *séance* is exhausting for both the medium and the operator. Yes, when I spoke of Yusuf's having largely lost the faculty, I should, I dare

say, have also included myself. I am not sorry, for as I said before, I have no great faith in clairvoyance."

"And yet," said Glemham, "that case amazes me."

"Yes, because the thing is novel to you, and because that case affected yourself. Me, now, it interested so little that I did not—no, I feel positive I did not—enter it in my diary. Excuse me an instant."

He went back to the smaller room, and returned with a good-sized note-book lettered on the back, "LIII., 1864." Dr. Watson turned its pages rapidly over, till he came to two, which he glanced at more carefully.

"No," he said then, "I was sure not. It is rather a pity; else I would have appended a footnote recording my blunder. I have nearly sixty such note-books," he continued; "thirty-two of them written by my grandfather, the rest by myself, and all in cipher, you see" (showing Glemham a page), "the one indecipherable cipher. Yes," he added thoughtfully, "if I were to die the key would be lost to them."

"And they are valuable?"

"That is as may be. Still, there are those, I believe, who for their own sake, or for the sake of them that are dead, would give all they possess that the key to them should be lost. My grandfather—it may be vanity on his grandson's part to say it—but to me he seems to have been the most remarkable man of his age."

"The most remarkable man of his age! and that age included Napoleon."

"It included many more than Napoleon, for my grandfather at his death was nearly a hundred years old. Among the many, great and small, with whom he was intimately connected were Washington, Franklin, Prince Charles Edward, Cardinal York, Lord George Gordon (you will have read Mr. Dickens's *Barnaby Rudge*? Well, 'Gashford' there is a ridiculous caricature of my grandfather), John Wilkes, Horne Tooke, Despard, Tom Paine, Pope Pius VII., the Emperor Francis, Metternich, the Marquis of Londonderry (Castlereagh, I mean), Lord Brougham, and Talleyrand—I believe I omitted him."

"A long list, truly," said Glemham.

"Yes, and scarcely a tithe of those whom I could mention. There were women, too, many women—the Countess of Albany, Lady Hamilton, Mrs. Fitzherbert, Mrs. Clarke, the Empress Josephine, Madame de Staël, Queen Caroline, Lady——"

He was interrupted at this instant by the entrance of Yusuf, bringing coffee, very excellent coffee, "Noir," quoted Dr. Watson—

"comme le diable,  
Pur comme un ange,  
Chaud comme l'enfer,  
Doux comme l'amour."

His French seemed just as perfect as his Spanish. To Yusuf he then said something on his fingers, and, turning to Glemham, asked him,

"Can you follow it?"

"What? that. Oh! no; I do just know the letters, at least most of them; but in French it would be utterly beyond me."

"Try;" and Dr. Watson spelt out a very short sentence to Yusuf.

"No," Glemham said, "I thought then I made out 'que,' but then I went quite astray."

"Yes. Ah! well, that was no wonder. I said, 'Tell Llewellyn to feed the pigeons.'"

"Llewellyn! that's an odd name to come across in Suffolk."

"It is not a Suffolk boy who bears the name. No, it is a grandson of mine."

"Indeed, yet a third generation. Llewellyn Watson? and like you?"

"No, Llewellyn Roberts, and not in the slightest resembling me. His father, who married my daughter, my only daughter, was a rascally Welshman and welcher, something upon the Turf, who broke his wife's heart first, at any rate killed her by ill-usage, and next—unfortunately, not before—broke his own neck in a steeple-chase. And now the boy, his boy, is saddled upon me."

Dr. Watson spoke so bitterly, that Glemham could not help asking—

“And he isn't a boy you take to?”

“Take to. No, indeed. He is a boy like all other boys—noisy, troublesome, ignorant, idle. Can fish (I expect your stream here suffers from him), and can ride, at least he says he can ride. But everlastingly in mischief.”

“Oh! he won't hurt the Ken much,” said Glemham. “I was thinking—what do you mean to do with him?”

“Pack him off to sea when I can find leisure to do so. But *basta!* we were speaking of my grandfather.”

“Yes, you were giving me a list of the personages to whom he was medical adviser.”

“Adviser, yes; but medical adviser, no. Like myself, my grandfather hardly ever practised.”

“And he was the adviser of Washington and the first Napoleon, and all the others whom you mentioned, and greater than any of them in your estimation.”

“Yes, greater as the puppet-master is greater than his puppets.”

“Napoleon a puppet of your grandfather's!”

“Yes, and a badly-working puppet, that ended accordingly in the dust-bin. Ay, you may smile, Sir Charles Glemham; but had Napoleon followed my grandfather's advice, as he did follow much of it, he would never have seen either Elba or St. Helena. The execution of D'Enghien, the arrest of the English in France, the preparations for the invasion of England—those were some of my grandfather's counsels. If only the Emperor had pursued the last resolutely to the end, England might now have been a French province.”

For the first time in their interview Dr. Watson showed animation; he had risen from his seat, and was pacing excitedly up and down the room. Glemham eyed him curiously.

“And that commends itself to you,” he said, “that an Englishman should have worked towards the enslavement of England?”

"My grandfather," Dr. Watson answered, "was no Englishman; he was a Scotsman; neither was he an adherent of the reigning dynasty."

"What, a Jacobite!" said Glemham. "But at the beginning of the century the Stuarts were all dead and gone; at least if Cardinal York was living still, he was a Churchman, so out of the running. Unless indeed"—he began and broke off; he vaguely remembered something that Adam had said.

"Yes, unless," Dr. Watson said, "Prince Charles Edward had left descendants. As a matter of fact it is less than a month since I had audience in London of one of his two grandsons. But of them I am not at liberty to speak with a stranger. Only, look you there, Dr. Robert Watson, my grandfather, did more, I hold, than any man to strip England of her American colonies. London, and consequently England, once lay at his mercy, had not the madness of a fanatic frustrated his plans. Of him and Napoleon I have already spoken. And here again to have a pawn, a seemingly poor pawn, that I—that he could some day make a king of, that was a grand game, surely. You are a chess-player?"

"Yes," Glemham said, "and passionately fond of the game. I played a lot out in Mexico, but during the last half-year I haven't had much practice."

"Nor I; it is nearly two years since I played last. Would you care to try a game?"

"Most willingly," Glemham answered. So, sitting down at the chess-table, they set the pieces.

The first move fell to Glemham, and he began with his favourite gambit; to his surprise Dr. Watson did not accept it. No, he played what seemed a most erratic game; one of his moves in particular struck Glemham as utterly purposeless. Unconsciously, Glemham's eyebrows raised themselves. "Well," he was thinking, "he may be as extraordinary a man as his grandfather, still, I fancy I have him now," when all of a sudden, at the twenty-third move, Dr. Watson said quietly—

"Five moves, or six if you choose to sacrifice your queen, and mate."

"To me! impossible!" Glemham exclaimed, and looked and looked, but in vain. It was not till the second move that he began to realize, till the third that he fully did realize, his peril. The game ended, as Dr. Watson had predicted it would end, at the sixth move—check-mate.

"By Jove!" Glemham cried, "but you are a wonderful player. I wish I could see the board again as it was when you spoke first."

"That is easily managed," said Dr. Watson; as he spoke replacing the pieces in the desired position. "Yes, your advance of the queen's bishop, three moves before, was fatal."

"And yet I was fancying the game was mine. I should like to have one more try."

They played again, Dr. Watson opening this time; and again Dr. Watson proved victor, more easily, at any rate in fewer moves, than in the preceding game. Glemham was playing more cautiously, and was anxiously striving to apprehend the intention of each of his adversary's moves, yet it was not until the attack was fully developed that he recognized its enormous strength, and then suddenly this game too was over—again check-mate.

"Well!" he said, "I could go on at that all day long, and lose every time, I perceive. And yet I have reckoned myself, and been reckoned, a very fair player."

"And so you are," said Dr. Watson, "and more than a very fair player."

"Yes, I have played with crack players, and sometimes drawn or even won a game, at any rate have pretty often made a good fight of it. But against you I feel powerless. Are you really then one of the great chess-players of the world? I don't remember ever to have come across your name."

"No," Dr. Watson answered, "I never play chess except as a casual amusement. I learnt it as a boy from my grandfather; he was a fine player."

"Not better than yourself, surely?"

"He seems to me to have been better, though latterly I frequently defeated him. But he, like myself, played a far bigger game than chess, with human pieces."

"With human pieces."

"Yes. I at the present time am engaged on such a game here in Suffolk. I am trying to make a queen, or rather a millionairess. Look here, Sir Charles, I can offer you a rare chance, as the advertisements put it. You know Chedingham, a village three or four miles off, on the Ickleford road. And you know the church there; close to it there is a rather tumble-down cottage, with a board over the door, and on it 'Lucky Jennings, Chimney-sweep.'"

"I remember Chedingham, but I can't say I remember your chimney-sweep."

"No, and perhaps never heard of the Jennings Inheritance?"

"No, I don't think I ever did."

"It is unclaimed money, left at the close of last century, and then worth upwards of two millions sterling. And the heir to it all is that same chimney-sweep, though he does not know it, though nobody knows it but myself. I got the first hint of it from a jotting of my grandfather's about a Lucy Jennings, Esq. (Lucky is a corruption of Lucy, a good old family name). I have been working up the case these four years past, and every link of it is now complete; this time next year my chimney-sweep will be one of the wealthiest commoners in England. Now, he has a daughter, Susan, aged twenty, not worse-looking, or worse-mannered, or worse-educated than most chimney-sweeps' daughters. Do you see your chance?"

"Thank you," said Glemham, "I fear it does not tempt me. But—yes—well, that is a big game. Only why do you tell me all this?"

"Oh! I hardly know. It is a pleasure sometimes to find some one to whom one dare confide something. I often feel the force of the old fable of King Midas's barber."

"Well," Glemham said, "I don't mind telling you candidly I am glad you have told me this. (Of course it will be absolutely safe with me.) I could not help puzzling my brains as to what on earth you might be doing down here, why you should have come to this remote little Suffolk village, and taken up your abode in this old haunted mill. But this explains everything."

"No, hardly everything. I have certainly spent a good deal of time and trouble over this case; still, it is not one that greatly interests me. But, then, I have other games on hand. A skilled chess-player, you know, should be able to play several games simultaneously."

"And you will win them all, of course?"

"No, I scarcely expect that. I have told you how my grandfather was beaten in many of the games he set most store by; and I look for no better fortune."

"You don't? I should have thought you were invincible. I should like, though, to try my luck with you again. You must come up some day soon, and dine with me at the Priory."

"Thank you, but I never go out anywhere. I have made it an invariable rule. Any time when I am here (I am a good deal away), I shall be delighted to give you your revenge. Must you be going?"

"Yes; I fear I have taken up too much of your time already. Don't trouble to come out."

"Oh! I will see you to the gate. It is a couple of days since I was out of doors."

As they went down the path, they passed a boy lying face-downwards on the grass, gazing into the clear-running water of the dilapidated mill-lead.

"Llewellyn," called Dr. Watson; and the boy sprang up. He was a bright-looking boy of fourteen or fifteen, with quick, dancing, hazel eyes, crisp auburn hair, and regular features, a curl of the upper lip his conspicuous head-mark. A slim and small-made, but agile, well-knit boy, plainly country-bred, yet with nothing about him of the country lout.

Dr. Watson said something to him, not in English.

"Welsh also," asked Glemham, "as well as Spanish and French?"

"I have a smattering of it," answered Dr. Watson, "and I am perfecting myself. I was bidding him open the gate."

\* \* \* \* \*

As he crossed the old foot-bridge and walked up the hill, Glemham was thinking: "An extraordinary man that. I am not sure whether I like or dislike him. He is rather a bore with that grandfather of his. But what a chess-player! How odd, too, that was about the bull-fight! (and that infernal scoundrel again, God curse him!). Rather a nice-looking boy; I wonder if it would do; I will take Dorothy's advice on it. But what a stupid blunder that was for so clever a man to make about the longitude!"

And Dr. Watson, as he stood at the garden-gate, looking after him, was thinking: "I fancy he will rise to the 'Llewellyn' fly. He had no suspicion that it was not Welsh I was speaking. H'm! I wonder now whether I shall have to sacrifice my baronet."

## CHAPTER XI

THERE were a funeral and a marriage that year in Fressingham and Henningham churches. The funeral was rather a re-interment of a coffin that had been brought from Plymouth to Thwaite Junction, and that bore a new plate inscribed, "Ercilla, Lady Glemham, died 10th October, 1854, aged eighteen." It was met at Thwaite Junction by Glemham and Lionel, who followed it to Fressingham church; there the Rev. Thomas Discipline was awaiting them, and there too were Adam and Alison. Discipline read a few prayers from the English burial service, and then the coffin was placed in the old vault among the eleven generations of departed Glemhams. It was soon over. During their drive from the station not a word had passed between father and son; and now, as they walked back to the Priory, Glemham merely said—

"So there, Lionel, your mother is with the rest of us."

And the boy seemed to know it was best he should say nothing, and refrained from the hundred questions he would fain have asked, but he was grateful to his father, deeply grateful.

The marriage at Henningham was almost as simple as the funeral; it was Glemham's marriage to Dorothy. Within two months of his return to England he had asked her to become his wife, and, after three days' delay, she had frankly accepted him. A week of their four months' engagement was spent by Glemham in London, chiefly on legal business. There he came across

a cousin of his, one of those men about Town who know everything and everybody, and him he told of his approaching marriage.

"Discipline," said the cousin, "not *the* Miss Discipline."

"I really can't say," Glemham answered, "but I know of no other," laughing to himself as he thought, "Is she then herself a 'the'?"

"No; but I mean the Miss Discipline who made such a sensation nine or ten years back. It was the year, I remember, of Lady Muriel Gorgie and Miss Belchester, and she had more offers, it was said, and better offers, than the two of them put together. A tall, stately young woman, old *noblesse* style. What was her first name?—it was the same letter. Diana—Dora—Dorothy; yes, that was it."

Yes, so it had been, or pretty nearly so. There had been nothing in Dorothy Discipline of the lovesick maiden, the deserted Mariana; yet during all those years she had known, or had learnt to know, that in the whole world there was only one man she could marry, and that man Charles Glemham. The marriage question for many women means during two or three years "which?" and afterwards, maybe, "any one;" for her it could never have meant but him, whom fate, or Providence, had, as she fancied, denied her. So she had settled down contentedly, nay, cheerfully, to the *rôle* of spinsterhood, of loving comrade to her brother Tom. There, indeed, lay her only doubt now—poor old Tom, how ever was he to get along without her?

Oh, the Rev. Thomas Discipline thought he would get along very well. He certainly hinted that but for Dorothy he would probably have married (which he would not), and he showed himself quite magnanimous in his high-souled self-abnegation. He was really as fond of Dorothy, and as attached to Glemham, as his altruism allowed him to be; and he had not the least objection to seeing them made happy. It would be a great thing to have Glemham settled at Fressingham; it was a pity to see an old house like that shut up; and

although, of course, he himself would greatly miss Dorothy, still she would always be near. After all, her absence from Henningham might mean a little more folding of the hands, less frequent reminders of duty (women are always so great on a man's duty), and freer and fuller intercourse with his brother-spirits, the *Argus* coterie. It was strange how Dorothy (who was not a fool either) had never really taken to them—not even to firmin. Besides, it would be so good for the boy; Dorothy would help to draw him and his father together. She must surely see that herself.

“No,” answered Dorothy, to whom was addressed the last of these arguments. “No, Tom; I hope and believe they have been drawn together without me. But I do like Lionel. I don't think I should prove a cruel step-mother.”

And so, one day of October, they were wedded, first in Henningham church, and next in the Priory chapel, according to the Roman rite, by Father Meagher, the young Irish priest from Maynooth, whom Glemham had lately established as chaplain at Fressingham. This second marriage, and this appointing of a Catholic chaplain, were alike suggestions of Dorothy's, Glemham being indifferent as to both until she had said, “Your mother would have wished it, Charles.” And the two ceremonies over, there was a dinner to the tenantry in the big “Monks' Barn,” and a treat for the children; and then Glemham and Dorothy set out on their brief honeymoon in Paris, catching the last train to Town. Discipline, meanwhile, was to take up his quarters at the Priory, and look after the two boys.

The two boys, for Lionel had got a companion, Llewellyn Roberts. They had come across one another down by the river, one day soon after Glemham's first visit to Dr. Watson. Lionel, with brand-new fishing gear, was catching nothing; Llewellyn, on the opposite bank, with only a cork for a float, was pulling out perch after perch, or sometimes a roach, and once a good-sized eel. Lionel sat down on a willow-stump, and watched Llewellyn shyly but intently; Llewellyn from time to

time looked across the stream to him, and grinned. But that day they said nothing.

The next time they met, four days afterwards, they were both on the same bank, and this time Lionel managed, though with a lump in his throat, to get out, "Good-morning."

"Morning, sir," responded Llewellyn; *he* seemed perfectly affable. "Busy again, you see. Just caught two beauties." And he showed two very fine perch, threaded, with several smaller ones, on a willow wand.

That was the beginning of the boys' acquaintanceship. It ripened rapidly as Llewellyn went on to explain how it was that Lionel had had such poor sport the other day, because he had been fishing with the sun at his back, so that his shadow was cast across the stream and scared the fish, and also because he had chiefly tried the shallows, where he could see the fish, instead of the deep pools among the rushes and water-lilies. Presently he began to run down bottom-fishing, and descant on the glories of fly-fishing; at last he fired off his great achievement, how he had captured the twenty-pound pike.

"It was in the Wye," he explained, "that was, near Glasbury, up above the Welsh Hay. And I'd borrowed my Uncle Gilderoy's trout-rod; leastwise, I took it. A beautiful rod it is, as light as a feather, and a reel and everything tip-top, just like a gentleman's. But it warn't no manner o' use, for there'd been a freshet, and the river come down as thick and yellow as soup. But there! I'd caught one dear little teeny dace; and thinks I, I'll try for a perch, for there was some big uns in that pool. So I puts my dace on to the tail-fly, just by way of a pastime, you know; and I hadn't made only three casts, when out it run such a swish—Lord! I thought I'd hooked a mermaid. I was precious near dropping the rod and bolting, fear she'd take me. Only then I come to myself, and first I says, 'Tis a salmon, only it didn't jump like a salmon (I've seen 'em caught often, though I never caught one myself). But it is a great big pool, you know, and deep, no rocks nor nothing

about; only there was one low branch stuck out just over the water, and an old water-hen had her nest in it, and every time my gentleman would go under that branch, out she'd fly chitter-chattering, and then back to her eggs again (it was clean ondikelous). But, Lord! I was just getting tired, for I'd been playing him I couldn't say how long, when I sees my Uncle Gilderoy coming down the water. He was looking for me, I 'spect, for he'd missed his rod; but I shouts to him, 'Uncle Gilderoy, I've got him, I've got him.' 'Yes,' he cries, 'Wanselo, I see you have, and you will get it, too, you young warmint.' (He thought I was caught on a rock or a stump, and was smashing his dear little rod.) But when he come up, and saw what was on at the other end of it, a monstrous big pike—for it was getting tired too now, and would come to the top of the water—he was like to jump out of his skin. 'By gum!' he says, 'Wanselo, but that's proper; let me land him.' No, I wouldn't, for it was I as had hooked him; and my uncle hadn't no gaff with him, but only a spoon-bait. And he took and lashed it to a stick he cut, and long and by last I got my pike close to the bank, and Gilderoy gaffs it, and Lord! bor, it was a size—twenty pound all but two ounces. And my Uncle Gilderoy took it up to Squire Parry's close by, and Squire Parry says he'd give him three shillings for it, or a golden sovereign if he'd let the folks think 'twas the Squire's own catching. And Gilderoy took the sovereign, and never give me none on it; said it was his rod had caught it. Some people are real mean. And Squire Parry drove over with it to Brecon first thing next morning, and got it stuffed, with the gut sticking out of its mouth. You see it had got the gut between two of its teeth, so it couldn't bite on it; and the line on that reel was so long I could play him just anywheres."

It were hard to say how much of all this Lionel comprehended, but one point he had fastened on—the name Anselo.

"And that is then your name?" he asked. "Vanselo?"

"Wanselo," was the answer; "no, no; my name's Llewellyn—Llewellyn Roberts. That's only what he called me—my Uncle Gilderoy—for a nickname-like. It's Welsh," he added, as an after-thought.

"Ah! so," said Lionel; "and how signifies it then? I would say, what it means?"

"What it means?—why, it means—yes, it means, 'you owdacious young monkey.'"

Thus it was that a friendship began between the two boys. Lionel told his father that day at lunch of their meeting, and learned that his father had seen the same boy himself, and that—this already he had partly gathered—he was not a Suffolk boy, but came from Wales, and was living with his grandfather, old Dr. Watson, at the Mill.

"Yes," Lionel said, "he has told me something thereof. He is not long here already, only three months. He has his grandfather in awe; and the black deaf-dumb, him he abhors frightful."

The end of it was that Glemham, a few weeks later, calling on Dr. Watson, as he often did, for a game or two of chess, asked him if he had settled anything about Llewellyn. Dr. Watson said, Yes, he had applied through a friend to a London house that had several tea-ships, and they had given him a promise for an early vacancy. He was glad of it; the boy's presence annoyed him.

"And I am sorry for it," said Glemham, "for the sake of my own boy, Lionel. He and your grandson have struck up an acquaintance, and he'll miss him greatly. There are so few boys hereabouts, and they're all away at school. I have seen him myself two or three times. He seems a smart, bright lad, though——"

"Though what?" Dr. Watson asked.

"Though he's rather—well, I should never have taken him for your grandson."

"I thank you for the compliment, Sir Charles. No, he is none of mine, except that his mother chanced to be my daughter."

"That being your view, I may the more readily make

a proposal. You spoke of sending him abroad ; instead, will you let him come and stay at the Priory ? I don't intend to send Lionel to school for, probably, a twelve-month ; and it would be good for him to have a boy of about his own age to play and ride with. I am getting a tutor for Lionel, a young Irish priest ; your grandson could share his lessons."

"Master Lionel probably can read and write ; I doubt if my grandson can."

"Then the more need he should learn," said Glemham, shortly. "Do you not choose, then, that he shall come ?"

"I fancy you would soon find him an intolerable nuisance ; otherwise, for myself, he were welcome to go anywhere."

"That should mean that you will let him come. If so, there is only one other thing to speak of. I shouldn't of course wish him to be wasting his time for nothing. You understand ?"

"Pardon, Sir Charles. I could, if I chose, send my grandson to Eton or Harrow ; only I do not so choose. He is quite uneducated, as I just told you ; he cannot speak a grammatical sentence, as you may have noticed yourself ; and yet I would rather pay a premium—a moderate premium—to bind him apprentice on a China clipper than that he should be earning five shillings, ay, or five pounds, a week as your page or groom."

"Excuse me, in turn," said Glemham, "but that was hardly my meaning ; one does not, as a rule, bring up one's son with a buttons or stable-boy. However, I am sorry I suggested it."

"And I too am sorry if my plain speaking has offended you. The truth is, I like the boy so little that your wanting to have him seemed to me incomprehensible. But, as I said before, you are freely welcome to him if you really wish it, only on the condition that the moment you want to be rid of him, you send him back. That will neither astonish nor offend me."

Glemham hesitated a little, but he was always loth to relinquish a plan that he had formed. "At least," he reflected, "it can do no harm to separate the boy and his grandfather. The old man is so far honest that he makes no pretence, and I—I bind myself to nothing."

## CHAPTER XII

THUS it was that Llewellyn had come to Fressingham Priory. He came there the day after Father Meagher's arrival. Of the latter I need say the less, as he has little to do with this history. He was very young, very good, very earnest, very shy, and very musical. He could do more with his legs and arms in the way of nervous contortions, and more with the chapel organ in the way of masses and fugues, than perhaps any other cleric of his age. He had a good native brogue, which his efforts to disguise it merely emphasized; and he had two everlasting phrases, "Ah! pray, don't; sure! it won't signify," and "That is (or, was; or, will be) tremendous." However, he settled down comfortably enough at Fressingham. Lionel rather liked him, and old Alison could not do too much for him.

Llewellyn, too, from the first fitted into the place as though he had always belonged to it. He came there with a good opinion of himself, which goes a long way. The grounds of such good opinion were that Dr. Watson had sent him over to Ipswich, with a note to a tailor, and by him he had been provided with new clothes, not those of a servant, nor yet those of a public school-boy, but clothes in which notwithstanding he looked uncommonly dapper. Yes, he was a dapper little chap, and a winning one. Adam at first was inclined to be jealous of him, and so too, in a different way, for Lionel's sake, was Alison; but he won them both—they could not themselves have told how. Father Meagher,

for his part, really took to him more than to Lionel, although he was puzzled what to make of him. One thing assuredly he could not make of him—a scholar. The boy could read in a way, and could write in a way, both remarkable ways; also remarkable were his knowledge and his ignorance. They were simply encyclopædic. He had not the vaguest idea of the use of a map, but he seemed to possess a very bagman's knowledge of English, Welsh, even Scotch topography. He had no love whatever of book-lore, but was an insatiate listener, and himself had a great fund of stories, some of them queer ones. He could not work out the simplest sum upon paper, but it was hard to beat him at reckoning when reckoning formed part of a game. He could not have given the names of four English kings or queens, but he knew more of "charts," "peggies," "muckheaps," "can-bottles," and other birds with quaint provincial names, unknown to scientific ornithology, than do half your scientific ornithologists. Of music theoretically he was profoundly ignorant; musical notation he jeered at as "tadpoles"; but—and this is a large "but"—he was a born musician. He would have listened for hours to Father Meagher's playing on organ or piano; he could whistle exquisitely, though, strangely, he could not sing; and oh! could he just not fiddle? He had no violin of his own, and he had said not a word of his gift, but one day, about three weeks after his arrival, a blind fiddler came up to the Priory. The boys had just finished dinner with Father Meagher, and the sound of the scraping drew them out into the porch. He was a wretched player, and his fiddle was almost as wretched as his playing; yet Llewellyn eyed it hungrily.

"Father," he said at last, as the old man paused, "you might give me a loan of your fiddle for a minute. I would love to try myself a tune on it."

"You'll not harm it, master, will you?" said the old man anxiously. He wondered who this boy at the great hall might be, who called him "father," and wanted to borrow his fiddle.

"Harm it! I'd be sure to. Just you hearken."

Quivering with eagerness, Llewellyn took the fiddle from the old vagrant's hand, and, fingering it lovingly, proudly, retuned it, raised it to his shoulder, and suddenly glided into the "Shepherd of Snowdon," that sweetest and tenderest of all the old Welsh airs. From it he passed on to a fragment of grave Church music, picked up from Father Meagher, and thence to a snatch of Offenbach, picked up from some barrel-organ. Next came two Christy Minstrel tunes, hackneyed enough, but you could catch in his rendering of them the laughter and the sorrow of a race; and last, for finale, a wonderful Irish jig, mad, riotous, rollicking.

"And that," he said, as he ended with a crash, "was the tune Micky Murphy's wife's legs couldn't help going to. She's a Crink, you know, that's what they call Irish tinkers; and she was coming from Dolgelley, blind mortal drunk, and all the tins hung on her back. We were stopping, a whole lot on us, in a meadow close to the Cross Foxes, with horses we were taking down to Knighton. And soon as ever my cousin Dimiti beheld her, 'Here!' he cries, 'Wan—Llewellyn I mean, strike up with "Skinamalink," and I'll do the capering.' Out into the road he jumps, and a dear little cudgel in his hand, for all the world like a jig-dancer. So up I strikes, and if she couldn't hardly walk, she could dance, and dance proper too, Micky Murphy's wife. Postures! you never did see such postures, they were at it more nor ten minutes, bowing and curtsying, setting and twirling and twisting. Long and by last she tumbles on her back, squoge all her cans flat, and still her legs they kept going. It was comical."

Father Meagher blushed; he had followed the boys to the porch, and was sitting on the stone seat there. "Llewellyn Roberts," he said solemnly, "ye can play like an angel, but your discourse is that of a reprobate. And where then did you get that devil's rant from (the Saints forgive me for knowing it), and to play it like that too? I don't wonder," he added, relenting, "Miss Murphy was moved by it. But fie on your story, and to Master Lionel!"

Still, it must have been Father Meagher who reported this episode to Glemham, with the result that Llewellyn not many days after became the proud possessor of a fiddle of his own and a fiddle-case; he was especially proud of the fiddle-case. Never was boy made happier by a present.

Llewellyn could ride too. The Fressingham stables were filling fast again. There was a pony for Lionel, and it was on one of two hunters which he had bought for his own riding that Glemham first mounted Llewellyn.

"Do you think you can manage her?" he asked the boy.

"Well, I ought to, Sir Charles." Llewellyn was always very respectful towards Glemham.

"Yet your grandfather, if I remember, seemed to question your riding abilities. Did you never ride his horse? He has one, hasn't he?"

"What, Skotos? Oh! yes. But not if I knew it, Sir Charles."

"Were you afraid of him, and not of Ladybird here? Is he vicious, then?"

"Vicious, oh dear! no, quiet as a lamb. Only he bade me never to cross him."

"He, who?"

"Dr. Watson, Sir Charles,—my grandfather, I mean."

"And so you didn't. I am glad to find you so dutiful a grandson. Never even during his absence. He'd be away from home sometimes, I suppose, whilst you were with him."

"He was away for a whole fortnight wunst, Sir Charles. But no. I knew better than that. For if birds can tell a man secrets, and his do tell him some strange uns, surely his horse could."

("That's odd, now," thought Glemham. "Here's this boy, and a sharp boy, has lived with the old man for a quarter of a year; and he seems at the end of it to share all those absurd beliefs in that old man's powers—powers to which, barring mesmerism, he lays no claim himself, so far as I have noticed.")

The trial of horsemanship passed off most satis-

factorily. Seat, hand, and head—Llewellyn possessed them all in such perfection that, as Glemham remarked, it would have been a sin to send him off for a sailor, when any day he could make his fortune as a jockey. Accordingly, he was installed as Lionel's riding-master; and Lionel, who already could ride a bit in the stiff German fashion, made rapid progress under his tuition. Every day almost the two would ride together, sometimes just in the park, sometimes over to Henningham, and often seawards. For the German Ocean is only five miles from Fressingham, and is fringed here by broad level heathlands, whose sheep-cropped turf is the place of all places for a gallop.

Lionel loved Llewellyn entirely. In after years it seemed strange to him, looking back, to think how this boy had been his ideal of boyhood; and yet, after all, there was nothing so strange in it. For Llewellyn was comely, blithe, quick-witted, and to all appearance, brave. Only to appearance, for nerve and bravery are by no means identical. Llewellyn would never have faced a thing that *seemed* to him dangerous, though he would do dozens of things that for other boys would have been dangerous. Anyhow, he made no pretensions to heroism. Lionel, who, like most boys brought up by themselves, was dreamy and self-conscious, a bit it may be of a prig, was very fond of propounding hypothetical perils—a child to be saved from a madman with a razor, a dog to be rescued from a burning house, a prince's life to be purchased by the sacrifice of one's own, and so forth. "I'd be sure to," or "I should be a fool to," or something of the sort was invariably Llewellyn's sarcastic solution of such problems. Religion, chivalry, honour, devotion to duty, even simple truthfulness, to him were meaningless. But to Lionel, to whom they meant everything, that was inconceivable; he took it for banter on Llewellyn's part.

Llewellyn's lessons, were somewhat of a farce. He would sit through them, as he would sit through a service, stolidly. You might have thought in the one case that he was studying hard, as in the other that he was listen-

ing earnestly ; but in neither was it the least bit for edification. He possessed a gift of abstraction that would have done credit to a Red Indian. Still, he must have listened dully to Lionel's course of instruction ; for there were certain points—and most unlikely points—that he would fasten on, and afterwards revert to. Thus there were some names, as Plato, Homer, Lucretia, and Cleopatra, that arrested his wandering attention ; he would presently explain to Lionel that he knew Plato, yes, he had seen him once at Peterborough fair, keeping a boxing-booth. Again, Father Meagher reminded Lionel one day that the Greek for "a road" was *dromos*, and "Any fool knows that," quoth Llewellyn to himself. "but Greek it ain't, it's Romany." Yes, of the Romans he professed to have an intimate knowledge, though his knowledge of them struck Lionel as arbitrary.

"A very ancient people, the ancientest people on record, that's right enough," he assented, "and I won't say but what they mayn't have conquered England. But they'd never go and call 'a table' a—what was it you called it? yes—a *menser*. Why, they haven't got no tables."

"Oh! yes," said Lionel, "they had. They used to recline at table, the *triclinium*. I can show you a picture of that." And he produced the picture in Dr. Smith's *Dictionary of Antiquities*.

Llewellyn eyed it critically. "Don't you tell me," he said. "Them ain't no Romans. If they was, there'd be no table, but just a nice clean white tablecloth ; and they'd be sitting all round it like this"—and he squatted down, tailor-wise, crosslegs.

About ten miles from Fressingham there is the Roman camp of Dunchester. Lionel had been told about it by Discipline ; and one day the two boys rode to visit it—Llewellyn fully as curious as Lionel. But when they got there, he turned up his nose at the grassy half-obliterated ramparts.

"That a Romany camp!" he said scornfully, "as though, if it was, there wouldn't be the fireplaces, and a lot of empty snail-shells scattered about like enough,

and the hole for the kettle-prop, and them where the tent-rods had been. Ah! it was just foolishness, what *mumply garjoes* said about the poor dear dead people. They'd believe anything."

"And what is *mumply garjoes*?" asked Lionel. His English was pretty perfect by this time, but that was beyond him.

"Oh! it means *mumply* people, nasty, bad folks, you know; it's Welsh. Lord! now, why shouldn't I learn you Welsh? It would be rare, that would. We could say anything we liked before Father Meagher then, and him not to know a word of what we were saying. Or if ever we were anywheres together, and there was some pretty hangman——"

"Some—how do you say it?"

"Oh! a policeman, I mean" (Llewellyn had a most unreasoning aversion for policemen),—"why, then you and me could say this and that to one another, and him not a penny the wiser. It would be capital, better any day than your Greek and your French and your Latin—how was it that you called a table?"

"*Mensa*: and how do you name it in Welsh?"

"A table—a table—well, I don't remember that rightly. But a 'chair' is a *skamin*, and a *grei* is a 'horse'; and *Dort o dui tarno reias kisterin ketenes pré dova rinkeni greias*, that means 'you and me going out for a ride together.'"

"It must," said Lionel, "be a very difficult language." But from that day Llewellyn, very proud of his self-assumed office of instructor, was constantly giving him lessons in the *puro tatcheno Wolshenengro rockerimus*—the "true and ancient Welsh tongue"—until in October, the month of his father's marriage, Lionel had acquired a considerable smattering.

Llewellyn had sometimes, at longish intervals, been summoned from the Priory to the Mill—he never went there of his own accord—but it was during Sir Charles's and Dorothy's absence on their honeymoon that Lionel first made Dr. Watson's acquaintance. The boys had been down to the Ken to look after some trimmers they

had set the evening before ; as they returned, there was Dr. Watson standing on the bridge. Addressing Lionel, he asked him if they would not come into the Mill for a minute ; there was something he wanted to speak to Llewellyn about. They followed him in, Llewellyn eyeing him mistrustfully, and he talking the while with Lionel, who, not prepossessed in his favour by what he had heard from Llewellyn, was astonished to find how pleasant he could make himself. For the old man talked with him as with an equal, which always flatters a boy ; he spoke to him of Germany in German—evidently he knew both well, although he disclaimed close acquaintanceship with either. He even knew something of Göttingen ; was there not, he inquired, a street there called the Kupferstrasse.

“Oh! yes,” cried Lionel. “Professor Müller lives there. You know him, possibly?”

“No,” replied Dr. Watson, “but I know of him. Who does not?”

It was an excellent opening, to adopt the doctor’s own formula, and he improved it as he went on to show Lionel some illustrated books, some interesting autographs, and his photographic apparatus—he promised some day to photograph the boys.

“Though it is not,” he said, “for taking likenesses that I chiefly make use of my camera. No, but for this sort of thing,” handing Lionel a filmy something that was about the size of a very thin postage-stamp. “What do you make of it?”

“I cannot say,” answered Lionel.

“No, I dare say not. But, see, I will put it under this microscope. So. Now have a look.”

Lionel looked, and, “Oh! yes,” he exclaimed, “little dashes and twirls and dots, what a quantity! It is not, then, writing, is it? At least, I cannot decipher it.”

“Yes,” Dr. Watson said, “it is shorthand writing, a shorthand message, containing perhaps from four to five hundred words. It is written out first on ordinary paper, and then reduced like that by photography, and then again I magnify and read it by means of my micro-

scope. That message was brought me yesterday from London in under three hours by one of my homers. It is about them that I was wanting to speak to Llewellyn."

"But I fancied," said Lionel, "that the letter one sends by a carrier-pigeon would be just like an ordinary letter."

"Yes, that is the popular fancy—a very big letter with a very conspicuous seal; it would be a little awkward for the bird's flight, perhaps. No, but this is the very latest development. And this does not represent one-half or one-thousandth part of what we can achieve. For by a single bird we could send as many as five hundred thousand words; as much, that is, as a large volume. It is not so quick of course as the telegraph, yet still not slow, and it is ever so much more secure. For my little birds carry their secrets direct from the sender to him to whom they are sent. No prying telegraph clerks. But come and see them."

They were kept at the back of the mill in a sort of combination of aviary and dovecot. To Lionel they looked ordinary enough pigeons, but one of them, Dr. Watson told him, was worth at least £20. There were five or six of them perched outside in the aviary, and a couple more inside, sitting upon eggs.

"Yes, and I was wondering," said Dr. Watson, "as you and Llewellyn ride so much now, and often come by this way, whether you would permit me to use Llewellyn in helping to train the young birds after they are hatched." And he proceeded to tell how one had to take the young birds out, and release them at constantly increasing distances—the first time, one mile; the next, three miles; then six, then twelve miles, and so on. "Twelve miles," he said, "would be about your limit; for distances beyond that I shall have to send them by train to men I know at Woodbridge, Ipswich, Colchester, Chelmsford, and London, their final stage."

"And then," asked Lionel, "will they find their own way to London?"

"Not at all," said the doctor, "they will know their way only from London back to Fressingham. No, I

have to employ two sets of birds—one London bred, and one bred here. Now, that fellow" (pointing to a bird) "is the one that yesterday brought me the message I showed you. To-morrow he travels back to Town by train in a basket with that other one there; and then my friend in London will send back three of my own birds to Thwaite in the same basket. Do you see? And those young birds I was speaking of, I dare say Sir Charles will be home again before it is time to think of beginning to train them. Will you ask his permission?"

"Ah! yes," said Lionel, "and I am certain he will accord it. That will be jolly."

He said the last words in English, not quite as an English-bred boy would have said them, but not so badly.

## CHAPTER XIII

“SO they were married, and lived happily ever afterwards.”

The words are familiar to us almost from earliest childhood; they suggest the unfailing reward of virtues and sufferings. Alack! out of Fairyland “ever afterwards” can mean only a few months or years—fifty years, say, or sixty at most. Now and then we do read of silver and golden marriages; but even the golden lads and girls who form those unions must share at last the fate of chimney-sweeps.

Still, the married life of Glemham and Dorothy from beginning to end was absolutely happy. It never was happier than on the first anniversary of their wedding-day, October 20, 1869. They were to have dined that evening at Henningham, where the Rev. Thomas Discipline was entertaining some of the choicest spirits of the “Galaxy”; but at lunch-time Dorothy cried off—no, Glemham, she said, should ride over, as he often did, alone. It was in vain that he quoted John Gilpin against her, in vain that he proposed to send excuses for the two of them.

“No, no,” she said, “we will make this our dinner, and that you can just call supper; I will have tea myself with Father Meagher and the boys. It would never do to disappoint Tom altogether, when he has two new lions to exhibit at feeding-time—the Pessimist and the French painter. Is that old Dr. Watson to be there again?”

"No, he is up in Town, I believe; at any rate has been away more than a fortnight from the Mill."

"I am glad of that, I do not like him at all, although I have seen him but once—that time at Tom's, three months ago."

"Yes, I was astonished to meet him there; I thought he never went out anywhere. But why don't you like him?"

"I do not know why; perhaps for that very reason I mistrust him. He is certainly clever. I forget if I told you of the delightful dialogue I overheard between him and that little doctor from Woodbridge."

"What, the small foxy man with the *pince-nez*—I forget his name?"

"Yes, he fastened on to Dr. Watson as a brother-medical, introduced himself to him as the 'Scoffing Doctor.' 'That's what they call me hereabouts,' he said jauntily, 'because, you know, I've read Darwin and Haeckel and Colenso and all those chaps, so I don't believe anything I can't understand.' 'Ah!' Dr. Watson said, quite gravely, 'then I presume you believe very little.' 'You're right there,' answered the small man, highly flattered, 'very little, sir, practically *nil*.' Yes, I liked that; still, I do not like Dr. Watson."

"No, nor his grandson either, quite, eh! Dorothy?"

"Well, no, not quite. I fancy if I had seen the grandfather beforehand, I might not have given the advice I did give. He is too plausible, rather too everything to everybody. He is not, of course, a gentleman (the grandfather is, which is strange), but neither is he like a poor boy. However, he has been a good playfellow to Lionel. They get on so well together with their riding and shooting and fishing and pigeon-flying. That is quite an interest to Lionel. He was showing me a white pigeon on Sunday, which the doctor has given him, and which is to hatch some eggs here; then, it seems, he will be able to send me messages. Yes, he is very happy."

"I believe he is. He has been more than a twelve-month now at Fressingham, longer than we talked of

at first. I have been thinking, perhaps he is fully old for a public school. A private tutor's might be best, and then two or three years at Cambridge or Oxford, before he goes into the army."

"Then he is to go into the army?"

"Surely, yes; he is set on it himself. You don't think it too great a risk?"

"Too great a risk, Charles, how?"

"For the hope of the Glemhams."

Dorothy seemed for a second to be going to say something, but all that she said was—

"You'll start about five, Charles, I suppose, for Henningham?"

"Yes, I've got old Kent, the lawyer, coming at three about a lease."

"Then be sure and come up and see me before you start, I shall be in my sitting-room."

"Of course I will, Dorothy. Well, since this is to be our dinner, here's to the first anniversary, and many, many returns of it."

So a little before four, Glemham went up to Dorothy's sitting-room. It adjoined their bedroom, his mother's that was once, where he had slept the first night after his return. Dorothy looked up brightly as he entered—

"Did Mr. Kent come?" she asked.

"Yes, he has come and gone."

"I have had a visitor myself, Charles—Dr. Stannard."

"Dr. Stannard! Dorothy. You're not ill? there's nothing the matter?"

"No, not the least ill, Charles."

"I should hope not indeed; you don't look it. I don't want to make you vain, sweetheart, but do you know, all this twelvemonth you have been growing prettier and more girlish day by day. When *you* were seventeen, you used to be 'tall and stately,' like the young woman in 'Maud,' but you never strike me so now. Tom himself has observed it, and he is the most unobservant even of brothers."

She laughed and blushed rosy red, then, rising from her low chair, whispered something in Glemham's ear.

His face for one instant overclouded (as there arose the memory of an ancient pain), but as quickly grew radiant with joy; all that he said, though, was "Dorothy!"

"Yes, Charles, I thought I would tell you to-day, and you may tell Tom if you get a chance of telling him."

"But, Dorothy, I really don't think I will go; I'll send word over to Henningham."

"Oh! no, I would very much rather you should. Look, I'll go to the bedroom, and seat myself in the oriel, and watch you ride away. Only you must turn on the hill-top, where Sir Lionel once turned, and wave me a greeting. Once in a while it is pleasant to be romantic. Come and see me established."

She led the way, and settled herself in the cushioned window-seat, where Lionel had sat the first time he saw his father.

"There!" she said, looking out through the window. "But what a black bank of clouds; and see that seagull, how white it stands out against them! That's a sign of bad weather. If it is bad, I shall not expect you till to-morrow. Only——"

"Only it will have to be very bad to keep me. No, I shall take my 'martial cloak,' and defy the weather. Good-bye, Dorothy, good-bye."

"Oh! no, Charles, the good-bye is to come from the hill-top."

How happy and proud Glemham looked, as he stood by Prince Rupert, the noble, white-stockinged bay, who pawed the ground, impatient to be off, and sniffed at Yarrow. Yarrow was a colley, who had come from Henningham, a present to Lionel, but who from earliest puppyhood had attached himself more to Glemham than to his young master. He was fond, indeed, of the latter, but would leave him and scamper off any minute if Glemham appeared within two or three hundred yards. And Lionel did not resent this in the slightest; it seemed to him a fresh link, though none was needed,

between himself and his father. On the other hand, to Llewellyn Yarrow had always a rooted aversion; he would lie and watch him, curling his upper lip, and growling the while at long intervals. Which was all the stranger, as animals mostly took to Llewellyn.

"Is Yarrow to go with you?" asked Lionel, who had ridden the horse round, and was holding him for his father.

"Oh! yes, I think he might pay a visit to his kinsfolk. Besides, he will be a protector to me on my dark ride home. Lionel—" Glemham broke off abruptly.

"Yes, father!"

"Nothing much, only I am so happy to-day, almost 'fey,' as old Alison would put it. And you're happy, too, boy, aren't you?"

"Happy, my father, unspeakably!" (It was only now when he was moved that Lionel would lapse into Germanisms.)

"That's good," said Glemham, pressing the boy's shoulder affectionately. "Here, give me a hand on with my cloak. So. And you might go up to your mother, and sit with her a bit; I think she'd like it. You'll find her in our bedroom."

"All right, father;" but he lingered for a minute in the porch, and watched Glemham ride down the avenue, Yarrow running beside him. Whilst he thus loitered, Llewellyn joined him. He looked so pale and flustered that Lionel asked him, what the matter was.

"Nothing," Llewellyn stammered, "that is, I've been and—I mean, somebody must have done it—the white pigeon—I went just now, and the dovecot-door looked shut, and the holes were all netted over right enough, but when I looked for her, she wasn't on the nest, only the eggs there."

"That's a pity," said Lionel, "and they were so near hatching. But nobody can have stolen her; she must have got out, and just flown home to the Mill. Shall we go down and fetch her back?"

"And whatever 'd be the use of us going there," asked Llewellyn, "and Dr. Watson away, and only the dummy black, and him very likely out? No, no, you won't catch me going anighst the place, and it almost dark, and the rain, too—look at it."

Big drops were beginning to fall; still, Llewellyn as a rule was not a boy to care much about the weather. Oddly, too, on Lionel's saying that he had been going up to sit with Dorothy, Llewellyn suddenly volunteered to run down to the Mill by himself.

"Though I'm certain," he protested, "she won't be there. No, somebody's gone and stolen her, that's my belief."

It had not apparently been his belief at first, but now he proceeded to describe with needless particularity how he had found the dovecot-door fast, not merely seemingly fast, how the eggs were quite cold, so the bird must have been gone an hour or more, how he didn't believe if she had got out she would fly to the Mill, seeing as she wasn't a regular homer, and so on, and so on. He said so much that any one but Lionel might have suspected him; old Adam once had cut short similar explanations with a "Hoot! laddy, you needn't take all that pains to tell us you've been up to something."

But Lionel merely said, "If the eggs are cold, it can't matter now to-night one way or the other. We can go to-morrow," and ran up to Dorothy's room. She, too, from the window had watched Glemham ride away, had followed his figure through the darkening twilight till he came to the dip, and then strained her eyes to discern him as he should emerge on the opposite hill-brow. How long it seemed; in another minute it would be too dark to see him; no, there against the thin sunset streak, a dark figure appeared for an instant, and was gone.

Gone! She felt for a moment disappointed, almost hurt, then, laughing, chid herself—"Tush! as though he would not turn; of course, I know he did. Oh! Charles, my Charles." And just then Lionel came in,

and they sat together in the gloaming, and talked lovingly.

Ah me ! what a doleful, lonely old house the Priory had been in the autumn of 1867 ; what a bright pleasant home it was now in the autumn of 1869 !

## CHAPTER XIV

THAT same night, about half-past twelve, Lionel suddenly awoke, with the sound in his ears of a low, long-drawn howl. It seemed right in front of the house, and, jumping out of bed, he ran to the window, and pressed his face to it. No, nothing was to be seen; it was pitch-dark, and the rain was driving fiercely against the panes. But, as he stood there, the howl was repeated, more faintly. Lionel lit his candle, and, huddling on some of his clothes, went to Llewellyn's room, which was next to his own. Llewellyn was lying with the bed-clothes rolled over his head; beneath them his frame was shaking as with an ague.

"Llewellyn," cried Lionel, "did you hear that howling? There it is again."

"Oh! my dear blessed Lord!" moaned Llewellyn from under the bed-clothes. "My dear blessed Lord! Oh! my dear blessed Lord!" He seemed in a perfect paroxysm of terror.

"Get up," said Lionel, "don't be such a baby. Why, it's nothing but a dog. Only, I'm going down to see what's the matter. It might wake mother."

"Don't go," Llewellyn pleaded; his face, ashy-pale, emerging from under the bed-clothes; "and for any sake don't go and leave me. Oh! my dear blessed Lord! oh!—well, I'll come," as he saw that Lionel was making for the door.

"Hurry up, then; one would think it was a lion."

They descended the stairs, Llewellyn clinging closely

to Lionel's arm, and shaking so, that at the bend of the staircase he sent the extinguisher clattering down on the pavement. But they reached the hall-door, and Lionel had just unfastened it, when a blast of wind blew out the candle. Llewellyn recommenced his lamentations; but Lionel went a step forward, and suddenly tripped over something—the something gave a faint moan.

“What's that?” he said, and, stooping down, felt that a dog was stretched on the door-mat, a dog that licked his hand very feebly as he passed it over its head.

“It's Yarrow,” cried Lionel, “Llewellyn, I'm certain it's Yarrow.”

At that moment there was a light in the hall behind them, and Adam appeared and a young groom, the former carrying an old pistol, and the latter a poker and lantern.

“Good Lord!” cried Adam, as the light fell on the boys, “so it was you two, was it? and—— My God! Master Lionel, where did you get all that blood from?”

For one sleeve of Lionel's night-shirt was spattered with blood, and there was a great patch of it on his right knee which had knelt on the door-mat.

“Blood? I don't know,” he said wonderingly, “but, Adam, it's Yarrow lying here; it was his howling that woke me—and, oh! Adam, that's where the blood's from.”

“Here, hold the light down, Joseph,” said Adam, and bending, he examined the dog, who lay like dead now on the blood-soaked mat, his eyes glazed, and his head fallen over on one side. “Ay,” Adam went on, “it's Yarrow, sure enough, and it's from his paw, this off fore-paw, cut nearly clean off; now, however did the poor beast come by that?” Then suddenly, with a quick note of alarm, he asked, “He didn't go with Sir Charles, did he, Master Lionel?”

“Yes, father took him, I saw them start.”

“And him not back!—the Lord have mercy on us.”

“Not back! Is my father not already returned from Henningham?”

"No, Master Lionel, that's how we come to be up. It was Joseph here heard a clatter, and roused me; I'd fallen asleep."

"But, Adam——" Lionel began.

"Bide a bit, Master Lionel, till I can get my wits together a little. Now then, let's do something. We can't leave the dog lying here, though I doubt it's not much we can do for him. Here, Joseph, lend a hand; and you,"—of a sudden he turned fiercely on Llewellyn, who was standing in a corner of the porch, still shaking and whimpering—"what the Hell are *you* carrying on like that for? you take the lantern, and we'll carry him into the scullery."

Poor Yarrow, they might as well have carried him straight to his grave in the orchard; he had died, they thought afterwards, in giving that last feeble lick to Lionel's hand. For a minute or two they stood looking at him in silence; then Adam said hoarsely, but with a poor pretence at hopefulness—

"After all, Master Lionel, I'll be bound that it's all right. Sir Charles will have been stayed by the weather at Henningham, and the dog will have set off home without him, and run himself up against a scythe or something, or got his foot caught in a trap—those blasted keepers are for ever setting their traps. Only I'll just drive over to Mr. Discipline's to make quite certain. Joseph, go and put Blazer in the dog-cart. And, Master Lionel dear, go you back to your bed; and, mind, not a word about this to my Lady. I shall be back in under two hours."

"No, Adam," said Lionel, "I'll sit up in the kitchen till you return. I could never go to sleep."

"But it's all right, Master Lionel, I'm certain it's all right, except for poor Yarrow here."

"Still, I couldn't sleep, Adam, so I shall be better beside the fire. You'll not be very long."

"Not a minute longer than I can help. I'll just get my hat and great-coat, and go and see if Joseph is ready yet."

The big kitchen, in which Adam and the groom had

been sitting up, looked cheery with the firelight dancing on the oak rafters and the dish-covers ; the old eight-day clock ticked noisily in its corner. To Lionel ever afterwards the loud ticking of a clock would recall that scene, those two—or two hundred—hours of dreary waiting, that impotent feeling of suspense and ignorance. Llewellyn, too, had refused to go back to bed, and he broke once or twice into renewed lamentations, as that, “No good ’ll ever come of going and killing poor dear dumb animals ; no, nor of stealing ’em either, isn’t that so ?” he demanded, until Lionel, irritated, told him at last to “shut up” ; and then he lapsed into sulky, half-dozing silence. He was no more good for company or comfort than the dog lying dead there in the scullery.

“Poor Yarrow,” thought Lionel, “and he was so fond of father ; and now he will never cock his ears again, and race off to meet him.”

Ah ! what if, even though he were living still, he should never more have the chance of doing so ? What if—but that was mere foolishness. It was as easy to imagine that the sun would not rise to-morrow (to-morrow ! to-morrow had come), as that his father—no, he would *not* think of it. Instead, he would set himself persistently to think of that father, of his valour, nobility, and kindness, of his love for him, Lionel, and for his, Lionel’s, dead mother (that was a settled article of the boy’s faith), and for this dear new mother, Dorothy. Awhile he would think of her, of her love for his father, of how she worshipped him, of how if—no, no, that could not be, it was impossible. Round and round, round and round, Lionel’s thoughts moved like a huge treadmill, ever circling, never advancing, but always recurring to the same ghastly “if”—no, no, again ; that could not, could not be, it was impossible.

At last, when the boy was growing dazed with his vigil, the back-door clicked, and the kitchen-door opened ; Adam entered, followed by Discipline. Then Lionel knew that not only was it possible, but that it was so. Adam’s first words were addressed to Llewellyn—

“You, cut off straight to your room ;” and Llewellyn

went meekly. Then he said very gravely, "Master Lionel, Sir Charles hasn't been to Henningham."

"Not been to Henningham!" echoed Lionel.

"No, Mr. Discipline here waited dinner for him and my Lady till nigh on seven, and then gave them up, thinking the weather had kept them, though he wondered they hadn't sent word. And there's one other thing, Master Lionel. As I was driving over, I stopped and asked old Ben Carver at the turnpike, had Sir Charles ridden through this evening. And he said, yes, about sundown, because he was just shutting up for the night. He rode through and tossed him sixpence, didn't wait for his change."

"But the dog, Adam, the dog?"

"Yes, I asked him about the dog, and he said he didn't take no 'count of dogs, they don't pay toll. There might be a dog, or there mightn't, he couldn't say. But the horse, yes, a white-stockinged bay—of course, he knows Prince Rupert; and Sir Charles's blue cloak and his wide-awake. So that's all we know, Master Lionel, and I've told you it; and I wish I'd been dead before ever I'd had the job."

Adam looked at Discipline as though he thought that the job should by rights have been his; there was a singular difference in the bearing of these two men. Both were grieved and perplexed, but Adam's grief and perplexity were wholly for others, the Rev. Thomas's mainly for himself. There had been debate between them, as they drove along. Adam's chief thought was how to break the news tenderly to his mistress, Discipline's how to hush the thing up. He spoke now in his usual measured accents, though shifting uneasily on the hard chair where he had seated himself—

"Yes, Lionel, it is an exceedingly painful business. Of course we must hope, and I see no reason to doubt it, that your father will ultimately return—I trust, indeed, very speedily. But in the meantime it appears to me that the great thing is to say as little as possible, and to as few as possible. Mr. Mackenzie thinks that I ought to tell Dorothy, but it seems to me that it

would be kinder to wait and see what the day may bring forth. You understand me?"

"No," said Lionel, "I do not understand."

"No," Adam said doggedly, "and I'm blest if I do either. Look here, Mr. Discipline, my Lady is your sister, and my mistress, and I hope I know my place, but I do know it's my duty, and Master Lionel's duty, ay, and your duty too, sir, to let her know what's happened—God help her when she does know it. Your friends are leaving early to-day, say you, and it would be so much better to let 'em leave before there is the slightest breath of scandal" (Adam possessed some powers of mimicry). "And so you were for not coming back with me to Fressingham, said you'd drive over later in the day. And what were we to say meanwhile to her Ladyship?"

"Say nothing," said Discipline, "that was, and is still, my advice. Let her imagine Sir Charles has stopped the night at Henningham."

"That may be easy for you, sir, not caring much; but it would be hard for Master Lionel and even me."

"I advised you, if you remember, Mackenzie, not to tell Master Lionel."

"Yes, I know you did, sir, and you see I've not taken your advice. No, I'm sorry, sir, to have troubled you, for all the help you've been."

"Now, my good Mackenzie, don't be unreasonable. Sir Charles, I grant you, started for Henningham, and has not reached Henningham, and his dog *has* met with an accident. Still, I do not see the consequent necessity of raising a hue-and-cry, and turning out the whole country. Myself I have no great belief in our local constabulary. Something has doubtless occurred, something which possibly" (with a glance towards Lionel) "it may be as well for us not to discuss; still though I am anxious, unquestionably anxious, I hope and trust it may all be explained, perhaps by a letter to-day; yes, a letter, it may be, posted from Woodbridge. No, if anything really serious had happened, we should be certain

to have heard of it already, or to hear of it at the latest in the course of the day. Therefore I say, wait."

"Yes, so you said before, sir. And you'll be wanting still, I suppose, to go back to Henningham!"

"Why, yes. You see it would be so excessively awkward, my absence and all my friends there. It would be sure to give rise to talk, which it is my principal aim to avoid."

"Yes, I see, sir. And of course you couldn't send them word that you'd been called over here?"

"Hah! that's not a bad idea; yes, I might do that. Their not having turned up to dinner would give it colour. Joseph could take a note over?"

"Yes, sir, I told him he'd likely be wanted to drive you back."

"Good. Tell him to return here as quickly as he can; there will be the less chance then of his gossiping. I will write a short note at once to Mr. firmin; and then—dear me! it is close upon four o'clock—I feel I need some repose for what may be before me. Is the Blue Room ready, do you know, Mackenzie? or the sofa there even would do. And one other thing. I had better not, of course, appear at breakfast; it could not but alarm her Ladyship. So you might ask Mrs. Mackenzie to be so good as to have something sent up to me about ten, or, say, half-past ten. Yes, it is very much better I should be on the spot; I am infinitely obliged to you, Mackenzie, for the suggestion. Good-night, Lionel, you must be fairly worn out with your long watching. But we must trust, my dear boy, it will all come right in the end. So sleep soundly. You shall have the note, Mackenzie, in a minute or two."

But, in spite of the comforting presence of the Rev. Thomas Discipline, Lionel did not go back to his bed. Instead, he went to Father Meagher, and told him everything. Which told, the two betook themselves to the Priory chapel—strange resource in this nineteenth century. And Adam said much that is quite unreportable, the more so as it was in Gaelic.

## CHAPTER XV

THEY all met that morning very punctually at nine round the breakfast-table, all, except, of course, Discipline. It was a clear pleasant morning after the heavy night's rain. Dorothy had risen with a little sadness and soreness at heart; therefore she set herself to be resolutely gay. The first few minutes of the meal were no severe tax on her gaiety, for there were five or six letters on the table for Sir Charles, which she glanced at, and three to herself, which she opened and read. Father Meagher, meantime, was pretending to eat; Lionel, from a high sense of duty, was trying to eat (to drink, he felt, was impossible); and Llewellyn, with no sense at all, or rather perhaps with excellent common-sense, was consuming cold beefsteak pie—it was a comfort to look at him. Still, for any one in the secret, there was a terrifying silence, which Father Meagher felt must be broken. He had had a brief colloquy with Adam, its upshot that it was so obviously her brother's duty to acquaint Lady Glemham that it would be impertinent for another to take the initiative. There might, after all, be some news, even good news, during the day, in which case delay was really desirable. Therefore he plunged in valiantly.

“Llewellyn,” he asked, “do you know what happened to-day?”

Llewellyn looked up, his eyes full of astonishment, his mouth of piecrust.

The look told the father that his question was mis-

apprehended. "I should say," he corrected himself, getting on surprisingly well, "on the anniversary of to-day, the 21st of October, sixty-five years ago."

"Don't know," muttered Llewellyn.

"Oh! but you must, Llewellyn. Think. A great battle."

"Battle of Waterloo," Llewellyn hazarded, not a very bad guess, considering it was the only battle he knew of.

"Llewellyn! Waterloo in October, and *sixty-five* years ago! No, the battle I refer to was fought, where I fear your wits are at present—at sea."

"He is very like Mr. Barlow," thought Dorothy, who had finished her third letter, and was restoring it to its envelope. "Why, Llewellyn," she said, "even I know that, for I saw it yesterday in the almanac. It was the Battle of Trafalgar, of course. And do you know, Father Meagher, as I was dressing this morning it struck me we ought to celebrate the greatest victory of our greatest East Anglian hero by a whole holiday. You and I might drive, and the boys ride, over to Henningham. Tom's friends are to leave by the mid-day train, so we would get over to lunch, and come in for the *débris* of last night's feast. And then we can all come home together. What do you say, boys?"

They seemed to be going to say nothing, so Father Meagher struck in hurriedly—

"That will be tremendous, Lady Glemham."

Dorothy laughed. She always did laugh when Father Meagher said that, and he said it so often. To cover her laughter she proceeded to relate a dream, "such a silly dream," she had had the night before. "I think," she said, "there must have been a dog barking somewhere, for it was all about Yarrow, Lionel. Your father was trying him for his life, and your father was robed in the red table-cloth, and had a wig on, not a proper judge's wig, you know, but a funny red scratch one, like old Sneezum the cobbler's. What poor Yarrow had been doing I cannot say, though I was a principal witness; but he was sentenced to death, and I can hear your father adding solemnly, 'And the Lord have

mercy on your unhappy——’ Lionel! whatever is the matter?”

For Lionel, with head bowed down, and his whole body shaking convulsively, was crying into his teacup. Yes, their little farce (God save the word) was up.

Father Meagher was young, as has been said, and he was not perhaps over-wise; but the oldest and wisest man could have done no better than he did now. He rose, and said very pityingly—

“Lady Glemham, Lionel and I have these three hours past been beseeching our Blessed Lord to support and console you” (it was pretty how he avoided one word that might have suggested their difference of creed); “that is,” he went on, “if you should be needing support and consolation, and we always do need them, my dear Lady. But Sir Charles must have been prevented from going to Henningham.”

Dorothy also rose. A wan look of horror had overspread her face; she stretched out her hands before her gropingly, like the man struck blind in the Cartoon. She strove to speak, the words came inarticulately; she tottered, and would have fallen in a dead swoon, but Adam saved her. He had been hovering about the sideboard, in and out of the room, the whole of breakfast-time. They carried her up-stairs, and laid her on her bed; it was nearly an hour before she came to herself. Her brother was sitting beside her—to his credit be it spoken, breakfastless.

“Tom,” she said feebly, “that’s so good of you to have come. He told you, then.”

“Who, Dorothy?”

“Why, Charles, of course. Oh! no, I remember,” she cried, and the look of horror came back. “Where is he, Tom? What has happened to him?”

“I do not quite know, Dorothy; I can’t precisely say, but we may hear any hour, for he surely will send some word. All that we know at present is that he passed through Bartlemere turnpike, and——”

“No, Tom, Charles never reached Bartlemere turnpike. I thought that he did not rein up on the hill-

top, and now I am certain he did not, so I know now it could not have been Charles." (And, strange as it may seem, there was a little touch of triumph in Dorothy's voice.)

"But why should he have reined up?"

"Because he had promised to, Tom."

"But, my dear Dorothy, consider one moment. If Charles, for some reason or other that we cannot at present account for, has chosen to go off for a day or two, do you not think it possible he might forget that promise? He was always, we must remember, a trifle eccentric."

Dorothy turned over on her side, and looked hard at her brother, whose face wore a look of man-of-the-worldly knowingness.

"Tom," she said, "it is Charles we are speaking of, your oldest friend, and my dear husband. Why, I had just told him, Tom, and I thought that he would tell you, that I am hoping, Tom, that I—for Lionel, you know, to have a little sister."

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed Discipline.

"Yes, Tom, and if you had only seen how glad and proud Charles was—he couldn't pretend *that*, could he?—and so was I. Oh, Charles, my Charles!" (The same room had heard the same cry but yesterday. Alas, the difference!) Then she lay very still, or, if she spoke, seemed to be wandering.

Discipline, who was by this time seriously alarmed, told Alison to let him know when Dr. Stannard came, and descended to confer with Adam and Father Meagher, Lionel also being admitted to the conference. Discipline opened it characteristically by complaining that if they had taken his advice, his sister might still have been happily ignorant; however, his next remark showed that he was beginning to admit the gravity of the case, for he meant, he announced, to telegraph for a detective to be sent down from Scotland Yard. "That," he said, "will be infinitely preferable to calling in your local inspector; it means sounder advice, and very much sounder discretion." Next he questioned Lionel about

his father's departure, and Lionel told him what we already know. Lastly, Adam told what he had found out about Yarrow. As soon as ever it was light, he had gone with one of the keepers, and, in spite of the heavy rain that had fallen, they had easily tracked the dog to near the ford. He had not come by the avenue (the iron gates, he would know, would be shut), but, though it more than doubled the distance, had gone round to the north gate, a wooden one, which he could creep under. This side of the ford, about fifty yards from it, there was the first patch of blood, where the dog had evidently lain down, and from there to the Priory there was a succession of such patches at constantly decreasing distances. Beyond the ford there was not a trace of blood; it was on this side, then, that Yarrow had met his hurt. Another point, emphasized by Adam, was that the closer you got to the Priory the more frequent were the drops of blood between the patches; down towards the ford you could scarcely find any at all, which showed, he said, that the dog must have been a long time crawling home.

"I do not quite follow you there," observed Discipline.

"Why," said Adam, "it's like this, sir. It was beginning to clear when I started for Henningham, less than an hour after Master Lionel first heard him. That means there was very little rain to wash away the blood-marks after the dog got close to home. Now, if he hadn't been a long time on the road, the rain wouldn't have washed away the blood-marks either further off. Do you see, sir?"

"Yes," Discipline answered, though it is doubtful whether he did.

"It's a lonesome road," Adam proceeded, "that he came by; still I asked a few people, Mrs. Curtis and the Ruffleses, if they'd heard ever a dog howl. They say no, and it's my belief the poor beast kept it in for the finish."

Besides going out with the keeper, Adam had sent a dog-cart over to Thwaite for Mr. Turtell, the veterinary

surgeon. It had brought him back, and he and Adam had just been viewing the dog together.

"And what is his opinion?" asked Discipline.

"His opinion!" said Adam. "First he gives out that the dog must have got the wound within an hour of his death; and next (it was I put it to him) that he couldn't possibly have dragged himself a couple of hundred yards. And he had, more than ten times the distance. So I am thinking his one opinion is not much more worth than the other."

"Still, it goes some way," said Discipline, "to support my view, that the accident to the dog has probably no connection with Sir Charles's disap— non-arrival at Henningham. You don't know, by the by, Mackenzie, if Sir Charles had much money about him?"

No, Adam couldn't say, but he thought it unlikely. Sir Charles paid nearly everything by cheque.

"Because," said Discipline, "it seems to me I cannot be of much use here, and I ought to be doing something. Yes, I think you shall send me over to Thwaite for the mid-day train to Ipswich, and there I could see Mr. Somers, Sir Charles's banker. He is a safe man; I can confide to him as much as is necessary. And from Ipswich I will telegraph for the officer to meet me in front of the cloak-room there by the last down train: you will have to have a carriage to meet us at Thwaite. No, I will not telegraph; I will write a letter here, and send it on from Ipswich by the guard. Yes, that will do admirably. Mr. Meagher, I know I need not impress on you the necessity for reticence, but the less said the sooner mended."

So Discipline, who delighted in action when once he was roused to it, went to Ipswich, which he found in rather a bustle with a horse-fair, and having thence despatched his letter, called at the bank, and saw Mr. Somers. From him he learnt that Sir Charles had not been there that morning, had not lately drawn out any large sum, and, so far as they could say, had no moneys lying elsewhere. That was something learnt, anyhow. Afterwards, Discipline made three or four calls, playing

everywhere the rôle of a dissembler with infinite satisfaction to himself. "Sir Charles Glemham?" he had half thought he might have met him to-day in Ipswich. "And Dorothy?" Oh, well, she wasn't quite the thing, and so forth. He felt as though he had done a great deal for his sister, and presently dined at the White Horse with, all things considered, a very excellent appetite. But he had earned his dinner. And half-past eight found him outside the station cloak-room, awaiting the "officer." The down train came in, and a man approached him, but Discipline saw at a glance that this could not be his man, for a detective is one you can always detect for such (at least in a melodrama).

Still the man accosted him as "Reverend Discipline?" and, Discipline having acknowledged his identity, introduced himself as "Sergeant Latimer, sir, by appointment," as though he held a court-office. He was a man of about fifty (ten years either side of it), and was noticeable solely for being quite unnoticeable. He might have been an undertaker, or a comedian, or a butler, or half-a-dozen other things; "William P. Latimer, Commission Agent," was printed upon his cards. Yet they had not travelled together as far as Woodbridge before Discipline was pluming himself on his cleverness in having secured this paragon of sagacity. "He is a man," he was saying to himself, "who knows what's what," which simply meant that he seemed to take Discipline at Discipline's own estimate.

"And what's your opinion of all this, sir?" he inquired, after Discipline had detailed the circumstances of Glemham's disappearance more fully than had been possible in a letter.

"My opinion," said Discipline, pursing up his lips, "inclined to '*Cherchez la femme.*' That means——"

"I know, sir, 'find the lady.' But you've given that up, of course."

"Why, yes, of course," said Discipline, who was not quite sure that he had.

"Yes, of course, sir. No, it is not just so simple as that. There are three or four points to be taken into

account. In the first place, Sir Charles set out for Henningham."

"You are quite sure of that, sergeant?"

"Quite sure, sir. (You had best, by the way, drop the 'sergeant.')

Up to lunch-time, you see, he didn't know but what Lady Glemham was going too; he had ordered the carriage, you tell me. Now, there's no second post, and he didn't receive any telegram; then there was nothing, so far as we know, between two and five o'clock to make him depart from the programme. Secondly, he hasn't in all likelihood much money about him. That was a first-rate move of yours, sir, calling at the bank. He hasn't been at the London branch either."

"How do you know that?" asked Discipline.

"Because I called in myself at it on my way to Shoreditch station."

"But how did you know where he banks?"

"I didn't know, sir, but the chances were it was one of three, or four at the outside. And, as luck would have it, it was the second I tried. It was after office hours, but they let me in (they generally do let me in), and he hadn't been there. Then, so far as we know, he left his house for your house, and hadn't much money with him; not, I mean, what a gentleman would take who was thinking of giving the slip. And, thirdly, that he hadn't any intention of that, is shown by what passed between him and Lady Glemham. You don't, if I'm not mistaken, sir, set much store by that little promise of his to Lady Glemham, about pulling up, and waving his hand to her; but (I may be wrong) that seems to me to fix the when and the whereabouts of his getting the message."

"Message! what message?"

"The message that called him from going on straight to your house, sir. There must have been something to make him change his mind, and that something, it seems to me, was most likely a message, some one he met between his house and the top of that hill. Who that some one was, if there was some one, we shall have

to find out. It may have been somebody from near, or it may have been somebody from far; a friend or an enemy; accidental, or he may have been waiting (or coming) on purpose. Yes, there's plenty to find out. One thing, by the by, about Sir Charles Glemham you might explain, sir. Why is his first marriage and his son given in the *Baronetage* for 1869, and not in that for 1867?"

"Is that so?" said Discipline; "I did not know it."

"Yes, sir, and it was the merest accident I do. You see, I had nearly a couple of hours to look up the case in after your letter reached us. The first thing I looked up of course was Burke's *Baronetage*. The one in the down-stairs office was a couple of years old, so I sent a clerk up to the chief for the latest edition. But meanwhile I just took a look at our copy, so that was how I came to notice it. Anything really strange about that now?"

Discipline told him the whole story, as far as it was known to him, pretty much as he had told it once before to his sister. Sergeant Latimer listened, put a few questions, produced a note-book, and added a memorandum or two to some he had already entered there. It was his first detective-like action, and high as already was Discipline's opinion of him, that opinion rose sensibly higher.

"Hm!" said the sergeant, as he finished, "Russians, and a cousin who didn't particularly love him. I'm not saying there's anything in it, still it's quite worth knowing. I had a look at the Ordnance map as I was coming down, and I see Woodbridge and the turnpike there will be the next place to inquire at, and then Ipswich. After that it might be Harwich, quite as likely now as London, or the towns on the London road. But it's the horse we shall find him by."

"Then you are confident of finding him; you attach no importance to Lady Glemham's fancy. And the dog—what do you make of that?"

"I was coming to him presently, but I can't fit that in quite at present. There are them would say, 'If the

dog has met with foul play, so too may the master ;' but what of the horse then ? And the fact that the dog got his hurt close to home, and well on towards midnight ?" (for Discipline had given his version about the dog). "No, the horse is the thing, it is by him we shall trace Sir Charles Glemham. You see, sir, a horse is noticeable when a man is not. I don't mean a gentleman like yourself, perhaps ; but I now might go and put up at a hotel, or tramp the Queen's high-road, and no one a penny the wiser—no one, I mean, might take stock of me. But put me a-horseback, and the case is altered. I'm not a horsey character myself, but I do know that for one who will notice a rider when he isn't riding, there'll be a dozen, especially in the country, to notice his animal—such and such a colour, so many hands high, and so on. A man, too, may disguise himself, but not his horse. Or a man might be murdered and buried, but it will take a deep grave for a horse."

"But," observed Discipline, "the murderer might get on the horse, and ride away on it."

"He might, sir, of course, or he might put the murdered man's clothes on. That has been done before now. I'd a beautiful case five years since, when I hanged my man through the tailor's name on the trousers buttons ; and there was that case, too, of Mr. Briggs. But get on a murdered man's horse, and ride away on it ! and what's to be done then with the *corpus delicti*, pray ? sling it up before him like a sack of potatoes ? No, sir, murderers are foolish enough sometimes, but not often quite so foolish as all that comes to. Which is a good thing for our profession, because then 'Othello's occupation would be gone.'"

Sergeant Latimer spoke hopefully ; and yet the result of all his investigations during the two months that he came and went about Fressingham was almost *nil*. Prince Rupert and his rider had passed through Woodbridge ; the man at the further turnpike there was scarcely less positive as to that than was old Ben Carver at Bartlemere. A belated knife-grinder also was pretty sure they had passed him five miles further on towards

Ipswich. But there every trace vanished. It was the less remarkable as the road had been busy that night with horses and cattle on their way to Ipswich fair. Bills, minutely describing the horse, were widely circulated; inquiries were made at Harwich and other seaports, in London and all the intermediate towns; and finally a large reward was offered for the discovery of the "missing baronet," paragraphs about whose "mysterious disappearance" had by this time crept into the papers. One and all were of no avail; Sir Charles Glemham never came back.

## CHAPTER XVI

THE one event of the ensuing Winter was strangely uneventful, though it was nothing less than Llewellyn's departure from Fressingham. Had Lionel been told two months before that without a regret he would see his first real boy-friend depart, and would raise not one word, when one word from him might have kept him, he would have flouted the notion. Yet so it was. Discipline, about four weeks after Glemham's disappearance, received a letter from Dr. Watson, dated 20 Half Moon Street, London. Excellently worded, it expressed his profound regret that so heavy a sorrow should have come to Fressingham, and that he should have been absent at the time, though his presence or absence were of course alike immaterial. Himself, as his lease of the Mill had so nearly expired, he did not propose to return to Fressingham, except just to give instructions about the packing up of his books and pictures and sundry other effects; the furniture mostly was to be sold by auction. Why he now wrote was mainly to ask Mr. Discipline, who he presumed was Lady Glemham's chief counsellor, what his wishes might be respecting his grandson, Llewellyn Roberts. He could stay, of course, if his continued presence should seem in the slightest desirable; Dr. Watson could never be sufficiently grateful for their goodness towards the lad. At the same time he had just heard of a really capital opening for him, which, unless there were some strong reason to the contrary, it would be a pity not to accept. That was

the drift of the letter—"quite an admirable letter," said Discipline, who had never liked Llewellyn, and who liked this recognition of his own authority. What surprised him was that neither of the boys raised any of the objections he would have looked for. Llewellyn seemed anxious to go, and Lionel showed no anxiety to detain him. At the very last moment of parting, when the dog-cart that was to take him to the station was waiting at the hall-door, the two shook hands very silently and gravely, and it was then that their eyes first met since that night of the 20th. Llewellyn's dropped, and Lionel knew in his heart, "No, it wouldn't have done; it could never have done after that." A suspicion of cowardice and selfishness, or a suspicion of being suspected of them, is fatal to friendship, with boys even more than with men.

So Winter came and went, and Springtide followed. It brought one little white bud that was never to open on earth—a dead baby-sister for Lionel. "I felt sure of it," Dorothy murmured; "let Lionel see her, then he will think of us together afterwards."

They had feared she would never come through it, yet she did, and seemed for a while to be regaining strength, and returned to that seat in the oriel, where she would sit whole hours looking westward. It was not that she was demented; no, she would sometimes laugh—even laugh—at herself to Lionel. "I am like the Maid of Neidpath," she once said to him, "that old Lady Glemham used to tell me about. *Her* lover, you know, rode away, and she sat, like me here, in a window above the castle gateway, and watched for his return. She sat 'off and on' for weeks and months and years, until she grew old and ugly, and at last one day he did come riding home, and never recognized her. It broke her heart—I used to think her so silly."

Lionel often sat with her, saying little, and sometimes Father Meagher, who said less. But he played to her. For a piano had been brought up into her room, and on it this shy, awkward young priest would eloquently discourse that solemn, glad Church music, which is like a

prelude of Paradise. Her brother, too, came over pretty frequently from Henningham. He said by far too much, and said it far too sensibly; "Mrs. Dombey" and "making an effort" was inevitably suggested by his platitudes. She never asked for news, and never, it was plain, expected any; only sat waiting, ever looking westward. Until at last, one beautiful May evening, her eyes of a sudden grew big with glad recognition. "I can see him," she cried, "I can see him waiting for me there, beyond the stream, the narrow stream——" "of Death," she would have added, but she died.

It is easy to talk of anything, and so one talks easily of being stunned, of how it felt, of one's sense of this, that, and the t'other. As though to be really stunned does not exclude a sense of anything. Lionel was stunned during the days that followed upon Dorothy's death. He must have eaten during them, and drunk, and slept, else he would have died too; he must have gone out even, and walked, else, on the morning of Dorothy's funeral, Adam could not have found him sitting in the old church.

"Master Lionel," he said, "I've been hunting for you everywhere. Alison sent me to look after you. You'd best come home."

"Yes," the boy said, and rose and came with him submissively. But just as they issued from the chancel door, Esau Brunning, the sexton, was unlocking the iron gateway of the steps to the Glemham vault. A wish or rather an impulse took Lionel, to go down too.

"No, I wouldn't do that, Master Lionel," said Adam, who yet felt glad that the boy should care about anything, so without more demur allowed him to take his way. He followed him down the steps; as they reached the bottom Esau had swung back the heavy door and lighted his lantern. He was an old man, deaf but garrulous.

"Lawk-a-mussy!" he cried, "but yeou give me a turn, that yeou did, Master Lionel. And Mister Mackenzie. Ah! it'll be two year now, come Midsummer,

since we three was here last, and him what's gone, leastwise if so be as he is gone. I was thinking to myself however I'd 'a managed if things hadn't been as they have been, if I'd had to find room for him and his two ladies—Erciller Lady Glemham, up yonder that is, and Dorothy Lady Glemham, what's to come. For there aren't room, lookee, not comfortable, for three on one shelf; but now we'll just lay 'em together. So I thought I'd come and dust hers up a bit, and make it look decent-like."

As he spoke he had mounted on the low foot-pace that runs all round the vault, and, producing a very large red cotton pocket-handkerchief, proceeded to dust with it the coffin of Lionel's mother; it lay, next the wall, on a shelf, or rather in a shallow recess, towards the further extremity of the vault. But he had hardly begun when he suddenly caught up his lantern, and, casting its light over the lid and front of the coffin, descended as hurriedly as his years would let him, then, with a jerk of the thumb, and his mouth close to Adam's ear, whispered huskily—

"They've been and gone and done it this time, and no mistake."

"Who? what?" Adam asked. "What are you blethering, man?"

"The 'rectionists, sir, gone and ramshackled my Lady's coffin. Many's the time I've h'ard my father, what's dead and——"

"Nonsense!" cried Adam, snatching the lantern from him. A second's examination showed that what Esau said was true, at least that there was something in what he said. The outer coffin of oak had been opened, and not re-screwed; some of the screws were lying scattered beside it. The lid was thus quite loose. Adam glanced at Lionel; he had seated himself on the doorstep, and to all appearance was dozing.

"Here!" Adam cried to the sexton, "give a hand. We must see into this."

They lifted the lid off, and then it was plain that the lead coffin too had been opened; its top cut neatly down

the middle and along the ends, so as to form two flaps, which could be easily folded back.

"Mother of God!" exclaimed Adam, and the sweat stood in beads on his forehead. He glanced again at Lionel; the boy seemed not to have stirred. They doubled the lead back; beneath it appeared a face, the face of a man, the face of Sir Charles Glemham. For a minute perhaps Adam gazed on his old master, then, although hardly conscious of what he was about, replaced the lead covering; together they even replaced the outer lid.

"And the coffin-plate," whispered old Esau, with horny forefinger outstretched towards it, "look at the coffin-plate; that's never how it used to, sure-ly."

Adam looked, and it too had been tampered with—reversed, they found afterwards, and awkwardly re-fixed. There were words upon it, a roughly-engraved inscription.

"'Hic jaget,'" Adam spelt out, as Esau, undoing his lantern, threw the light full upon it. "No, I can't make out a word of it. It's Latin or French or German or some gibberish; but there's 'Glemham' and 'baronet,' and 'November'—Master Lionel, Master Lionel."

"Yes," the boy answered, and rose again and came to him; he looked as though he were walking in his sleep. "Yes, Adam, what is it?" They must have offered a strange contrast—Lionel so listless, and the old man aflame with excitement, yet striving to seem calm.

"It's nothing much, Master Lionel, only some writing here in French or Latin, as I thought you might tell us what it's about. Hold the light steady, Esau." And Lionel read well enough, though sometimes he stumbled at a word or letter—

"HIC JACET VIR GENEROSUS DOM CAROLUS GLEM  
HAM BARONETTUS MILES CRUCISQUE VICTORIA  
NÆ EGNES QUI MORTEM REPENTINAM OCCUBU  
IT AD XIII KAL NOV. MDCCCLXIX."

"It isn't written quite right," he said, speaking as

though he were speaking in his sleep, “‘egnes’ must be for ‘eques,’ and the words are divided so funnily.”

“But what does it mean, what’s the meaning, Master Lionel?”

“Why, it means that he met with a sudden death on—I’m never certain of those Latin dates—but it must have been in October.”

“In October 1869?”

“Yes, in the year of our Lord 1869, October 1869, Sir Charles Glemham, baronet—oh! Adam, what *does* it mean?” For it had flashed of a sudden on his clouded brain; of a sudden from dreamless torpor he had been swept into a waking nightmare.

“Adam, does it mean murder?”

“I’m doubting it, Master Lionel.”

“Murdered—murdered—my father!” And then by a strange freak of fancy, whether it was the word, or the place, or what else, he never knew afterwards, but his thoughts wandered off to a book he had had as a child, one of his few English books at Göttingen, a present sent him by Alison. There was a picture in it of Richard the Little Duke, standing in just such a vault beside the dead body of *his* murdered father, and vowing vengeance on the murderer. Lionel did not uplift his right hand; he uttered no vow; still the vow formed itself within his inmost soul.

Fantastic! true, but nightmares are often fantastic.



BOOK II



## CHAPTER I

*"The Rutland Hotel,  
Brighton,  
June 23, 1870.*

"MY DEAR AVENEL,

I HAVE been meaning to answer your kind letter these many weeks past; but sorrow and stress of business have left me scant leisure for letter-writing. You will have read in the papers—your letter, indeed, informs me that you have—the melancholy story of my brother-in-law's disappearance, of poor dear Dorothy's death, and of the mysterious discovery, on the day fixed for her funeral, of Sir Charles's body in the coffin of his first wife. The mystery remains a mystery still, in spite of our utmost exertions. The marvellous preservation of his body, the finding it where it was found, the abstraction of the remains of the first Lady Glemham, the correct Latinity of the inscription on the coffin-plate, but the rudeness and the blunders of the actual lettering, the mutilation of the dog, and the disappearance of the horse—these are some of the items of that mystery. According to Sergeant Latimer, a most able and zealous detective officer, whose services I called in at the very earliest alarm, they should, conjointly, have led to a speedy solution, but such has not been the case. That Sir Charles met his death by violence was clearly established by the medical evidence at the inquest, though the fracture of the skull in itself was hardly a sufficient cause; and that the murderer, or one of the murderers, escaped on the horse seems highly probable. I hazarded that suggestion myself the day after the crime was per-

petrated. Poachers or highway robbers it cannot have been ; and the true explanation seems to be that it was the work of a Russian or of Russians—members, it may be, of a secret society. When next we meet—and I am very anxious to meet you—I will fully impart to you my reasons for this belief ; but I do not care to commit them to a letter. I may tell you, however, that I have been in close correspondence with the Russian Embassy, and have had two personal interviews with Count Atsakkoff, who was most courteous. The chief objection to this Russian theory, which was and is still my own, was noticed, strangely enough, by myself—that the date on the coffin-plate follows the New (not the Old) style. Still that, I conceive, may have been deliberate, to throw us off the scent.

“ At present I am writing to you, I own it, half-selfishly, although not on my own account. By his former marriage my brother-in-law has left a son and heir, Lionel, and I am his guardian. You saw him, I remember, last summer, when you stopped for a couple of days at Henningham, on your way North. He is a lad of sixteen, too old to be sent now to a public school (my advice on that point was not followed), and I am in considerable perplexity as to what will be best for him during the next two or three years before, in accordance with his father's wish, he goes up to Oxford. Until two years ago he was brought up in Germany, and it has been suggested that he should return to Göttingen. But the idea commends itself neither to me nor to him.<sup>1</sup> To let him live on at the Priory with a couple of old servants and a very young Roman Catholic chaplain is, on the face of it, impossible, though that is his own desire ; and there are difficulties in the way of my having him to live with me at Henningham. I could not well ‘harbour a mass-priest’ ; and above all—I may not disguise the fact—it might not be safe for the boy to remain so near his old home. So long as his father's

<sup>1</sup> *Note by the Author.*—The idea was Discipline's, and was strongly opposed by Lionel.

murderer remains undetected, a like peril *may* menace the son. A private tutor's: well, there would be the same difficulty, if in a less degree, as to holidays. You will see the reasons then why I am proposing to let the Priory for a term of years. As the shootings are good, there will, I expect, be no difficulty.

"Will you, then, give me your advice? Or rather—to be perfectly frank—do you think it possible you could see your way to admitting Lionel into your own household at Newark Peel? I remember meeting a Dr. Somebody, the head-master of Rowick grammar school, when I stayed with you three years ago, and your telling me what a high repute the school has under him. And Rowick, I suppose, will have its Roman Catholic chapel; for the boy is to be brought up in the ancient faith. Money, of course I know, would be no object with you; else he will be rich, this ward of mine, 'beyond the dreams of avarice,' as Dr. Johnson has it—that is to say, when he attains his majority, he should come into five to six thousand a year. Perpend the matter, and let me know your decision. He and I have been stopping here for more than a month. I wished him away from Suffolk, and had hoped besides that the change might benefit him; but the loss of his father, and of my dear Dorothy, has been a most grievous shock to him. How could it, indeed, be otherwise? Still, his sorrow is almost morbid, and it is hard to get him to see one is acting for his good. With kindest regards to Mrs. Avenel and love to Marjory, I remain, looking for your answer,

"Ever truly yours,

"THOMAS DISCIPLINE."

"Newark Peel, Rowick,

"Teviotdale,

"June 25, 1870.

"MY DEAR TOM DISCIPLINE,

"I will answer your letter at once, and briefly, for our early post goes out at twelve. Myself I would gladly accede to your request, and take in this poor little

baronet—I remember him well : what a bright, pleasant boy he seemed ! And Mrs. Avenel, I know, would be fully as glad as myself ; I shall not tell her of it, for it could only disappoint her. No, the thing were clean impossible *sine permissu superiorum*, and to obtain such permission were more impossible still. You cannot have realized my position towards the Church I left ; a Clapham household would be preferable to mine in the eyes of any good Catholic. I will write more fully to-morrow, and hope to see you when next we come south ; meanwhile, with heartfelt regret, I remain,

“ Most truly yours,

“ MARK AVENEL.

“ P.S.—I had closed the envelope, and re-open it ten minutes later to suggest that you might, if you choose, write to Dr. Fullarton, the Catholic Bishop of Thetford, and ask his advice, tell him what you proposed, and even, if you care to, enclose this note. I know what his answer will be ; still, then I shall feel as if the refusal did not come from myself. And his advice will be sound advice.

“ Dr. Carson of the High School, Rowick, is one of the first scholars in Scotland ; and there is a Catholic chapel at Rowick, its priest Father Swinton. I know him by sight, and like the looks of him.

“ M. A.”

“ Thetford,

“ July 3, 1870.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I am in receipt of your letter of the 27th, and beg to thank you for your courtesy in consulting me. It is, indeed, a grave responsibility that is laid upon you, and I felt it a grave responsibility to be asked to advise you in this most difficult matter. But the responsibility has been lifted from off my shoulders. I should myself, I confess, have strongly negatived your proposal ; but I met two days ago, at Sudbury, on the occasion of the consecration of a church, His Eminence,

Cardinal Weldon. I laid the question before him ; and he accedes, almost unreservedly, to the course you suggest. He will, however, write to you himself. I return the enclosure, and remain,

“ Yours faithfully,  
✠ CUTHBERT, Bishop of Thetford.

“ THE REV. T. DISCIPLINE.”

## CHAPTER II

YOU change for Rowick at Reekhopehyde, but "Riechwheuchheuch, Riechwheuchheuch," as shouted by a Scotch porter, bears little resemblance in English ears to the written name, and Lionel moreover was drowsy after the long close journey. So it was only as the train was moving out of the little junction that he caught sight of the name on a board, and then it was too late to do anything but consult the guard at the next stoppage. There were, it appeared, two courses—one to go back to Berwick, in which case it would not be possible to arrive at Rowick that night; and the other to go on to Ravenswood, and thence make a circuit of thirty or forty miles, round by way of Ercildoun and Smailholm, to Rowick, which might thus be reached soon after ten. Lionel chose the latter course; it was seven o'clock now, that would mean three more hours of travelling. He had had nearly twelve already, for he had come up to Town that morning from Brighton with Discipline, who had seen him into the Scotch express at King's Cross, and himself was returning to Henningham.

They had both of them at heart been glad to part company; it was something that Lionel should be glad of anything. It had been a dismal and hateful time to him, those two months at Brighton, with the noise, the glare, the gaiety, the crowds of indifferent strangers, the absence of the few friends still left to him, and above all, the presence of his guardian. The Rev. Thomas Discipline doubtless meant well, and he was

certainly as sorry as he could be for the death of his sister ; still, his continued enjoyment of the good things of life, his posings as the "bereaved brother," his philosophic consolations and exhortations, and his manifest timidity (they had fairly run away from Suffolk), had irritated Lionel almost beyond all bearing. He told the boy nothing, but was for ever talking to him, inculcating reticence, patience, discretion, and the certainty that, thanks to his, Discipline's, sagacity, Lionel might rest assured that his father's murderer would be brought to justice, and he himself, Lionel, would be safe thenceforth from certain darkly-suggested perils. Yet his efforts, such as they had been, had come to nought. Lionel never had looked for any better result ; nay, he could not be sorry that such should have been the case.

How or when, he had no idea ; but he cherished the fixed belief that for himself was reserved the task of avenging his father. He was too young probably to undertake that task for some years yet. Still, he would not leave England (or Scotland, there was not much difference) ; it was on that account that he had combated the notion of his return to Göttingen. Besides, how could he have resumed that humdrum German existence ? He had known no better once, so it had not then seemed to him miserable ; but now, no, no ! and he really had always loathed *Kalbsbraten*. Herr Lichtenstein, the publisher and bookseller, he was a worthy old soul ; still, it was silly of him always to sit next Frau Lichtenstein at meals, and from time to time stroke her back, as though she were a cat, with the remark, "Ei, die gute, liebe Mama !" And those everlasting climbs up the Hainberg, where, the top gained, the old chap would always seat himself on the bench in front of the Gasthaus, and spreading out both hands, exclaim : "Imposante Stadt, Herr Glemham !" Fancy Göttingen striking anybody as imposing ! Even Professor Müller, it would be hateful to see him again, and to think of the interval since he had seen him last.

Yes, that was what it always came back to with Lionel. His childhood had not been a happy one, if it

had not been positively unhappy. Since he could first remember, he had been brought up in that small Catholic household in that small Protestant town; his existence had been cramped and circumscribed as that of few boys, not born princes. The Lichtensteins, good simple folk, had regarded him, indeed, as a species of princeling. They remembered his father, not many years before, what charges he had lived at, how he had kept his horses and a top-booted groom, and had quite outshone Fürst Eduard von Kleiningen, his fellow-student at the University. So, although Lionel had got to know several German and two or three American boys at the gymnasium, he had always been rather discouraged from forming close intimacies with any of them; and this spirit of exclusiveness had been fostered by the periodical visits of old Adam, who was inclined to vapour of the greatness and splendour of the Glemhams. His intercourse, too, with Professor Müller had not rendered the boy more boyish; generalizations as to Lordship, Inequality, and Misanthropy have not a very humanizing influence.

Then there had come that twelvemonth of unmixed happiness at Fressingham. Lionel thought now solely, or almost solely, of his father and of Dorothy; but Adam, Alison, Father Meagher, Llewellyn, and Yarrow had all contributed to his happiness. And three of these now were dead, and the three who ought to have stayed on at the Priory were, like himself, to be sent into banishment. He thought little, and troubled less, about his own immediate future; it did not matter greatly. Mr. Avenel—he rather liked the little he remembered of him, and he fancied also that Dorothy had liked him; but then, again, he was his guardian's friend. That was against him; still, there would be plenty of time to determine whether he should like or should not like him. Anyhow, he must do his duty, must strive to be what his father and Dorothy would have wished him to be—an "English gentleman." Poor little baronet!

There were people in the carriage with him during most of the journey. One was a bright, pretty girl of

twenty, on her way to Edinburgh, whom he left when he changed out of the "Flying Scotsman" at Berwick. His opposite neighbour, she pointed out to him York Minster and Durham Cathedral, and tried her best to talk to him—about Scotland, about her brothers, about this, that, and the other. But the boy had a stiff, reserved manner, that had grown on him painfully during the past two months; it was partly shyness, but more a desire to be left with his own thoughts. Those thoughts were a singular medley of rebellion and fortitude, religion and despair, regret and (no, not hope, but) desire for revenge.

He was quite alone after leaving Ravenswood. It was growing dusk, and the brilliant sunshine of the early morning had given place to a fine drizzle; still it was light enough yet to make out the general features of the landscape. He was in Scotland now, the country he had so often talked about with his father and with Adam. They, and Dorothy also of course, were to have come there some day, and visited Dunnottar and Inverugie, the ancient strongholds of the Keiths, and Traquair, the home of old Lady Glemham and Alison, and, perhaps too, Adam's birthplace, Eskadale. And here he found himself alone in Scotland, though Adam and Alison might be presently following him—what a sin to turn those two away from Fressingham, however "handsomely pensioned." Ah well, in six years' time he would be his own master; and then he would alter that, if not too late.

Scotland was not the least like what Lionel had expected. There were no mountains and no floods—only gentle, well-planted hills and little brooks, that were smaller, if more rapid, than the Ken or even the Leine. At heart, though he would not have owned to himself that he cared about anything so trivial, Lionel felt disappointed. If he was to leave Fressingham, he would have wished to leave it for a scene that should be wholly new to him; and the Scotland of his fancy, though he might have known better, had been a region of deer-forests (real forests these were to him), whose

mountaineers should all speak Gaelic, and all wear kilts. But that big hill yonder in front, the triple-peaked one, was better; and this water beside the line now, this dim, broad river, why this must be surely—must be the—the—and trying to think what, Lionel dropped off fast asleep.

“Rowick, sir; we’ve landed you safe at last, anyhow”——it was the guard’s voice woke him, and on the platform behind the guard was a civil, florid-looking station-master, who, as Lionel got out sleepily, explained to him that Mr. Avenel had been down to meet him by the 7.30, had taken his luggage, which had duly arrived by that train, and had sent again to meet the 9.10; that he would come by this route had not occurred to them.

“But you’ll take a machine, sir,” he said, “it’s under two miles to the New-Wark, though it seems a bit longer, being so uphill.”

Uphill, indeed, it is, for Rowick, which Lionel was to get to know so well, lies in a punch-bowl hollow beside the Allan; and Newark Peel—or the New-Wark, as it is locally called—stands high above it on a hillside. An ancient place, that figures frequently in Border annals, Rowick at the beginning of the century was little more than a village, its few thatched cottages clustered round the great ruined abbey. The abbey remains still, the glory of the place; but the cottages have been swept away, to make room for huge cloth-mills, for brand-new lines of operatives’ houses, and for spick-and-span churches of countless denominations; whilst the upper hillsides are dotted with villas of the well-to-do manufacturers. So the town has climbed, and is climbing still, out of its hollow; the highest houses stand two or three hundred feet above the river-bed.

Up, up, the fly mounted slowly, until through the right-hand window Lionel could see the lights twinkling beneath him; up, up, until the last gas-lamp was left behind, and the road, now fringed with dark fir-trees, emerged on the open upland. For nearly a mile they

had followed it, and then struck into a side-road with a rather rapid descent, when suddenly the driver pulled up at a gateway, and getting down, opened the door.

"I was thinkin'," he said, "ye wouldna mind walking up the drive, seeing ye've got no boxes, and it's awfu' dark under thae trees. And the fare 'll be four shillings. Thank ye, sir, and good-night to you. And ye canna miss it, if ye just keep straight on."

But that was just what it was difficult to do, for the drive, though a short one, winds, and it was pitch dark beneath the trees, especially to eyes freshly dazzled by the carriage-lamps. So that Lionel, wholly ignorant of his bearings, first blundered into a bush on the left, and then against a tree-trunk on the right, and next, regaining the middle of the road, and groping along it with his arms outstretched on each side, collided violently with something, somebody, who was coming from the opposite direction.

"I beg your par——" "Ὠκβάτανα!" and "Steady, Carson!"—the three voices all spoke together; and Lionel, thinking he recognized the last, said—

"Mr. Avenel?"

"Yes," came the answer, "and who may you be that know me?"

"I'm Glemham, Lionel Glemham; and I beg *your* pardon—" this last to the third invisible interlocutor, whom he had all but knocked over.

"Glemham, why, my boy, how ever did you get here? We'd given you up for to-night. You have never walked all the way up from Rowick? Carson, this is your new *alumnus*, whom you were to have met at dinner. You'll have to turn back with us now; here, Lionel, take my arm."

"Well, only for a minute," Dr. Carson replied very deliberately, "though even then I shall have to sit down again, to avert the ill-omen. But I will risk it. It's as well you came down to the gate with me, Avenel, else there might have been assault and battery. You'll be a big chap, I'm thinking," he added to Lionel, "I was very near down."

"Come in," said Avenel, opening the hall-door; "come in, both of you, out of the darkness, and then I can introduce you formally. Dr. Carson, your future headmaster, Lionel; and Sir Lionel Glemham, Carson, belike your future *dux*."

Mark Avenel was a noticeable man, with a splendid presence, for he stood six feet two inches high, and with the face of a demigod, or, better, of a great tragedian. It could change as few faces, lighting up of a sudden from its statuesque calm, at some fancy of his own, or at some saying of another; occasionally, too, it could darken, with sadness or scornful anger. There was a touch of indecision about his mouth and chin, which had been there always, and a look of doubt sometimes in his bright grey eyes, which should have been foreign to them; else one would have recognized in him a born commander of men—as it is, there are few such commanders. But his chief charm was in his voice, melodious, resonant. One who once heard him nearly twenty years before this said: "I never realized until now what was meant by the *vox humana*."

Dr. Carson, on the other hand, was a little man, with big bushy eyebrows and a kindly, humorous, sorrowful face. Thirty years before, after a brilliant career at Glasgow and Oxford, he had been engaged to a cousin, who had gone out to India; but she died on the homeward voyage, and was buried at sea. Ever since he had been writing songs, Latin and English, to her memory, and setting them to music, for he was something of a composer as well as a finished scholar. So he consoled himself, and also, said gossip, with a cup now and then of wine. To-night he had certainly tasted of Avenel's burgundy; hence the deliberation of his speech, and hence too his precipitancy to set forth again, as soon as, to ward off the "freit," he had sat down for an instant on one of the hall-chairs. "No, no," he insisted to Avenel, "you shall trust me this time to the gate; this time I will meet with no stumbling-block. *Facilis descensus*—the road down to Rowick is easy. Truly, I will not have it."

"And yet you e'en must," Avenel answered, "for, having seen Glemham in, I am bound now to see you off. That is, if go you will: I wanted you to stop the night, and I offered to send you home. But wait one second. Adelaide," he said, opening a door, "here is Lionel Glemham arrived, fairly famished, I expect. Come and see to his wants, while I walk down with Dr. Carson to the road."

"Coming," cried a pleasant voice from within. "I was sure I heard talking, but I was fast asleep." And there ran into the hall a little woman, very pretty, and prettily dressed. The Hon. Mrs. Avenel was well over thirty, but seemed hardly half her age; she was so quick and bright and delicious. "Something very French about her," was said of her sometimes by women who knew little of France, and nothing whatever of Ireland, to which country her type, if a rare one, is wholly peculiar. "A deuced nice little woman" was a truer and commoner (male) verdict; even it did scanty justice to her fascination. Fagged out though he was, Lionel straightway fell captive thereto; Mr. Avenel, returning presently, found him busy over an extemporized supper, and chatting and laughing with her as though they had been old comrades.

### CHAPTER III

SIXTEEN years before, all London had been flocking to hear the young Scottish Jesuit, Father Avenel; there had been no preacher like him since Edward Irving, was the common consensus of Protestants. You may still read his Sermons,<sup>1</sup> and they are well worth reading; but it was his heart-stirring earnestness that won on his hearers quite as much as his exquisite oratory. "That man preaches as if his Master was at his elbow," said David Hume of a Presbyterian divine; the words had been equally true of Father Avenel.

One of his hearers was the Hon. Miss Boyne, an Irish girl of nineteen, an heiress in a small way, who was a recent arrival in the world of London. Her girlhood had all been passed in a lonely barrack of a Connaught castle, with her invalid mother, and without her ne'er-do-weel father, Lord Ballynahinch, who divided his time between Piccadilly and Homburg. Her parents were both dead now, the mother (rather irrationally) for grief at the loss of her husband; and the daughter had come to live with a kinswoman, old Lady Mary Delacour. The Delacours have always been Catholics, and it was in her house that Adelaide Boyne met Father Avenel; by one account he was invited thither expressly to work her conversion. Anyhow, there can be no doubt that she set herself to convert him, and, if she did not exactly succeed, still she proved the more successful of the two.

She was a wonderfully accomplished little lady, with

<sup>1</sup> *Six Lenten Discourses*, 1854; and *Vox Clamantis*, 1855.

a larger stock of miscellaneous knowledge and ignorance than goes (or, at least, went then) to the equipment of a whole dozen of ordinary school-girls. She was not musical, and did not sketch, neither was she addicted to embroidery, but she could read and enjoy Homer and the Greek dramatists, and Horace she knew by heart. She possessed a smattering of Hebrew, and more than a smattering of German and Italian, whilst she spoke French like a native, though with a curious mixture of a *ton de garnison*, caught off M. Tuvache, the Republican soldier, who, expelled by the Coup d'Etat, earned his bread at Roscommon as a French teacher. With him, too, she went through a course of fortification and tactics, and she had devoured and more or less assimilated nearly every work in the large but obsolescent library of Ballynahinch Castle. Theology, metaphysics, history, biography, travels, *belles lettres*, even heraldry—nothing came amiss to her: her knowledge was prodigious, only somewhat behind the times. For instance, about this period, she surprised a reviewer, who had taken her down to dinner, by speaking of *Macaulay's History* as a completed work, which had powerfully influenced the French Revolution—she meant the History by Mrs. Catherine Macaulay.

But if something of a blue-stocking, she was nothing of a bore, the chief reason being perhaps that one never thought of her quite as a human soul, but rather as a delightful marionette. Women liked her, however, very much less than did men. "She's such a puzzle," one of them remarked; "how a fool can manage sometimes to seem so clever, or how a clever woman could so often make such a fool of herself." "Clever," said the lady to whom this remark was confided, "myself I confess I don't see it." And there were four or five "women of letters" who detested her; her nose was *retroussé*, their noses were extra long, so more apt to be put out of joint. That well-known philanthropist and writer on political economy, Miss Lydia Middelton, even pitied her. They first met at a brilliant gathering, whose centre Miss Middelton had looked to be, with a bishop

and a cabinet-minister for her chief satellites, both of them to be won over to her scheme of "Depauperization." Alas! the bishop deserted her shamefully, and the minister never came near her; there they were chatting and laughing with "that silly chit of an Irish girl. Only men could be so unmanly as to draw out a poor little simpleton." It spoke much for Miss Middelson's philanthropy that she "took up" Adelaide.

Yes, and then Adelaide, as we have said, met Father Avenel, and became one of his most constant hearers. She rented a front-sitting at S. Aloysius', where he preached every Sunday evening at Benediction; he could not help but notice her bright Irish face, as she sat taking notes of his sermon. For she came to criticize, and presently sent him her criticisms, twenty reasons and more against everything, and nothing in one of them. It would be easy, he thought, and delightful to vanquish such an assailant. It was not easy; no, it was clean impossible. They held set disputations at Delacour Lodge, with old Lady Mary for arbiter; she was deafish and drowsy, but her award was always in Father Avenel's favour. And rightly so, for, subtle dialectician that he was, he rent Adelaide's poor little sophistries to shreds; only, when he fancied he had her at his feet, she would laugh in his face, and retort with an unanswerable "Well, there it is, Padre mio." It was unwise in him, it was silly of her, to persist; else the friendship between them was as innocent as was our first parents' estate in Eden. In Eden, forsooth; in Eden took place the Fall.

But though "Society papers" were non-existent then, though Truth had not yet shifted her quarters from a well-bottom to quotation-marks, there was an Evangelical organ, *The Testimony*, in whose columns one Friday appeared a leader, "Celibacy?" clever, filthy, venomous. It mentioned no names: still, "every one" knew whom it aimed at, when it mooted the question whether an action for seduction could or should lie against a celibate priest. In Scotland it could, it maintained; but nowhere would the injured party dream of instituting

such an action, unless, indeed, she chanced to be a Protestant. And even then there might be considerations of rank, of family connections, of shame, perhaps, at seeming to have made unmaidenly overtures. And so it went on—Faugh! it was a beastly article.

Early the next forenoon the editor of *The Testimony* was seated in his *profanum*, when an office-boy brought in a card to him. The editor was an Irishman, Hogan by name, a renegade priest—no, hardly indeed a renegade, for he had not had the chance, but had been kicked out by his superiors, unfrocked for execrable immoralities. Thenceforth he had lived mainly by exposing “Romanist villainies,” some of which were genuine—he had committed them himself. He was an unwholesome-looking creature, gross, pasty-faced, hairless; his age might be about fifty. The card was inscribed, “The Rev. Mark Avenel, S.J.”

“No, no,” Mr. Hogan began, “say ‘Not——’”

“But ‘Yes,’” said a voice. The owner of the card had followed on it closely; Father Avenel stood in the doorway. “Yes,” he went on, and his voice was deep and stern, “I was determined to see you, sir. You are, I believe, the editor of this newspaper.” He drew from his pocket a copy of *The Testimony*.

“Ye—es,” faltered Mr. Hogan, doing his best to look dignified, “yes, Mr.—ah! um!—Avenel, I *am* the editor. Gibson——” he whispered something to the office-boy.

“No,” said Avenel, who had caught the import, though not the words, of the whisper, “no, nobody else comes in till I have done with you.” And turning, he locked the door, and put the key in his pocket. “Now,” he resumed, “in this thing yesterday there appeared an article that was intended to blast my career—I will speak of myself alone. A copy of it reached me by the morning’s post, with the article marked, as you see, and this marginal note stating that other copies have been posted to Cardinal Rookwood, to the General of the Society of Jesus, to my own provincial, and to—my mother. You hound——” he strode suddenly

forward, and caught Mr. Hogan by the throat. The office-boy looked on meekly: he was small, and besides he enjoyed it. "You hound," cried Avenel, "do you own to it?"

"No, no," Mr. Hogan spluttered, "I—oh!—"

Avenel released him.

"You did not write it?" he asked.

"No, no, before Gawd, sir, my dear sir, I swear I never put pen to it."

"Then tell me," Avenel spoke now very quietly, "who did?"

"But, my dear sir, consider—an editor's responsibility—the code of newspaper honour—the—the confidentiality. You will recognize the term."

Mark Avenel looked at Mr. Hogan with scorn.

"Tell me," he said again, "who wrote that article? Else I shall pitch you, sir, out of the window into the street; I will clear the area, so you will not have so far to fall."

Mr. Hogan eyed him, and saw that he would do it, so caved in instantly. "It was a lady," he said, "who wrote it, a well-known literary lady, and a personal friend of the Hon. Miss——"

"Stop," cried Avenel, "here, write the woman's name on that sheet of paper, and sign it with your own."

And Mr. Hogan submissively wrote:—

MISS LYDIA MIDDELSON.

*Signed* PATRICK J. HOGAN.

The outcome of this hasty and most unwise action of Avenel's was his summons to a police court. The proceedings there were very brief, but, brief though they were, they were widely reported. There was practically no defence; and the magistrate, having read the article in *The Testimony*, would not permit Mr. Hogan to refer to any side issues, but confined him

strictly to the assault itself. The only other witness was the office-boy, whose evidence was to the effect that, "He collared him, he did, and shook him, and Mr. 'Ogan blubbered and said, God strike him dead, but he never wrote no sich a harticle; and I thought he'd ha' chucked him through the winder, but he didn't. Oh my!" Whereupon the office-boy laughed, and the whole court with him, all except Mr. Hogan. A fine of one shilling or an hour's imprisonment would, the magistrate said, amply satisfy justice; and Mr. Hogan departed, and set to and wrote a leader on "Jesuitry in High Places." For by the side of that magistrate had been seated a great Churchman, a frail but stately old man, who had once been a soldier. As that old man drove home in his carriage, his fine, severe features relaxed into a smile. "God forgive me," he murmured, "I was half wishing Avenel had done it.—But, oh! Absalom, Absalom, my son, my son, that we have lost thee!"

Mark Avenel was lost, indeed, to Catholicism; within three months he was married to Adelaide.

## CHAPTER IV

ONE knows the feeling of going to bed, tired out, in a strange house, and of waking up the next morning. As a rule, if only one sleeps well and soundly, there are pleasant surprises in store ; things have to be pretty bad for one not to feel relieved they are not worse. Lionel's new surroundings had seemed overnight by no means so bad to him ; he had liked Mr. Avenel's voice and Mrs. Avenel's chatter and laughter, and their welcome of him had certainly been most kind. But he had been so tired, too tired to notice much more than that his bedroom was big, and his bed comfortable, and that outside there was a gentle, ceaseless murmur, which was hardly the wind, but sounded more like the hum of distant traffic.

It was twelve when he dropped off to sleep with that murmur in his ears, and eleven when he awoke ; he had slept almost all round the clock. He looked at his watch, and jumped quickly out of bed ; for months he had never felt so light at heart, the causes for heaviness all seemed left far behind. The room he found himself in is semi-circular ; and in the semi-circle are three windows, large and modern, but set in a very thick wall. Lionel ran to the middle window, which faces due south ; and drawing the blind, and flinging up the sash, he let in a flood of sunlight and soft air. He looked up a narrow, richly-wooded valley, which rises and rises gently towards a line of far blue hills, and in which he could here and there catch the glitter of a stream. Beneath him, too, a hundred feet below, he could see through the thick overhanging leafage a

stream—the same stream, but brown and sunless here, as it forces its way through the steep rocky gorge, and makes that ceaseless murmur, which rises to a roar in time of spate. It was a new world to Lionel, a fresh—the third—beginning to his life.

He dressed, and came down to the hall, where there was a door half-open, which should, he thought, be that of the dining-room. He looked in, and found he was wrong, for this was a much smaller room, a girl's sitting-room seemingly. There were many pictures on the walls, and many books, a cottage piano, and a French window opening on a lawn. The girl herself was sitting by the window in a low wicker chair. She had a book on her lap, but she was not reading it; she was thinking, and gazing out absently into the garden. Lionel stood in the doorway, and looked at her, for a second, or a minute, or five minutes—he could not have told you which. He was wondering what she could be thinking of, that her face should keep changing thus, like a windy hillside, swept by alternate sunshine and cloud; and himself, he was thinking that she was quite unlike any girl he ever had seen before. And yet, and yet, she surely was like somebody, and now somebody else too, only the two were not the least like one another.—Of course, how stupid of him! she was like her father and mother: this could only be the Marjory Avenel he had heard speak of.

As likely as not, Lionel did not really recognize that twofold likeness till afterwards; anyhow, it was there, and was the key to Marjory Avenel's character. She was a child then of only fourteen, but older than her years in person alike and mind. Already she was taller than her mother; the two might well have passed for school-fellows, if not sisters. Hardly for sisters, in spite of that subtle resemblance, which came and went, and presently reappeared, in a look, in a tone, or in something very much deeper—an underflow of fun and hopefulness and spontaneity. The last is a hard word, that demands a gloss; it is meant to express that her every word and action seemed to spring from herself, as roses from their rose-bush. In plainer English, though still

not in Saxon English, she was natural, unconscious, unartificial. A commonplace quality that, it may be said. Commonplace! why, my dear Sir or Madam, it is the very rarest of all human qualities; you and I and our neighbour—particularly our neighbour—are everlastingly striving to seem something other than what we exactly are. Marjory's mother, too, had that quality, but with a difference, the difference between silver and purest gold.

Rippling, sun-shot brown hair, great, grave, grey eyes that could flash into unexpected merriment, little sensitive nostrils, and a firm yet most delicate mouth—there! I eschewed descriptions, and am essaying the one quite impossible. Enough, that in Opie's portrait of Mary Wollstonecraft one catches something of the look of Marjory. Children and dumb animals all loved her face; it expressed the predominant quality of her nature—her exquisite sympathy. That, but in larger measure, she had got from her father, and with it a love of poetry and beauty, and a sense of humour, which were foreign to the mother. On the other hand, she had little of that mother's versatility: one so rarely endowed needed not to be vaguely acquisitive.

So Lionel stood and looked at Marjory, and Marjory suddenly started and saw Lionel. She sprang up, and came to him, and shook hands with him. There are few things that differ more than the way in which people shake hands. One man of my acquaintance might be otherwise likeable; but his hand, when he gives it you, feels just like a dead fish; you pluck yours away for fear he should leave it there. But Marjory had a good, honest, kindly little grip; it seemed to tell Lionel that she knew his story.

"I'm Marjory," she said to him; "and Mama's in the dining-room, writing. She said they were to let you sleep-in until lunch-time. But you *must* be hungry and wanting your breakfast, for I always am after a long journey. I hate travelling, don't you? and one never does care much for supper. Come along. Mama," she went on, opening a door opposite, "here is Lionel

Glemham, and he's ever so hungry. And I'll go and let cook know he's down, and then tell Father." It was singular, Marjory's use of "Mama" and "Father," the more so as her mother very often spoke of "Papa."

"One moment," murmured Mrs. Avenel, going on with her writing. "There!" she said then, laying her pen down, and rising, "that's done. And how are you, Lionel? Rested, I hope, and with an appetite—Marjory said you were hungry, didn't she?"

"Yes, she did," answered Lionel, "only I hadn't told her so. But I am, rather."

"That's right. They'll bring your breakfast in a minute. I was waiting for you. That is, this is generally my room of a morning. Mr. Avenel has the library, because then he can smoke there; and Marjory has her room, with Fraülein (she's away just now for the holidays). So I take this room to write in."

"Do you write much?" Lionel asked, glancing at a great litter of papers, part print, part manuscript, on the writing-table in the bow-window.

"Pretty well; that's my morning's work. Oh! I don't mean I've written all that myself since breakfast-time, but I've gone through the whole of it. It's the proofs for the September number of the *British Jewry*. J-e-w-r-y," she explained, seeing Lionel looked puzzled; "it's the monthly organ of Anglo-Israelitism."

"Of Anglo-what?"

"Anglo-Israelitism, you'll very soon find out what that means. I bore Mr. Avenel so dreadfully with it, he says; he'll be quite delighted to find a deputy. And the funny thing is, he has furnished lots of the most remarkable identifications. Why, it was he pointed out that the British soldier's red uniform had been obviously foretold by the Prophet Nahum: 'The valiant men are in Scarlet.' I forget the chapter and verse, they always go out of my head. And then there was that great puzzle about the *Lia Fail*."

"What did he fail in?" asked Lionel.

"No, no, the Stone of Destiny, I mean; that's the Gaelic for it, or Hebrew, it's all the same. But the

puzzle was what on earth the Prophet Jeremiah came to Ireland with that big stone for ; it must have astonished the natives. And it was Mr. Avenel suggested it would just be a portable altar, like what every priest takes with him when he goes on a holiday. I had three articles about that in the *British Jewry*. Oh ! it's a singularly fascinating subject ; and it brings one across such extraordinary people. You never met General Runciman ? ”

“ No, never, ” said Lionel.

“ Well, he's a dear old man, only you never know what he'll say next. It was he that at our May meeting three years since prayed about me as ‘ thy servant, this Canaanitish woman ’ (I'm Irish you know), ‘ that she may be even as Rahab the——ahem ! er ! no—— I would rather say, O Lord, that she may *not* be as that young person. ’ It was such fun. That was the very same meeting where we had the comic song. It wasn't exactly a comic song, but——Oh ! here's your breakfast. Jean, you might pour out Sir Lionel's coffee ; and it's trout, I think, under that cover.——Let me see, what was I talking of ? Oh ! yes, about that song. It was a children's rhyme in a game which I heard once at a Sunday-school treat at Elphin, and Canon Dorman had just been speaking about the Prophet Jeremiah and Ireland, and it came into my head, it seemed to illustrate his theory. I'm no great singer, but it goes like this :—

‘ Fin M'Coul went to school,  
Went to school,  
Went to school,  
Fin M'Coul, he went to school,  
With the Prophet Jeremiah. ’

It's a catchy air, isn't it ? something like ‘ The Three Jolly Postboys. ’ So I sang it, and the chairman, Lord Blatherby, joined in (I believe, out of pure politeness), and then some more, till at last the whole meeting were singing it until I burst out laughing ; I could not help it. And, you know, it really proves nothing. ”

“ No, ” observed Lionel. He had hardly the dimmest notion what Mrs. Avenel was running on about, but she

had paused for an instant, and a remark seemed demanded from him.

"No, nothing whatever, because Jeremiah can't really have gone to school in Ireland, for he was quite an old man when he got there. I wish he hadn't brought that woman with him—the woman, you know, with the 'Royal Prosperous smile' (one knows the sort of creature). I suppose she had to be there for the sake of the Prophecies; still, she must have been dreadful. Well, Marjory, and did you tell Papa?"

For Marjory had just re-entered, with a dog, a black-and-white Iceland colley, who was fat and elderly, and had a look of ineffable silliness.

"No," answered Marjory. "I think he must be out; but I went and told your horse" [this last to Lionel], "and I think he was pleased."

"My horse!" cried Lionel, "not Ladybird. Has Ladybird come yet?"

"Yes, he came last Thursday. Andrew went down, and fetched him up from the station; and he told me 'the beastie seemed sair forfoughten wi' the brae.' I don't wonder. I should think it would seem like the Alps to him after Suffolk."

"Oh! I am glad, I knew she was coming, but never thought she'd have got here before me. Is she all right?"

"Yes, he—she, I mean—seems pretty comfortable. And she's ever so fond of sugar—did you know that?"

"Of sugar? no," said Lionel.

"And I don't fancy she knew it either until I tried her with a lump. She likes bread, too, but not so much; and I hope she'll like apples, only there are not any ripe yet. Down, Fleet. Naughty!"

This was to the dog, who was sitting up, begging.

"It's seeing you eating, and you being a stranger," explained Marjory, "else he knows he is never allowed anything out of his proper meal-times. But he is such a greedy dog. The other morning he begged off a poor old beggar-man, who was eating a hunch of dry bread. He was sitting in the sunshine with his back against a

stone dyke ; and how he did grin—he was rather a jolly old man. ‘ I ain’t got no ’ome, missy, and I ain’t got a ’alfpenny,’ that’s what he said to me, and he seemed quite pleased about it (I think he was English, for he was so polite). I hadn’t a halfpenny, but I gave him sixpence.”

“ My dear Marjory,” said Mrs. Avenel, “ I do believe you’d talk to any one.”

“ No, it was Fleet began it, Mama ; and he gave Fleet a bit of his bread, and Fleet wouldn’t look at it. But I do like beggars ; that is, if they’re nice ones.”

“ They’re not very often that,” observed her mother. “ There was that Jewish pedlar, who was hawking red and blue pictures of the ‘ Sacred Heart,’ and the ‘ Seven Dolours,’ and nonsense of that sort—I mean,” she put in, apologetically, to Lionel, “ it *was* nonsense wanting to sell them to Presbyterians—he was anything but a nice man. There were two or three points I hoped he could inform me about—‘ kosher ’ meat, and phylacteries, and sacrificing children ; but he thought I was going to make a purchase. I couldn’t understand quite what he said at last, but I know it was something dreadful, something very uncomplimentary to me and to his pictures—Are you sure you’ll not have any more, Lionel ?”

“ No, nothing more, thanks,” said Lionel. “ And, if you please, might I go and see Ladybird ?”

“ Oh yes,” cried Marjory, “ I’ll show you the way to the stables. Come along.”

## CHAPTER V

“NEWARK PEEL” suggests an old Border fortalice, but, viewed from in front, the house is as commonplace as any almost in the whole kingdom. It is very white and very symmetrical, with a needlessly big portico, and on each side thereof a bow-window—obviously a building of the beginning of this century. Only when you have turned a corner, do you discover that to the rear of the modern mansion there is an older house, itself a good deal modernized, yet still antique, with high-pitched roof, crow-stepped gables, and pepper-box turrets. And only when you come right round to the back, do you see the original “New-Wark,” which, for all its name, is as old as the days of Bruce. It is not a peel-tower proper, but a massy fragment of a great Edwardian castle, founded about 1308 by the Englishman Bernard de Winton to overawe the Borderers, and held thereafter for more than four hundred years by the Umpherstons, whose heiress and last descendant brought it into the Avenel family. Its site is a strong one, on a high and rocky peninsula that is washed on three sides by the Carol Burn.

“That’s your room,” said Marjory, pointing out a window to Lionel, “and mine is the one above it. We must get Father to go with us up on the roof, and then he’ll point out everything to you—the Cheviots, and the Eildons, and Penielheugh, and—oh! I forget all the rest. But isn’t it lovely?”

“Yes, I never saw anything like it. And I was

thinking when we came out first, it looked so plain. Are these the stables?"

"Yes, and here's Ladybird. Ladybird, I didn't know your name before, and I haven't brought you any sugar this time, but I've brought you your master."

Marjory knew that Lionel would like to go into the loose-box by himself, so she withdrew to the door, and had a chat there with the black stable-cat, who was sunning himself on the mounting-block, and who was very friendly towards Fleet. Five minutes passed perhaps, and Lionel rejoined her.

"I'm afraid—" he began, and broke off suddenly. There was a sort of catch in his voice, and a twitching about his mouth. Marjory saw, and divined.

"I know," she said, very gently; and then added cheerily, "What do you say, will we go to the Pavilion?"

She led the way thither. It is a quarter of a mile off, along a path that leads up one side of the glen. The Pavilion itself is a very ugly summer-house, a cross between a Chinese joss-house and a Grecian temple; but the prospect from it is exquisite, of a Killiecrankie *in petto*. Not a word had passed between them as they came along, and they sat now still silent, Lionel looking at the view, and Marjory at Lionel. At last she asked him—

"And you think you'll like it?"

"Like what?"

"Scotland, our place here."

"Yes, rather. It's beautiful. And it's funny; in the train yesterday I was disappointed. I thought it would have been more like Switzerland."

"Have you ever been there? That's where Fraülein comes from."

"No; but I've seen pictures of it, and I've been in Thüringen—two summers ago with Herr Lichtenstein. That's awfully pretty, but it isn't the least like this. The trees there are all so dark. What a lot of different sorts you have here! Are there any fish in the river?"

"In the burn; yes, plenty of trout. Father fishes it sometimes. Do you like fishing?"

"Yes, but I've never tried fly-fishing—only pike and perch."

"Father'll show you; he's a splendid fisherman—the best, Andrew says, on the water. And you're fond of riding, too?"

"There's nothing I'm fonder of. You know," added Lionel, a little shamefacedly, "I hadn't seen Ladybird since—— And she was my father's mare. I *am* glad to have her here."

"Yes, I know," said Marjory, and the tone of her voice said tenfold more than her words. "I've a pony of my own, too," she went on, "Rigdum. His full name is Rigdumfunnidos, only that's rather long. He's such a dear, but he's growing quite old and fat, like Fleet here."

"And do you like riding?" asked Lionel.

"I love it. Father and I go long rides sometimes, for a week or ten days together. Father takes what he wants in his saddle-bags, real old-fashioned saddle-bags. He thought he was the last man in Scotland who used them, but last summer in Ettrick we met a Dr. Somebody—I forget his right name, but he was a school inspector—and he had saddle-bags too. I think they were both disappointed, because each, you know, had believed that he was the Last of the Saddle-bagmen."

"That must be jolly; and do you go far?"

"Not so far now, because of Fleet. He can't do more than ten or twelve miles a day; can you, old man? I'll tell you, only don't let him see we are laughing at him; it hurts him. It was that time in Ettrick that a lamb mistook him for its mother. He *is* rather like a sheep, isn't he? And this lamb (it must have been a very silly one) followed him quite a mile. If you'd seen how he'd kept turning on it, and snarling. 'Get away, get away, I'm not your beastly mother,' that's what Father said he kept saying. Oh! it was such fun."

"Does Mrs. Avenel never go, too?"

"Mama, oh no; she never did ride much, and hardly ever even drives now, except into Rowick, since that time in Yorkshire."

"What was that?" Lionel asked.

"It was years ago, when I was quite little. Father used to go driving-tours then with Mama and me and Andrew (Andrew's our coachman). I forget the name of the place, but I know it was somewhere in Yorkshire, a very hilly town, with the hotel at the top of the hill. Father had asked a man the way to the hotel, and he told him to cross the bridge, and then take the first turn to the left. Father did so, and for a bit it seemed all right, but then the road changed to short, slippery turf, and very, very steep. He knew he could never turn, and that if we stopped for an instant we should go rolling backwards, so he kept the horses at it, up and up and up, till at last we came out on the market-place. The landlord of the hotel wouldn't believe we had come up that way (we ought, it seems, to have taken the *second* turn), for no one, he said, had ever ridden up there, let alone drive it. But we did."

"And weren't you frightened?"

"Frightened, no, I was too young; I didn't know it was dangerous. Only I was sorry for Andrew; he looked so 'gash,' so white. I thought he was taken ill. But the curious thing was that Mama didn't know either. She was talking away to Father, and admiring the sunset, and laughing at the steepness of the Yorkshire roads. But when she found out afterwards, it made her quite ill; she came home by train, and that was the end of the driving-tours."

So these two children talked to one another, and there grew up, or began to grow up, between them a spirit of comradeship. No wonder Lionel should like Marjory; he could not have helped liking her. Nor, perhaps, was it wonderful that Marjory too should like Lionel, for, as her mother would have said, she took to any one. Anyhow, looking back afterwards, Lionel seemed to have almost loved her from the first. Presently she said, gazing big-eyed into the sunshine—

"I'm glad you're not like most of them, though I knew you wouldn't be."

"Not like what?"

"Not like most boys. I was afraid you might be, when Father first talked of your coming. But then he told me everything about you, and I knew you wouldn't be. I was so sorry for you, and one couldn't be sorry for any one who was really horrid."

"Are most boys horrid?"

"In books they are always, or else they're sillies; and some are both, like Geoffrey George."

"Who's he—in a book?"

"No; he's a cousin of mine—Geoffrey George Geraldine; he was stopping with us last September."

"And didn't you like him?"

"No, I did not at all. He's just a boy, not nearly as tall as you, though I think he's a little bit older; but he tries to seem quite grown up. Asked me about my 'governor,' and laughed at Fleet, and I believe it was he shot the cat, though Father said it couldn't be, because he could never hit anything. And the cat had kittens at the time, which made it worse. I brought up one of them by hand, but the rest had all to be drowned. And I'm certain he couldn't ride; that was why he said he never cared 'for a mount on another man's gee-gee.' Gee-gee! it sounded just like his own silly name. And he smoked a cigar once here in the Pavilion, and it made him sick, and I was glad of it."

"But they're not all like him, are they?" said Lionel.

"Oh no, I like most of the boys I've ever met, only I haven't met very many. And there's Alec Rutherford; he's beautiful, but then he's a cripple. I do hope you'll like him, and be kind to him. He's at the High School, so you'll be certain to get to know him. And there's Jock Henderson; at least, he *was* a boy when he took the tobacco to Portland."

"What did he take it there for?"

"That's a story of Father's rightly, but it was somehow like this. His father, Jock's father, was an awful bad man, and at last he was sent to Portland, to the convict prison at Portland, for burglary. Jock was quite little at the time, I think he was only twelve; and

he got asking his mother (she's living at Rowick now) about his father. Eh! he was in jail, was he? father wouldn't like that. And he'd have to work, would he? father wouldn't like that either. And would he get his 'mornin''<sup>1</sup> regular? what, no whisky, and not so much as a fill.<sup>2</sup> That set Jock thinking, and a day or two after he disappeared from Rowick. The next thing known of him is that a good few weeks later he turned up at the gate of Portland jail. How he had got there he doesn't know rightly himself, only it must have been partly by sea, for he had been to Dublin. But he had brought a screw of 'baccy for his father."

"That was good," cried Lionel.

"Yes, wasn't it just, but they wouldn't let him give it to his father; it does seem so hard that, but it's against the rules to give tobacco to prisoners. They let Jock see him though, and then they sent him back by train to Rowick. Dr. Carson told Father about it, and it was Father got Jock into the royal navy, and he's an able-bodied seaman now. He was home on leave last winter to see his mother, and he came up here, and got his dinner. And I shook hands with him."

So those two children talked to one another. Their talk, at least Marjory's talk, came back in after years to Lionel.

<sup>1</sup> The morning dram.

<sup>2</sup> A fill of tobacco.

## CHAPTER VI

“COME into the Library, Lionel, and we’ll have a good ‘crack’ together.”

Mr. Avenel was the speaker, and it was on the Saturday morning, two days after Lionel’s coming to Newark Peel. The Library is in the older part of the building, a large but not lofty room; its walls are, or rather then were, lined with books, except for three pictures. The largest of these was a portrait in oils of a beautiful old lady; the other two were engravings of Ary Scheffer’s ‘St. Augustine and Monica,’ and Kaulbach’s ‘Tannhäuser.’ At the further end of the room there is a wide bay-window, and here Mr. Avenel and Lionel now seated themselves. They of course had met often already, and had ridden together on the Friday; but this was their first talk alone.

“There are two or three things,” Mr. Avenel began, “I was wanting to speak about. One is about to-morrow. Cardinal Weldon will have written, I believe, to Father Swinton, so he will be looking out for you. I just know him by sight, and he is a pleasant, kindly-looking old man. You’ll find his church, St. Cuthbert’s, quite easily, for it’s close to the Abbey. You can ride in or walk, as you please; or, if you like better, Mrs. Avenel generally drives into Rowick with Madge to the English service, and you could go with them. Father Swinton will want you into his house very likely, and you can stop to lunch with him if he asks you.”

“All right,” said Lionel. He was wondering a little, but he said “all right.”

"Yes, that was one thing; and I really don't know that there is much besides. It will be time enough to talk about the High School, when the holidays are coming to an end. Your uncle at first proposed you shouldn't come to us till August or the beginning of September; but I thought it would be so much pleasanter for you to come and learn our ways, and get to know us and the place, before it was time to trouble about lessons. You've seen Dr. Carson already, and you often will see him, for he's a pretty frequent visitor; or we'll go down some day next week, and look him up. I am certain you'll like him."

"Yes," said Lionel, "I liked his face. Are there many boys at the school?"

"A great number for the size of Rowick—close on three hundred, I think. Nearly all of them day-boys, as in most Scottish schools; but a good many board in the town on purpose to attend the High School. When Carson came first—it will be twenty years since now—the school was almost non-existent, but he has worked it up splendidly. He is a scholar to his finger-tips, and if a boy will only take pains, he is sure to get on with him; else (I rather fancy that's a failing of his) Carson lets him too much alone. So, you'll have to work, Lionel."

"I don't think I'll mind working. Only I wonder if the Latin here is like what it is in England. Like Mr. Discipline's, I mean. I've heard him once or twice say something in Latin, and I never could make head or tail of it. It wasn't like Father Meagher's Latin, or the Latin they taught me at Göttingen."

"Oh! the pronunciation, you mean. You'll be all right there, for the Scottish way is just the same as the Continental, and as that of the Catholic Church. No, I can't stand the English public-school pronunciation either."

"But—I mean," said Lionel, "I was wondering"—and he paused.

"Wondering what?"

"Why, something about what you said just now. I

thought from what Mr. Discipline told me, that you were a Catholic, that you had been at school with my father. But I noticed last evening that you ate flesh-meat at dinner; and you don't seem to know Father Swinton at all; and Marjory and Mrs. Avenel aren't Catholics, I know. Only just now you spoke exactly as though you were one."

"Do you mean to say, Lionel, your uncle hasn't told you?"

"My uncle? oh! Mr. Discipline. He told me just what I told you."

"He left you to believe I was a Catholic!"

"Well, he told me you'd been at Stonyhurst, and about Cardinal Weldon writing to you, and wishing me to come here. I don't remember what he did say exactly, but I never thought anything else."

"Naturally not. And yet I wrote to Tom Discipline" (Mr. Avenel was speaking now more to himself than to Lionel), "and asked him to explain things to the boy: of course I left it to his discretion exactly how much he should tell him. But this I never did dream of. Lionel" (he went on), "that at least was true. I was at Stonyhurst with your father, though I don't remember him there, for I was much older than he. But I *was* a Catholic."

"Was?" echoed Lionel.

"Yes; and, more, a Catholic priest. And now, as you see, I am a married man, with a daughter, my little Marjory. You are too young to realize fully what that means; but supposing some one had told you your father had betrayed his flag."

"I'd have said he lied," answered Lionel.

"Yes, and would rightly have said so. But supposing such treachery had been only in appearance, that he never for one instant had swerved in his loyalty to that old flag, that at any moment he would have given, and still would give, his life for it joyfully. No, Lionel, you cannot understand it; no one else will ever understand it. But do you know the story of the two rebellions, of our two Jacobite risings?"

"Yes," answered Lionel, "I was reading a book about them last summer; it was by a Mr. Chalmers, I think."

"Do you remember, then, how each of them had its Judas—the Rev. Robert Patten one of them, and the other Murray of Broughton? Patten was the vilest of those two hounds, for he published a vindication of his treachery. God be thanked, I have never done that. But a traitor; no, I was no willing one. No, indeed. Look here, till five minutes ago, I was not certain how much or how little you knew. I thought your uncle, my old friend, Tom Discipline" (Avenel's voice lingered a little, sadly, on these words), "might have thought it enough to tell you I had been a Catholic, and was one no longer—in profession, I mean; by conviction I am one still. (*Dæmones credunt, et contremiscunt.*) That he wouldn't have told you so much, I never dreamed. It was foolish in him, if nothing worse, not to have told you; of course, you were bound to learn it from Father Swinton, or from a score of others. Don't think, then, it was by any desire of mine that it was kept from you. You won't do that."

"No," answered Lionel, "indeed I won't." It seemed so strange to him to have this grave, middle-aged man, whom he had already begun to admire and venerate, appealing to him, a mere boy, thus passionately.

"Far, far from that. Well, since it falls to me to tell you it myself, I will tell it, briefly; if there is anything you want me to explain more fully, ask. My house, like your own, has been one of soldiers and Churchmen. My father, who died when I was quite a small boy, was in the army; and so was my elder brother. I from the first was destined for the priesthood. It was all my wish, and it was all my mother's. That was my mother" (Mr. Avenel pointed to the portrait); "and that engraving from Ary Scheffer was my mother's present to me on the day I received priest's orders. I tell you I was as proud of the banner of the Cross under which I had enlisted as ever was my brother Frank of his regimental colours. And he had cause to be proud of them, for he lost his life saving

them in the Mutiny. Dying, he sent by a trooper his dearest love to our mother, and a request to me to say Masses for his soul. *I never said them ; when the news of Frank's death reached England, I too had died.*"

Mr. Avenel had risen, and was pacing backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards, across the bay-window, his head slightly bowed, his hands clasped behind his back. Now he sat down again, and went on, addressing himself more directly to Lionel.

"I thought to have told you everything, but I am not certain that would be desirable. You would hardly understand it. Some day, when you are capable of understanding it, you shall hear it all. That is, if you don't—I mean, if you stay with us, Lionel. But this shall suffice for the present. It was by my fault ; by my most grievous fault, I fell ; my fault was the sin of presumption. There was never in me a taint of disloyalty, never one shadow of doubt. I have known men who doubted—men, some of them, whom I esteemed. One man I knew, a doctor of divinity, who began with doubting the multiplication-table, and ended with seeking to propagate the cult of the 'Unknowable Mrs. Harris,' its symbol X ; poor fellow, I last heard of him in an asylum. But that was not my case. No ; I was full of dreams of the grandest possibilities. I was flushed with success (for I was successful), when I was suddenly cast down, and saw myself exposed to the most odious suspicion, and not myself only, but a lady. I had no choice left me. True, I might myself have gone out to China or India, but I think, had I done so, my end would have been, not martyrdom, but suicide. So I married that lady, Mrs. Avenel, the mother of my dear child Marjory.

"And then the news came of my brother's death, and I by his death became the possessor of this our old home, Newark Peel. My mother was living here, as she always had lived here since our father's death. She did not intend to be cruel, for there was in her no cruelty, but she proposed to leave ; I thank God she consented to stay. But I never again saw her living,

only when she was lying quiet in her coffin. And then I said the first prayer I had said since that March of 1857; said it, not for myself, but for her. And I came back to live at Newark, and am living here still, most comfortably, as you see, most happily, riding, and shooting sometimes, and sometimes fishing, and reading much, and writing a little, and always thinking. Always thinking when it will come, and how it will come—God's vengeance on the apostate."

Lionel sat, and listened, and said nothing. Because nothing occurred to him at that moment as the right thing for him to say. In after years he was glad of this.

"And five weeks ago," Mr. Avenel resumed, "came that letter from your uncle—your guardian, if you prefer it. It moved me strangely; I hardly now know why. Yet at first I put the notion from me as impossible. I wrote off at once to say so, and re-opened my letter at the last moment to scribble a postscript: I wonder if I shall be glad or sorry I did so. Glad, I think, always, for that postscript has brought me a letter from a man I loved, a man I love still, the noblest, most Christlike man I ever knew. I fancy there can be nothing in life more sweet than for one who has betrayed a trust to find himself trusted once more: in that letter (I will show it you some day, Lionel), Cardinal Weldon proposed to trust me once more—with you. And now I seem as though I had obtained that trust on false pretences. Yet he knew everything."

"Who?" Lionel asked, as again Mr. Avenel paused.

"The Cardinal. I remember well our last interview, fourteen years ago; he was just Dr. Weldon then. He did not for an instant justify my action, but, whilst pointing out the sole alternative, flight, he did not urge it. No, he said, I was like an officer who in the old duelling days should have provoked a challenge, and to whom, wicked as duelling is, he could not have counselled dishonour. Yes, and he blessed me, I mind it so well, with the blessing of the dying; and we parted, never again to meet in this life—or the next. But he

knew everything. And therefore it was I was amazed at that great confidence; it seemed like the beginning of a new life. But now——”

“Mr. Avenel,” said Lionel, hurriedly, “Cardinal Weldon wished that I should come to you.”

“Yes; at least, he consented you should come.”

“And what’s troubling you is that Mr. Discipline didn’t tell me?”

“I meant him to tell you; I had no doubt but that he told you.”

“I know. Only perhaps if he had told me, it might have set me against you. But now—I mean, I am so sorry for you. Only I wonder——”

“You wonder what?”

“Why, it’s about Marjory. I wonder, if you believe it all still, that you let her—I mean, that she isn’t a Catholic. *She* might be, mightn’t she?”

“She might, yes; everything is possible. Did you ever see that picture, Lionel?” (That picture meant the one of Tannhäuser, where, bowed to the earth, he kneels before the supreme pontiff.) “That man had sinned somewhat as I have sinned, and Pope Urban is telling him that forgiveness for him is no more possible than that the dry staff in his hand should put forth leaves. So Tannhäuser went forth to his death, and, as he died, the staff did blossom. It might be so even here, though I may not move therein. But that were a token to me, the one infallible token, of possible redemption.”

## CHAPTER VII<sup>1</sup>

I WROTE in my fourth chapter that Lionel had trout to his first breakfast at Newark Peel; I might also have said that the trout were uncommonly good. A thousand other things, as good or better, might be recorded of his life there during the next three years; but those three years alone would then more than fill an orthodox three-volume novel. And a novel all happiness would be a most unhappy production, contrary to every literary canon, and contrary even to Biblical precedent. The patriarch Job must, in spite of his patience, have been as happy a man as this earth has often seen. His trials were of brief duration, and were handsomely recompensed. For he is left the possessor of just double the live stock with which he starts; and his second family, Jemima, Kezia, Keren-happuch, and the rest, were presumably much better children than the first nameless lot, of whose piety he appears to have entertained grave doubts. Yet Job's trials occupy a thousand and odd verses; twelve are sufficient to sum up his felicity.

So those three years will be passed over quickly here: how quickly they passed to Lionel! They seemed to him afterwards like some bright, pleasant dream. And it is not the pleasant dreams one best remembers, but the nightmares. He grew much during them in mind as well as in body; he could hardly have helped so doing, for mind and body were equally well nurtured. Five

<sup>1</sup> *Note by the Author.*—The whole of this chapter may be safely skipped.

days in the week he went down to Rowick High School, sometimes riding, but oftener afoot. There may be some book or other that adequately describes Scottish school-life; there is none assuredly that could stand for a description of Lionel's school-days at Rowick. For the High School there was unlike every other school of its kind in Scotland, in that promotion in it went by merit, not by age. This was a notion of Dr. Carson's, which by no means met with universal acceptance. One irate mother, a new-comer to Rowick, once called upon him to remonstrate warmly against her younger boy's being put over the head of his elder brother: "It never was so, sir, at Kennaquhair Academy." "But, my dear madam," Dr. Carson answered her, "the fault seems to me to lie chiefly with yourself, that you kept the good wine to the last. Still, I don't know that you need so greatly regret that Cockburn Secundus has rather more parts than Cockburn Primus, who is indeed a most impartial lad. Impartial, h'm! a very fit epithet that for Cockburn Primus. He will make a right excellent farmer, whilst of his younger brother you may make, if you choose, a minister, perhaps (but very doubtfully) as excellent."

Thus it was to Lionel's credit that at the end of two years he did find himself *dux* of the High School; but it was also, beyond all question, to his loss. There was a popular song in great vogue a few years ago, the refrain of which ran, "And he has never done anything since;" that refrain was like to have been applicable to Lionel. If he was not actually lazy during his last twelvemonth at Rowick, still he did not slave at his lessons as he had slaved at them so long as there were boys ahead of him whom by dint of hard work he might beat. Also he was inclined to grow "cocky," and to sigh ostentatiously for more worlds to conquer. It was natural enough. Popes, kaisers, premiers, commanders-in-chief, and lord mayors are doubtless exposed to a similar temptation; but then they have the wisdom of years which enables them to resist it. Whereas Lionel was young: it was lucky for him he was living with the

Avenels. It should not be easy, except for a genius constituted like Wordsworth's, to be conceited in the presence of high mountains; and it was not easy to be conceited in the presence of Mark Avenel, or, indeed, in that of his wife.

Yes, although for a boy Lionel was a very fair classical scholar, Mrs. Avenel could give him points in the matter of nice translation. She it was who devised that rendering of *Cui bono?* which Dr. Carson declared deserved to be written up in golden letters. The doctor was fond of setting his class quite short phrases in Greek and Latin, the more hackneyed the better, to put into the choicest possible English; and one of these was *Cui bono?* "What's the good of it?" Lionel answered promptly, well pleased with his promptitude; he was a little dashed at Dr. Carson's dry "No, not exactly, Glenham. Try, and find out this evening, and tell us to-morrow morning." So Lionel set to that evening after dinner, and learnt that *Cui bono?*, as used by the old Roman Mr. Tulkinghorn, meant, not "What's the good of it?" but "For whose benefit was it?" the latter rendering he submitted to Mrs. Avenel. "No, no," she said, "'Who's the gainer?' you give that to Dr. Carson with my compliments." "Yes," the doctor assented next day, "that's good, that's very good, better than I would have done it. It took a woman's wit to hit on that." A petty episode, but it may stand for much; may serve to illustrate how Adelaide Avenel, with scarcely a touch of the creative faculty, was yet one of the brightest of women.

Still, it was from Mark Avenel that Lionel learnt, or should have learnt, everything that was best worth learning. He was one who "knew what he knew," and, whilst he did not, like some men, rest content with his knowledge, he did not, like others, pretend to knowledge that he did not possess. He was an excellent Latinist, but his Latinity was by no means Ciceronian, for the Fathers and the Schoolmen had been his principal authors. His acquaintance with English literature was strangely limited; he would have floundered hopelessly

in an examination paper over such a question as "State what you know of Mrs. Gummidge, the Blessed Damozel, Parson Adams, my Uncle Toby, Vyvien, and Mrs. Poyser"—a question, by the by, in which Marjory would have scored heavily. Almost his only *belles lettres*, indeed, were Shakespeare's plays and Scott's novels; but them he knew thoroughly. Of mathematics he was profoundly ignorant, as also of natural science. His favourite studies were philosophy, history (mediæval and modern), and politics. The first he spared Lionel, but he talked much with him on the last two topics, as they walked, rode, or drove together. What his politics were would perhaps have puzzled himself, but they were in great measure negative. He had a radical hatred of Radicalism.

"'I can improve everything,' that's what your Radical says," he once remarked, "and 'I,' says your Conservative, 'am incapable of improvement.' The one's just as false as the other—No, the second *is* often true, and, besides, it is infinitely the less dangerous conviction. But it is marvellous to me how seemingly sensible men can talk as if change were necessarily identical with progress; women's fashions might cure them of that delusion. If you can make sure that you are changing for the better, by all means change: only, make sure. Which is what your modern statesman never does. The question for him is not, Is a measure good or bad in itself, but is it good or bad for his party? Liberalism, I grant it, has done some good things in the past. But there's the danger. For Liberalism is always attempting to excel itself, so that the more it has done in the past, the greater the risk of its doing too much in the future. But why do I say 'Liberalism'? there is no such a thing in existence. There are men who dub themselves Liberals, as there are men who dub themselves Conservatives; and both, being men, occasionally do right, but very much oftener do wrong. They'd do just as much right and wrong if they called themselves Blues and Greens, or Guelphs and Ghibellines. You can't tell me, Lionel, what side the Guelphs were on?"

"The Guelphs," said Lionel, ruminating (he just knew the name, that was all), "the Guelphs, weren't they the Liberals, and the Ghibellines were the Conservatives?"

"Fiddle-de-dee! those nicknames were not yet invented. No; the Guelphs were on the side of the Guelphs, and the Ghibellines were on the side of the Ghibellines. And their end was that of the Kilkenny cats. There is nothing nobler in all English history than the way in which, at the coming of the Spanish Armada, the persecuted Catholics fought side by side with the Protestants. There was every motive then for the bitterest party-spirit, but party-spirit vanished in face of the common peril. Or, rather, party-spirit had hardly yet come into existence in England. It and Radicalism had their birth, I confess it with shame, in Scotland here. Some day I should like to write a book on 'The Makers of Radicalism.' There would be George Buchanan first, the atheist who posed as a Reformer, who toadied on Queen Mary while she was in power, and when she was fallen vilely slandered her. Then there was Father Parsons—a Jesuit, yes; but the Exeter Hall incarnation of our—of the order. And there would be Shaftesbury, Dryden's Achitophel, and Benjamin Franklin, that pattern for our youth (I would restore to his Autobiography the expurgated passages), and Jean Jacques Rousseau, and the drunkard Paine, and Godwin, who turned a dishonest penny by publishing his dead wife's letters to his predecessor. 'These are thy Gods, O Israel.'"

Another time Mr. Avenel fell to discoursing on *Noblesse oblige*. "Is it nothing," he asked, "the pride of ancestry, of high descent?" "No, nothing," answers the Radical, and will in the next breath extol the pedigree of his hunter or greyhound, although by his theory a cart-horse might win the Derby, a mongrel course better than the scion of 'Master Magrath.' Nothing! and yet to the gentleman who receives and transmits his ancestral lands unimpaired, we may surely concede the approval we accord to the grocer who

keeps up the business started by his grandfather. 'Established 1400' would look well indeed on a shop-front. But, more than this, gentle birth implies gentle breeding, a heritage thereof, according to Mr. Galton's new doctrine of heredity. We condemn the rich man who, himself well educated, denies a good education to his sons; and therein we concede them that privilege of birth. Of course, it were well if every man Jack of our nation could enjoy the best education possible, if little Hodge could proceed from Eton to Christ Church, or from Rowick High School to Edinburgh University. But that may not be, as this world is constituted. If all our Border hills could be levelled, the arable area certainly would be greater. Only the thing is impossible; the hills and the valleys are for aye. And in some ways it is just as well, for the dweller in the flat plain has no grand prospects; there are no heights for him to scale. Still," he went on, "if there is a just pride of ancestry, there oftentimes should be a shame. '*Facilis descensus Averni*'—the smooth slope that leads to perdition—is not seldom suggested by vaunts about high descent. Why, I heard a man once brag that his grandfather or great-grandfather had, as a nobleman, been hanged for murder with a silken cord."

"There was one of the Glemhams," said Lionel, "a Sir Charles Glemham, who drowned his wife. But he wasn't hanged for it, and it was two hundred years ago."

"I am glad of that—not, I mean, that he escaped the gallows, but that it was so long ago. In five or six generations the taint may well have died out. Was not that noble patriot, Lord William Russell, the grandson of a poisoness? Perhaps, if a son knows that his father was a brave and honourable man, it is safer for him to rest satisfied with that knowledge, and not trouble about his grandfather. You have that knowledge, Lionel, and so, thank God, have I; nay, I even believe we both might go further back—you'd have to stop short, though, of that murderer. But when I find a man running down pride of birth—just pride of birth, I mean—I either

conclude that his parents were a had lot, or else I admire his tenderness for his own offspring's susceptibilities. I remember Carson's telling me of a poor little heathen of an Edinburgh street-arab, who, on first hearing the story of the Crucifixion, and learning that it had happened eighteen hundred years before, remarked: 'It's an awfu' shame raking up an auld story sae lang after.' His own grandfather, it came out, had been hanged for house-breaking."

This chapter set out with strivings after brevity; and, lo! it has done little more than record two fragments of the thousand and one discourses that Mr. Avenel held with Lionel. The space, if it was to be wasted, might at least have been devoted to descriptions of scenery, flora, meteorology, etc., of the Borderland, to unquoted quotations from Redpath and Black, and to a hotchpotch of Jamieson and Sir Walter. For what is the use of laying one's scene in Scotland, if one is going to ignore things Scotch? Yet, after all, those two discourses were not without their influence on Lionel.

## CHAPTER VIII

AND what meanwhile of Marjory? Well, during these three years she grew from a child to a maid, and became a convert to Catholicism. The conversion was nobody's doing, but came, as it were, of itself. Her mother, the second winter of Lionel's residence at Newark Peel, was kept to the house for three or four months by illness; so Marjory and Lionel used to drive by themselves every Sunday into Rowick, she to attend the English church there, and he St. Cuthbert's. St. Cuthbert's is quite near the Abbey Hotel, where the carriage always put up; but St. Aidan's, the English church, is almost a mile away. One Sunday, then, a wet, windy day of thaw, Marjory suggested to Lionel that she might accompany him. She had long had a curiosity to do so, and here seemed a fair excuse.

"No," said Lionel, "I'm not sure they'd like it."

"Who?" Marjory asked, "Mama? oh! I don't think she'd really mind much; and Father, you know, is quite irreligious."

"He's not," said Lionel.

"He usedn't to be, perhaps, but he is now, for he never goes anywhere."

Lionel stuck to his guns, however, and saw Marjory safe to St. Aidan's, returning there afterwards to pick her up in the brougham. But at lunch she re-opened the subject.

"Mama," she said, "it was such horrible walking this morning up that wet, slippery Vennel; and I wanted Lionel to let me go with him to chapel. I told him I

didn't believe you'd object much, because I've often heard you say that St. Aidan's is not a bit better than a mass-house."

"Better," replied Mrs. Avenel, "a great deal worse, for Ritualism is just the shadow of a shade, Giant Pope's false teeth, and a very poor set they are. Mr. Sydserf was High enough in all conscience; but the fresh man, the 'Very Rev. the Dean,' is positively mountainous, Ultramontane. (That was meant for a joke, but it didn't go properly off.)"

"Oh! that's the Dean, is it?" Mr. Avenel said, laughing. "I was in the Bank the other day talking with old Lorimer, when I saw the queerest little manikin coming down the High Street, the most shovelly, aprony, gaitery figure conceivable. 'Who's that?' I asked, and Lorimer (he's very Scotch, you know) answered, 'That, oh! it's just a pair silly body that ca's himself the Dean o' Rowick.' What's his name, Adelaide?"

"Balmerino-Smith—he is very particular about the 'Balmerino,' and hints at a connection with the Elphinstones. He called here one day, but you were out, or I let him suppose you were. He is most anxious to meet you, regrets he never sees you with me at St. Aidan's, and actually asked, did I think you would be willing to aid a hard-worked brother priest now and then with a sermon? Would you, Mark? His church really is something like a Romanist chapel, with a cross and candles and flowers; and once last October he tried incense, only it wouldn't go right, and old Mrs. Cumbernauld objected, said she should give up her sittings. But you see you'd feel almost at home, and you could preach your old sermons, because Mr. Smith did so once. I mean he preached one of your sermons: I recognized it instantly."

"I can't fancy you preaching, Father," remarked Marjory. "I wonder if you ever preached about 'juoys'."

"About what, Madge?"

"Joys—'juoys' the Dean calls it. He preached on

them this morning: 'And there is yet another juy, my brethren, and that is the juy of St. Juoseph.' And the little choir-boys all had new white woollen comforters, Lady Baxendine's Christmas gift."

"Rather a Pentecostal one," Mrs. Avenel observed *sotto voce*.

"And the Dying Duck," Marjory went on, "was more dying and duck-like than usual."

"Who on earth is the Dying Duck, Madge?" Mr. Avenel inquired.

"It's Marmaduke Baxendine, Lady Baxendine's son. He's rather deficient; at least, he couldn't get into the militia, but he is supposed to be very musical. So he plays the harmonium, in a surplice, and always tries to wear a rapt expression. He told Mama so once, when he was apologizing for having lost his place in the anthem. Oh yes, it's rather amusing sometimes; but I *did* want to go with Lionel this morning. And I might have, mightn't I, Mama?"

Mrs. Avenel stole a strange, quick, wistful look at her husband, which Lionel intercepted, and which set him wondering (he was for ever wondering, that boy). He did not see Mr. Avenel's face, but she must have read something in it, for, in a different voice from that in which she had been speaking, she said, "Yes, Marjory dear, you may go with Lionel next Sunday, if you wish it."

So Marjory went a week after, and was mightily delighted. "I did like it, Father," she said, "it all seemed so real and so reverend. Why, there was an old woman banged two people's heads together."

"Banged their heads together, Madge! To test their reality?"

"No, it was a young man and woman, the young man, I think, out of Turnbull the draper's. They had just come to laugh, I suppose, for they kept on giggling and sniggering and whispering—whispering quite loud. And this old woman (she was a nice old woman, in a clean white mutch) was sitting behind them; and first she

nudged them, and then she prodded them, and then—it was when the people all were bowing down, and the little bell went tinkle, tinkle!—I couldn't see what they'd done, but there was a bang you could hear all over the church, and they got up, and went out hurriedly. He did look so sheepish, and she might toss her head—yes. I like Father Swinton, too; he takes such quantities of snuff."

"Réverently, Madge, I hope."

"Yes, quite; and I enjoyed his sermon so, it was not the least bit like a sermon. There's no pulpit, you know, and he stood up by the altar, and seemed just to talk to the people. I know he talked me out of five shillings, and I was meaning only to give one. It was for some society or other, I forget what, but something for the poor."

"St. Vincent de Paul, possibly."

"Yes, that was it, and I believe I can tell you exactly how he finished; he was preaching about the cup of cold water, you know. 'The day will come,' he said, 'when, if so you choose it, He will say that to you. And you'll be for asking Him, "When was that, Lord? I don't remember ever giving you a cup of cold water." And He will answer, "It was that time, on Sunday, the 5th of January 1873, when you were sitting in St. Cuthbert's Church at Rowick in Roxburghshire, and were thinking of giving only sixpence to the collection, but changed your minds and gave half-a-crown instead." *In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.*' Such a funny, quick little voice he said that last in, and the sermon was ended."

Marjory chattered on and on, but at last she had finished, and departed in quest of Lionel. Then Mrs. Avenel, who had been sitting over the fire, came and stood by her husband. "Mark," she said, simply "Mark," and stroked his hair, a way she had sometimes. He took her by the wrist, and drew her down beside him; and a long while they sat there in silence, looking out into the twilight.

## CHAPTER IX

“LE nez de Cléopâtre, s'il eust esté plus court, toute la face de la terre auroit changé.”—PASCAL.

Just so; and if Dr. John Brown had not written his exquisite essay on Minchmoor, the second half of this novel might never have happened. For it was the reading of that essay fired Marjory and Lionel with the notion of making the ascent of Minchmoor. They must have been close to it already, for Minchmoor is close to Traquair, and at Traquair old Adam and Alison had been living for nearly three years past, on a small farm which gave Adam something to do, and more to talk about. Lionel had often been over to visit the old couple, and Marjory had generally accompanied him; and yet they had never seen Minchmoor, or at least had not known they had seen it. For, except in Turner's drawing of Traquair House, where Minchmoor and its neighbours figure as mighty pyramidal Alps, that 'bairdly,' round-topped hill is not conspicuous.

Nay, when they got to Traquair, having come by the early train from Rowick to Innerleithen, both Adam and Alison would have it there was no such an eminence thereabouts. Lionel had written to Adam to announce their coming, and the old man met them at the station, and walked with them up to Mossicleuch, which stands about half-a-mile beyond Traquair House. Here a tremendous breakfast was awaiting them.

“Trout, and ham and eggs, and scones and buttered toast, and marmalade and jelly!” laughed Marjory.

"Oh! Mrs. Mackenzie, if we go and eat all that, we shall never be able to get to the top of Minchmoor."

"Minchmoor, Miss Avenel? Ay, that'll be what you couldn't make out, Mackenzie, in Sir Lionel's letter. And what, then, is Minchmoor, Miss Avenel?"

"Why, it's a mountain near here, a very celebrated mountain. How high is it, Lionel?"

"I'm not quite sure," answered Lionel, who was gazing out through the window, "but it's three times as high as Arthur's Seat, near Edinburgh, so it must be a good bit over two thousand feet. It's marked in this map here" (producing one from his pocket), "but I can't make out which it is exactly, unless it's that lumpish one opposite."

"Yon one," said Alison, "no, no: that's just the Minch, the one the old drove-road goes over."

"The Minch—Minchmoor; why, that'll be it, then; and isn't there a spring some way up it, the Cheese Well?"

"The Cheese Well! oh! ay; I was up there once, lang syne, when I was a lassie, and I mind that fine, because you have to drop a bit of cheese or bannock into it, or a pin maybe or a penny. But you're never going up there, Master Lionel: it's an awfu' vulgar place for a young gentleman, let alone Miss Avenel."

"Vulgar, Alison, how vulgar?"

"Oh! I cau't say just rightly, but it's an awfu' steep brae; ye'll never win up it."

"If you could, Alison, I should think we might manage it too. What do you say, Marjory?"

"Of course we can," she answered confidently. "Do you know, Mrs. Mackenzie, I walked once more than twelve miles, from Garelochhead to Arrochar, and I wasn't the least bit tired. And this won't be anything like that distance, will it, Lionel?"

"No, as near as I can make out, it'll be about three miles each way, so that will make only six."

"And what are you going to see when you get there?" Adam asked.

"Hills," answered Madge, "the Cheviots and Eildons

and Smailholm and all the rest, and the sky and the grass and the heather, and snow perhaps, and that Cheese Well, and, I dare say, plenty besides."

"Hills and sky," said Alison, "I can show you something more wonderful than they. You've seen her before, the two of you, but she grows more wonderful daily, your own kinswoman, Master Lionel, the Lady Louisa Stuart. Thursday first she'll be ninety-eight (she told me so herself); that's within two years of a hundred. Ay, she'd be well over forty when first I mind her, and her hearing and eyesight are fully as good now as mine. There she sits in that great old ramshackle house, and whiles she spins with her wheel, and whiles with her distaff—you never saw her at that, Miss Avenel. Leave the Minch alone, and we'll pay her a visit; she'd be vexed to hear you'd been here, and not gone nigh her."

"No, not to-day, Mrs. Mackenzie, unless we should get back in time. But it's funny how Father tried to dissuade us from our 'perilous ascent,' and now you. One would think there was something terrible about Minchmoor."

Presently, about twelve, then, they started, Adam setting them on their way as far as the sign-post, where the drove-road strikes up the hill. It runs up straight and steep for a mile or more between stone walls, closely bordered by fir plantations; then there is a gate, and then one emerges on the wild open moor, where low pillars of stones have been built at intervals to indicate the track in time of snow. It was a Saturday, a bright blustering day of late March; the higher they mounted, the stronger became the wind.

"It's lucky it's at our backs," said Marjory, "how it does help one along! But it must be further than you said, Lionel, for it's past one now, and we are nothing like near the top."

"Oh! we can't be so very far. What a lot of snow there is on that big hill opposite, and here hardly any. I vote we rest a bit; I want to have a look at the map. Yes," he said presently, after they had seated themselves to

the lee of one of the pillars, "that fellow must be the Dun Rig. And I say, Marjory."

"What?"

"When we're at the top, I believe we shall be quite as near Yarrow as Innerleithen. Yes; I can't see the Gordon Arms marked, that inn, you remember, where we stopped last summer with your father when we rode to Moffat; but I believe it must be quite close to where the drove-road comes out. Now, why shouldn't we go right on, and hire a trap there, and drive into Selkirk for the last train? We should get back to Rowick just the same that way."

"Yes, I'd like that too, but we can't. I promised Alison, you know, we'd be back to tea, and it would never do to disappoint her, or Adam either. I like them both so. I was amused at their different reasons for complaining of the remoteness of Mossicleuch from Innerleithen—Alison because it is such a way *to* the chapel, and Adam because it is such a long while *from* the hotel."

"But we might send them a telegram. I don't know whether there's an office in Yarrow, but from Selkirk anyhow."

"No, Lionel, I'm not going to disappoint old Alison. We can come again some time later in the year."

"Well, we've got to get to the top anyhow." (Lionel spoke a little aggrievedly.) "Shall we make another start? We can't be so far now from that Cheese Well."

It was further than he imagined; still, at last they got to it—a little natural basin, with a clear spring welling up in it, and half-melted snow all round.

"Ugh!" Marjory shuddered. "What a wind! And I thought we might have rested again a bit, and had a scone (Alison made me take some), but it's far too cold."

"I'm sure it's not so awfully cold; I know I'm quite hot with the climb. Well, we must drop in something and wish; else what's the good of having come at all?"

Of course Lionel got his way; he always did get it with Marjory. She produced the scones, and they each had one, and each dropped a fragment in.

"I wished we were well down again," observed Marjory.

"There now! isn't that just like a girl, and then go and tell what you wished. If you do that, you know the wish is bound not to come true so at that rate we shall never get down at all. I know I wish I hadn't wished, because then I'd have wished that I had come up by myself, or with some other fellow. Bob Marshall would have come and been glad to. But you seemed so set on it."

"So I was, Lionel, and so I am. I'm enjoying it awfully, only——"

"Only what?"

"My left heel's hurting me so; I think I must have raised a blister on it. I felt it first nearly an hour ago, and it's getting worse and worse."

"What a nuisance! I mean," added Lionel, relenting a little, "it *is* a pity, because I thought you'd have enjoyed the view so from the top. And it must be quite close now. Look here, Marjory,——"

"Yes, Lionel."

"I was thinking a rest would be the best thing for you. That next pillar there's a good big one, and you might sit with your back to it, so as to keep the wind off, and I'd wrap you up well in my mackintosh. And I'd just go on to the top, and see if there really is anything worth seeing (I dare say not), and then come back and pick you up—you'd be quite rested by then. I'll not be long."

"All right," she assented, a little piteously: three minutes later she was sitting there all by herself, and Lionel's figure was lessening in the distance. Marjory watched him as he mounted up and up, over the dead brown heather and the bleached wind-swept grass, with a patch here and there of snow; suddenly she saw two hares get up from right under his feet, and come scurrying towards her. They came within twenty yards, and then, catching sight of her, sat up, their eyes staring, their ears like a donkey's; an instant, and they were off again, to the right hand and to the left.

"March hares," thought Marjory, "and therefore mad; I dare say they think us the same. Father said it was silly our coming this time of year, that if we'd wait a month or two, he would come too, and we could all three ride it together. I think I should have liked that best, only Lionel wanted so to come at once. Why! I can't see him now; he's over the brow. I do hope he'll not be very long, for it must be getting on—yes, close on three. It will take us all our time to get back, even if this stupid foot doesn't bother me more than it has already."

But she sat and sat, and waited and waited, and grew more and more fidgety, looking always to the point where Lionel had vanished. At last from another direction, the south, not west, she heard a faint, distant "Hoy!" She looked, and there on another eminence, a little lower than Minchmoor, and connected with it by a sort of "neck," stood Lionel, his figure sharply outlined against the sky. He was working his arms like a semaphore, plainly beckoning to her to join him.

"If his lordship commands," she soliloquized, "the slave of course must obey;" and, rising, she set out to accomplish the distance between them. It could not have been half a mile, but it seemed to her six times as far, for the ascent here is steepish, and the wind now, as strong as ever, blew sideways, not from behind; besides, she was weighted with Lionel's waterproof in addition to her own. Her foot was not quite so painful perhaps as it had been, at least not at starting; still, she was not half up, when Lionel lost patience, and scrambled down to meet her.

"Good gracious! Marjory, what an age you've— Oh! I'm sure I'm awfully sorry if your foot's hurting again, but you know I told you to put on thick stockings and soap the heels, and I'll be bound you didn't do either. But you couldn't stop there; now, could you? Because I was quite right, I find, that we had best keep straight on, instead of going back. For I tried a few yards against the wind myself, and it was all I could do to manage it; it's like swimming against a strong current.

Now you're just at the top ; don't look up until I tell you. There ! ”

It is, indeed, a marvellous fair prospect that bursts on one all of a sudden from the Harelaw—Eildon's triple height to the left, and, in front, earth's most storied valley, that of Yarrow.

“ Yes,” resumed Lionel, “ I knew you wouldn't like to miss that. From Minchmoor itself you really can't see very much, because this hill blocks the view. So I thought I'd just follow the ridge a bit, and it's lucky I did, for do you see that ? ”

“ That ? ” said Marjory, her eyes following the indication of Lionel's finger to a grey building down the valley. “ Yes, what is it ? ”

“ Why, can't you make it out ?—I can quite plainly, and I knew it at once. It's Newark.”

“ Newark ! ”

“ Yes, not our Newark, of course, but Newark Castle, the Newark of Scott's *Lay*, where the Duchess of Monmouth lived. Don't you remember we picnicked there last July ? ”

“ Oh yes ; where they butchered Montrose's Irish followers, men, women, and children. ‘ The wark goes bonnily on, ’ I remember Father telling us, that's what the grim minister said, as he plashed to and fro in their blood.”

“ Yes ; well, you can see that's no distance off, two miles, I should say, at the very outside. And there are a lot of houses about there ; at one of them we'd be certain to be able to get a trap, and it's no way into Selkirk then. Or do you see that clump of trees down there, quite near, well under a mile ? I believe that's a farm, and I might try there.”

“ But, Lionel, there was a farm, I remember, just where the drove-road struck off, where we left the Sergeant.”

“ That, oh ! no, that's only a cottage, I'm certain, not a farm ; one wouldn't be the least likely to get a horse there ; and besides, back to there it must be four or five miles, and that beastly wind too. No ; I'm as sorry as you

are, Marjory, to disappoint the old people, but you really must let me settle what is best for you. We'll go a little way down the hill out of the wind, and rest a bit, and then make a good start. You shall have my stick, and I'll give you a help on the other side, so we shall get along famously."

It was easy talking, but it was not so easy doing, if only because Lionel himself was growing weary. It would never do, though, to let Marjory suspect this, and during the first half-mile of the descent he wore a brave assumption of light-heartedness, spoke of their chances of having time to get dinner at Selkirk, remarked on their luck in the day having kept up so well, whistled now and again, and finally dropped into absolute taciturnity. Then it was Marjory's turn to make an effort.

"I believe," she said, "that must be an enchanted castle; the more we walk to it, the further it recedes. Something like that German village you told me of, where you went one hot day of harvest. And there wasn't a soul about, except a goose looked out, like Jezebel, from an upper window. And I said it must have been Mother Goose's village, and that—— Oh dear! how they startled me!"

The "they" were six horses tied head and tail in a string, that had come on them noiselessly from behind round a bend in the drove-road; the first and the fourth bore a rider. Rider No. 1 was red-headed and white-eyed, with the sort of face that suggests a pig; his appearance was otherwise horsy, and his age might be anything between twenty and thirty. Rider No. 2, who could hardly be twenty, presented a striking contrast to his fellow, for he was swarthy and good-looking, with short, crisp black hair, a nice little moustache, dazzling teeth, and dark lustrous eyes; he also, however, was horsy, but with the look of a stud-groom, not of a stable-help. It was he who addressed himself to Marjory, as she sprang, or rather hobbled, to one side.

"Ax your pardon, Miss, humbly, I'm sure, but it was Bill's fault, not mine. Why couldn't you 'a hollered out, Bill, and not go scaring people?"

"Folks arena that easy scared in Yarrow," was Bill's gruff rejoinder.

"They ain't, ain't they? and me all of a dither riding down this side of a house. But, dear heart! Miss, you do look beat."

"Yes," Marjory was beginning, "I am rather"—when Lionel interrupted with dignity—

"We ascended Minchmoor this morning from Innerleithen, and she, this young lady, I mean, has hurt her foot, and I thought it best to descend into Yarrow, and hire a trap there, to take us into Selkirk. How far is it now to the valley?"

"Don't ask me, sir, for I'm like the babe unborn. Bill, how far is it?"

"Ou! a mile," answered Bill, "or mebbe a mile and a bittock."

"That horrid bittock!" sighed Marjory. She was eying the horses, and Rider No. 2 perceived and interpreted the wistful glance.

"There isn't one of them hosses," he said, "Miss, as I wouldn't disdain to offer a young lady; and ne'er a side-saddle either. But, not to offend you, Miss, I could shift this stirrup, so, from right to left, and" (dismounting as he spoke) "take up the leather. Yes, that'll be your length about, I fancy. Now, Miss, just you put your foot in my hand; that's it; up you goes. Ah! it's not the first time you've ridden, by a long way, I can see."

And before she knew how she got there, Marjory found herself seated on her improvised side-saddle. What a relief to be delivered from that tramp of the mile and a bittock! Her deliverer viewed her approvingly, and proceeded to tuck her waterproof round her for a riding-skirt.

"There!" he observed, "that's proper, fust-rate, capital. Now then, sir, what can we do for you? I have it. Down comes Bill, and up you goes, sir; and, Bill, you take his hoss's head, and I'll take Missy's here. There you are agen. For-wards!"

It was hardly three minutes since Marjory had been

startled by the horse's head suddenly looming over her shoulder; it was not twenty minutes before they had gained the bottom, but during that twenty minutes Marjory and her guide had conversed a good deal together.

"Whatever," he began, "Miss, took you up them nasty, poverty mountains?"

"We had been reading about one of them, Minchmoor, in a book, and it seemed so interesting; and we wanted to see the view. But what took you there?"

"Bill, Miss; him and his short cuts. No, thank 'ee, not any more o' them for Pyramus."

"Who's Pyramus?" asked Marjory.

"Yours to command, Miss—Mr. Pyramus Stanley, Esq., horse-dealer, violinist, and tip-top gentleman traveller."

"But not really? that isn't really your name?"

"Well, it ought to, Miss, being it's what I was christened. I never can make out what people find so comical in it. I'm sure it's as good any day as Jock or Sandy or Bob or Hector, more like dogs' names nor Christians'. But there was a chap t'other day in Edinburgh Grassmarket, one of your would-be, prodigal monkeys, and he hears my name, and says he, 'Where's Fuzby?' 'Meaning who?' I asks him; and 'Meaning Mrs. Pyramus,' says he, 'Pyramus and Fuzby are bound to be in partnership.' 'I'll trouble you, my man,' I says, 'to leave Mrs. Pyramus alone;' and I lands him one aside the head just to larn him civility. It was likely I was going to tell the likes o' him my missus's name. But for real comical names these Scotch towns beat everything. You wouldn't guess now where I'm come from to-day."

"Where?" Marjory inquired.

"Bigger. What do you think o' that for a name?"

"Bigger, oh yes. I've read about that town, but I've never been there."

"Well, I have, yesterday, to a horse-fair; and soon as ever I seen the place, I says to Bill, 'Now, I know,' I says, 'why its name had to be Bigger.' 'Why?' says

Bill. 'Why,' says I, 'because it couldn't possibly be Smaller.'

Marjory, who "took to any one," was quite interested in this young man; there was a pleasing absence of humility about him. But what nonsense his being married!

"I suppose," she remarked, "you said that about your 'missus' on purpose to puzzle him. Of course you are not really married."

"A long sight more really, Miss, than half these Scotch people, leastwise by what they tells me. Me and Olive was married in a church, in broad daylight; but in Scotland, seeming-ly, you can get married anywheres, and anyhow, and any time. I don't hold with such ongoings no-how."

"There!" Marjory cried triumphantly, "you've told me her name. What was it—Olive?"

"Ay, Olive Olivia, Miss. I don't mind telling *you*; no, or as I've got two 'bony barns' either."

"Two what?"

"Why, that's Scotch, ain't it? I thought you'd sure-ly understand that. But two dear blessed little children, Lord love 'em; and their names is Mantis and Delarifa."

"What extraor—I mean, what very uncommon names! They sound quite foreign. Yet you are English, aren't you? At least, you do speak with rather an English accent."

"Which so I ought to, Miss," said Pyramus, seemingly flattered; "but no, I reckon I'm a kind of a mongèrel, not English quite, or Scotch, no, nor Irish neither, thank the dear blessed Lord."

"My mother is Irish."

"No, not really, Miss?"

"Yes; quite really."

"Ah! but then she'll not be one of the low-classed Irish. She'll be a member of the aristocracy, one of the Abercorn family, like enough, or Lord Donegall's. Oh! bless your heart, Miss," he went on, as Marjory smiled, "but I knows the quality when I sees 'em. That's how I come to speak to you up yonders."

"Oh! that was it," said Marjory; "I am disappointed. I hoped it was from pure compassion, the goodness of your heart."

"So it was, Miss, for I'm the best-hearted fellow a-goin', always compassionate to the quality. But" (Pyramus paused for an instant, and gave a shrill, curious whistle) "here we are at our place."

They were down in the valley now, within fifty yards of the high-road from Selkirk to St. Mary's Loch. The turf-clad drove-track had widened into a roughish cart-way, a stone wall on either side, fringed with rowans and birch-trees. There was a gate in the left-hand wall, a little way on, but no sign of a house, except a thin column of blue smoke that rose up straight into the gathering darkness. Now, when one hears speak of "our place," one looks for a mansion.

"Your place?" echoed Marjory inquiringly.

Bill, at any rate, set the gate open; and the leader, with Lionel on his back, passed through, followed by Marjory and Pyramus and the other five horses.

## CHAPTER X

THE gate led into a meadow, rather long for its width, and traversed by a small burn. House there was none, sure enough, but at the lower end Marjory could make out two somethings which might have been loads of hay, with two lesser somethings beside them which might have been hay-cocks. Only one of the latter seemed aglow with internal fire; it was from it that the smoke rose upwards. As she looked a dog or two barked, and a shrill, cooey-like whistle came back in response to her guide's; then a woman's voice called out, "Is that you, my Pyramus?"

"Ay, mother," he answered, "and I'm bringing you some visitors."

The horses had meanwhile advanced, and been brought to a halt; and the loads of hay had resolved themselves into two great green caravans, the haycocks into two tents. At the mouth of the larger of these, in the light of a bright fire, stood a little brown woman of fifty; from the other emerged two very much younger women, one of them carrying a baby. There was a rapid interchange of greetings, partly in English, but partly in what was to Marjory an unknown tongue; during them Lionel came and helped her down.

"They're Gypsies," he said, "English Gypsies. Isn't it fun? That fellow, Bill, was telling me all about them. They're not in the least like those poor wretched Tinklers we see sometimes (though he's one, I rather fancy), but real Epping Forest Gypsies, and that old

woman's the queen. I'm awfully glad we came on ; it's quite an adventure."

"Ye-e-s," Marjory assented, somewhat dubiously, "it's quite an adventure. Only shan't we have to be getting on to Selkirk?"

"Oh! that's all right. The train's safe not to leave Selkirk as early as the one from Innerleithen, so that gives us good two hours, and it won't take half-an-hour to drive to the station."

"But what are we going to drive in?"

"Why, a dog-cart, their dog-cart; they've got a capital one, Bill tells me, and a regular stud of horses. They're quite celebrated horse-dealers."

"Yes; so he, Pyramus, told me. I like him rather; only you remember in *Guy Mannering*"—Marjory would have said more, but the little brown woman approached them at this instant.

"Young lady," she said, "and young gentleman, if you'd please to step into my tent, and rest yourselves a bit, you'll be kindly welcome as de flowers in May. It's but a poor sort of a place for de likes of you at de best, and I didn't think I'd have company calling this evening; but I can make yous a nice cup o' tea, and just a bite o' som'at to go with it, whiles you's resting."

It was not what she said, but the manner in which she said it; she had the ease and distinction of a high-born lady. And little as she was and brown ("like a lintie," said Marjory afterwards), there was a grace in her movements that tallied with her voice, whilst her dress, although plain, was good, and from her ears hung heavy gold earrings, on her fingers sparkled valuable rings. Her tent made an excellent setting for her. About the size of an ordinary drawing-room, it was formed of thick reddish blanketing, stretched over stout curved ash-rods. The fire, in an iron brazier, stood on a hearth-stone near the entrance, and round the sides ran a divan spread with furs and bright rugs; at the further end feather-beds, blankets, and other bedding formed a kind of daïs; and in the midst was a Turkey carpet. An old-fashioned cellaret, two large square

wicker-baskets, a nosegay of wild-flowers, a bunch of withered hops, some peacock-feathers, a looking-glass in a gilt frame, and a pair of resplendent carriage-lamps were all the plenishing; but the effect was neither un-homely nor inartistic. Marjory liked it; her doubts were instantly dissipated.

"Why, it's lovely," she cried, "quite lovely," as Mrs. Stanley settled her comfortably with a good big cushion to lean against, "and so warm and cosy. Isn't it, Lionel?"

"Rather!" he assented—a boy's most emphatic of expletives.

Mrs. Stanley smiled, as, opening a basket, she took from it a snow-white table-cloth, and spread it on the middle of the carpet. "Dere!" she remarked, as though to herself, "my silly child Pyramus was right for wonst."

"Right about what?" asked Marjory.

"About you, my lady. De boy said you was somebodies, and I can see he was right now."

"I'm afraid we're not anybody of very great importance, but this is Sir Lionel Glemham" (Lionel bowed; he could not have bowed more deferentially to a countess), "and I'm Marjory Avenel. Only what made you think we were somebody?"

"That's easy answering, my dear young lady. It's like this, you see. I'm sitting some day in my tent, as it might be now, and up comes two die-away creaturs, all scent and satins and fallals. 'Walk in, ladies,' I says to 'em, but do you think they'd set foot in a tent? 'Oh no,' they cry, 'oh! I couldn't, I reely couldn't. And do you acshually live in a tint?' 'No, mem,' I answers her, 'I wouldn't presume for to go and call it "living," leastwise not to grand ladies like you.' But I says to my own dear self, 'Shopkeepers,' says I, 'and a precious poor kind o' shopkeepers.' Well, they goes off, and bad cess to 'em; and presently up comes a gentleman and lady, wery plainly dressed, and 'Would you permit us to come in?' he says, quite friendly-like. 'Certainly, sir,' I answers, 'with the greatest o' manner-

able pleasure.' In they comes, and sits 'em down, and I make 'em a cup o' tea, as I'm making this now for you. They talks away, and they talks away, as pleasant and sociable as ever was; and then he'll say to her, 'Julia,' or 'Clara,' or whatever her name is, 'by Job, this is jolly, this would suit you and me first-rate, hey?' And then I says to myself, 'Gentryfolk;' ay, and it'll be a duke and his duchess, maybe, or a prince and princess. Yes, my dear young lady, I've had ryalty in this wery identical tent, and leaning agin' that wery identical pillar."

"But you are royalty yourself," Lionel interposed. "At least, I understood from"—"Bill" he was going to say, but it sounded disrespectful in the Presence, so he substituted—"William, that you are the Queen of the Gypsies."

"Bill told you, did he, my gentleman? It was like Bill's big mouth. But you'd 'a knowed it without any tellin', for I'm sertain-sure I favour a queen. Now, don't I, Missy?"

"We have not met many queens," replied Marjory, who had a sort of Alice-in-Wonderland feeling, but took the situation less seriously than Lionel.

"No, I'll be bound you haven't," Mrs. Stanley said, laughing—she was sitting cross-legged beside the fire, on which a bright copper kettle was coming near the boil—"and me too with my best goulden crown out at the wash, how was yer to know me? Sagul."

She had been speaking thus far in a smooth, small, bird-like voice, which yet could be heard distinctly above a smart hubbub of voices from the adjoining tent, but the last word was called out sharply; its meaning was dark to both Marjory and Lionel. "Sagul," she repeated, still louder, and this time her call brought an answer of "Coming, coming;" and a girl darted in, and dropped down cross-legged, motionless. She was a girl of sixteen, but looked more like twenty. Her eyes, which, except on occasion, were all one saw of her, were of the first magnitude, with blues, not whites, and with brown-black, dark-lantern pupils—one moment blank and ex-

pressionless, the next positively blazing. Only when they were blank, could you see besides that she was tall and lithe and strong, that she had a wealth of wavy black hair, that her face was an exquisite oval, that her teeth were even whiter than they were regular, that— Of a sudden her eyes blazed again, and you were solely conscious of a beautiful wild creature.

"Lord!" she remarked, "I wouldn't like to be married."

"What's de gal on about next?" Mrs. Stanley inquired.

"Tisn't me what's on," the girl answered, "but she, with him, about——" She did not finish her sentence, but nodded slightly in Marjory's direction. "I never did see such a woman; on, morning, noon, and night. And the poor boy only just back, and been gone nigh a fortnight. If I'd a woman like that, I'd rattle her."

"You let 'em be, Sagul," said Mrs. Stanley, "and help me set out de tea-things."

Those were something like tea-things: Newark Peel could not boast their like. For cups and plates were of the finest china; and the silver tea-pot, cream-jug, and sugar-basin were of a fine antique pattern ("All the same pattern, too," said Marjory afterwards). The tea was as good as the tea-service, and so were the pickled salmon, cold beef, and bread-and-butter that went with it. Lionel ate heartily, and Marjory did her best, in response to Mrs. Stanley's repeated solicitation, "Just a dear teeny little bit more, young lady, for I'm sartain-sure you're a-needing it." During their meal there was a good deal of conversation, in the course of which they learnt that Mrs. Stanley's husband and two sons had been absent since Monday week in Edinburgh and Glasgow and elsewhere, buying horses, that Mr. Stanley and the younger boy had gone on to a fair at Lanark, and that Pyramus had returned with the six horses and with Bill, who, it seemed, was a kind of servant.

"And speakin' o' princes," Mrs. Stanley remarked, "there's a prince for you."

"Who, not Bill?" said Lionel.

"Ay, Prince Bill Blyth (and he *is* a blithe un), but I suppose his mother is reckoned for a real queen by these poor dear ignorant Scotch people. Our Wanselo picked him up somewheres, and brought him to de place, and he looked proper prince-like then, with his rags fair jumping for joy. You wouldn't hardly know him now for what he was then, through living with Christens."

"Yes," Sagul explained, "but then Bill's the boy for his wittles. Not as we grudges 'em, Miss, but, dear heart! it do amuse me. 'Will you have any more, Bill?' Olive will say to him, and him had three already. 'No, mum, ah'm no carin' muckle,' says my noble Bill, but he always takes it. Cobham-like, Miss, you know, that's the greedy dog with us Gypsies. And crafty too, real Scotch. He'll sit, and harken, and harken, and never let on."

There was plenty for Bill to hearken to just then, if Bill was an inmate of that other tent, where a war of words seemed to be raging. Hardly one of the words, however, was intelligible to Marjory; it was just as well possibly.

"And your name?" she asked Sagul. "I suppose that's foreign too?"

"What, my name, Miss, no; Sagul, that's one o' them white sea-birds, don't you know. I can't say it's a name I'm very partial to. Give me something romantic—Reperonia or Curlenda—or else a kind o' useful good working name, like Seusan. I'd 'a made a real fust-rate Seusan. Now, that young gentleman it's a sweet dear name he has—Lionel. It don't sound like one of this-country names, but I can't think rightly where I've heard it afore."

"It isn't a very common name either," said Marjory. "I never knew any one else with it. But now that we've finished tea (we enjoyed it both so), and before we start, I wonder if you could let me have pen and ink and paper, because I ought to write a note to an old friend of ours, whom we have shamefully disappointed. I could post it at Selkirk."

"To be sure, Miss, I'll fetch you 'em out of the wagon,

without you'd like to come up and write it there, for you'd have a table and chair then, so you'd feel more natival."

"Oh, thanks; yes. Up in the caravan? I should like awfully to see it."

Sagul lighted an oil-lamp, and led the way to the caravan. It was not so unlike a ship's cabin, with a curtained bunk at the further end, a bright brass stove, a corner cupboard, a hinged table, three chairs, a clock, and some photographs and gaudy-coloured prints, comfortable enough, but not to compare with the tent for picturesqueness. The cupboard yielded some primitive writing materials, and Marjory dashed off a note to Alison, Sagul sitting and watching her admiringly as she was writing.

"Book-larning's a grand thing," she remarked. "I should dearly like to have you aside me, Miss, to write my love-letters for me to my young men."

"Have you many?" asked Marjory.

"Scores on 'em, Miss, and oh! such a handsome lot. And they're for ever a-sendin' to me, but I never answers 'em. Just a heap o' snubble-jacks, that's my name for 'em. And I'd set you to read to me, too, Miss. Now did ever you see that book?" And from the cupboard also Sagul produced a well-thumbed volume, a copy of Grimm's *Household Tales*.

"Yes," she went on, "that was give me by an old gentleman, down Gloucestershire way; Mr. Julius his name was. I believe he's dead now (God rest his dear blessed soul!), but he was a great man for our people, and used often to come to the place; and one day he come, and brought that book for me. And he'd read 'em out hisself to us children; Lord! I thinks I can hear him now. All about the Frog-princess, and 'Oh! if I could but Shiver,' and Mr. and Mrs. Hedgehog (who'd ever believe there'd be hedgehogs put in a book?), and that one about the iron stove, and the poor gal what had to walk over the glass mountains, and the young prince as she saved—yes, I liked that one best of all. Our Wanselo can read above a bit, and Bill is a rare

scholar, only he do put his words that funny. But I would take it kind, Miss, if you'd read me that story yourself, being you're not too weary."

"Oh no, I would like to," said Marjory, "only I am sure we ought to be starting in half-an-hour. Perhaps you would speak to your brother."

"All right, Miss; I'll tell Pyramus, and he'll tell Bill. I 'spect Pyramus 'll be wishful to drive you hisself, only, mark my word, she won't let him. Oh! I can't abear that kind o' character."

"Was that she I saw with the child when we arrived? She looks very pleasant."

"Looks, ah! she'd look anything. And what arter all, Miss, I puts it to you, is looks? No, Miss, give me a quiet, Christen, good-principled kind o' young püsson, and not one of her stamp. For there's two class o' Gypsies; and us, the better class, is high-minded, upstart, consequential people. But them North Country travellers, them Herons, are fair ondikelous; Lord! I wouldn't demean myself by talking of no such sleer."

As they were leaving the caravan, Sagul paused on the top of the steps, and called, "Pyramus;" and Pyramus answered back, "Ay."

"It's the young lady, she says they ought to be starting soon."

"All right, Daughter, Bill shall put the mare in, and I'll drive 'em over."

"No, but you won't," said a woman's voice; and Sagul exchanged a glance with Marjory.

Mrs. Stanley meanwhile had profited by Marjory's absence to inquire of Lionel if he would like to have his fortune read, and Lionel had very properly said No, that fortune-telling was forbidden by the Church. They had held a small theological discussion on the subject, which Mrs. Stanley had wound up, somewhat *à la* Charles II., with "Dere, sir, I don't think de dear blessed Lord will pinch a poor püsson for just a few foolish words." Now, on Marjory's reappearance, she inquired if the prohibition extended also to her; and Lionel, possibly curious, or possibly judging that Marjory as a mere neophyte

might have more latitude, allowed her to choose for herself. Yes, Marjory would greatly like to have her palm read; but if Lionel hoped that he too was to hear the oracle, he was disappointed. For Mrs. Stanley drew Marjory to the further end of the tent, and in tones of mystery imparted to her, after she had duly crossed her hand with silver, some most remarkable revelations as to "hasty news," a "fair-haired woman of whom she was to beware" ("Not Fraülein surely," thought Marjory), a future "v'ye across de salt ocean," and so forth, and so forth. Her skill in palmistry must have been extraordinary, for she looked all the while, not at Marjory's hand, but in her eyes. "Yes," she concluded, "and I can tell you who you're to marry, my dear young lady; and it'll not be where you've been thinking, but higher, iver so much higher. And his name it begins with de C."

The prophesying ended, Marjory returned to her royal pillow, and read out the story of 'The Iron Stove.' Sagul listened intently, as likewise did her mother, the latter uttering occasional ejaculations, such as "Ah sure!" or "Dere now, dere was a monkey for you!" Lionel also was listening, not to the story, however, but to renewed hostilities in Pyramus's tent, whence proceeded strange words and phrases. His face wore a puzzled look, as though he were trying to remember something: the little pucker on his brow came out stronger than usual. What was it in his look that of a sudden arrested and absorbed all Sagul's attention, that made her say something quickly to her mother, something of which Marjory could not make head or tail, but at the sound of which Lionel started?

"Why, that *is* Welsh," he cried, "yes, I'm certain now that was Welsh."

"Welsh, my gentleman, what's Welsh?" asked Mrs. Stanley.

"What she said just now, about the *tárno rye*. I know what that means; it means the 'young gentleman.'"

"De *tárno rye*! Lord bless and save us all! however do you come for to know that?"

"Why, I picked it up from a boy, a Welsh boy, Llewellyn Roberts, three or four years ago. I used to know a good lot, but I've almost forgotten it. Only I caught a word or two that they were saying there (I couldn't help it, you know), and I thought it sounded familiar. There was *gránsni*, that's 'a mare,' isn't it? and *júkel*, 'a dog,'—yes I was certain I knew that word, because I had a dog called Yarrow, like the stream here, and Llewellyn always used to call him *júkel*. You travel about Wales, then, I suppose."

"Yis, my gentleman," Mrs. Stanley made answer, recovering herself with amazing quickness from a state of amazing astonishment, "we do travel Wales; that's how we speaks de Welsh. But it seemed so cur'us-like you knowing it too, and you from Suffolk."

"Marjory must have told her that," thought Lionel, who agreed, however, that it certainly was curious; he rather liked finding himself an object of interest, and such assuredly he had of a sudden become to Mrs. Stanley and her daughter, Sagul. Yes, they were both sitting gazing at him strangely, absorbedly; he had a sort of sensation as of a boy Grand Lama.

"Dere now!" Mrs. Stanley muttered, relapsing into astonishment, "and me not to know, not to see it, and him de very spit<sup>1</sup> of de poor gal. Dear heart! but I'm mazed, my gentleman, I don't know myself right what I'm saying, I'm fair mesmerized, so you'll have to excuse me. But, Sagul" (again quite recovered), "run you and tell your brother—about de dog-cart for de people."

Sagul's communication about de dog-cart had a wonderfully pacifying influence, for the strife of tongues instantly ceased. A minute or two later she returned, and with her came the late combatants, Pyramus and Mrs. Pyramus, the best of friends seemingly. Mrs. Pyramus was a comely enough but rather ordinary-looking brunette, the had a couple of children with her now, one a baby-girl whom she was nursing, and the other a tiny fox-cub of a boy, who peeped out from behind his

<sup>1</sup> Image.

mother's skirt. Husband and wife squatted down, and Sagul also; there were the four of them, all gazing intently at Lionel. Pyramus at length broke the silence, which was becoming a trifle embarrassing.

"Well!" he exclaimed, "I am jiggered; but that beats cock-fighting. You sitting there, Sir Lionel Glenham, Baronite, and us goin' on like two porkypines, and you knowing every blessed word as we was saying. Well! I never."

"No, not every word," replied Lionel, rather loftily, "but a word here and there."

"They were cur'us words, too, some on 'em," said Pyramus. "But you see, Miss" (turning to Marjory, with sudden expansiveness), "it was like this 'ere. Me and my missus was argying a bit. 'Pyramus,' she says, 'my dear blessed Pyramus, if you drives them people to their home in Selkirk, you'll catch your death o' cold, going out of the warm tent into the night air. Let Bill do it.' 'But perliteness,' I says, 'my sweet Olive Olivia, consider perliteness.' 'Perliteness,' says she, 'be——' No, she didn't say that, in coorse, but she meant it. That's how it was."

"Selkirk is not our home," explained Marjory, "we only want to get to the station there. And, Lionel, really I think we ought to be starting."

"Where does yer live, then?" Mrs. Stanley asked.

"Near Rowick," Lionel answered; "Miss Avenel's father has a place there, Newark Peel."

"Rowick?" said Pyramus, "that's where the big horse fair is, isn't it, a fortnight come Tuesday?"

"There is a Spring fair, but I couldn't say exactly when."

"Yes, that's it, a good sizable town, with a lot o' mills, and a big old ruined church, and the fair-ground anunst the church, and a public, The Foresters' Welcome. Oh! bless yer, I know Rowick; we've been twice to that fair afore."

"And you'll be there this time?"

"Ay, sure. We stops in a nice little meadow, a 'park' they calls it, what belongs to a gentleman, Mr. Peter

Dawson, a butcher I think he is.—Is that you, Bill? have you got the mare in?”

Yes, mare and dog-cart were standing in readiness, and a very smart turn-out it was. Pyramus was to drive after all, Olive raising no hint of objection; and they made their farewells to the rest. It was in vain that Lionel tried to press a pound-note on Mrs. Stanley.

“Lor’! child,” she said, “I means young gentleman—a likely thing as I should take your money.” And she looked at him kindly, wistfully.

Pyramus at least had no such scruple: he pocketed it affably, remarking, “I’m poor, my *Rye*, but I ain’t proud.” This was in Selkirk station, shortly before the departure of the train; his parting words were, “Good-night to you, Miss, and a pleasant journey; good-night, Sir Lionel, I’ll see you agin at Rowick.”

Seventeen days later Lionel repaired to the fair-ground, but though there were scores of dealers who might have been Bill’s twin brother, and four or five swarthy, foreign-looking men who might have been cousins to Pyramus, neither Pyramus nor Bill was to be seen there. Nor in Peter Dawson’s ‘park,’ which Lionel found by inquiry, was there sign of a Gypsy encampment.

“Perhaps,” Marjory suggested that evening (she had been meanwhile re-reading *Guy Mannerling*), “Gypsies sometimes tell—well, are not always quite dependable.”

“That’s so like a girl,” said Lionel, “just because they made rather a fuss about you at first, until they found out that I could speak Welsh. And then you didn’t like it, of course.”

## BOOK III



## CHAPTER I

IN the autumn after the ascent of Minchmoor Lionel went up to Morham College, Oxford. Morham is (or rather, it may be, was) one of the smaller colleges, with a reputation for reading and rowing. Its boat always stood high on the river, and it took, for its size, more firsts than even Balliol. There had been some discussion whether, on the one hand, Lionel should not be entered at Christ Church, or whether, on the other, he should not stand somewhere for an open scholarship. Mr. Discipline favoured the former course, and Dr. Carson was strong for the latter; his entering Morham as a commoner was a kind of compromise. It is not my purpose to tell much of his life there. (The reader, if she has not been a student at either 'Varsity, may here pause and consult *Verdant Green*—it will show her admirably what Lionel's life was not like. *Pendennis*, *Tom Brown*, *Ravenshoe*, and Mr. Parker's excellent *Handbook* may thereafter be drawn on *ad libitum*.)

He read very diligently, after his first term was over, so that in his second year he took a first-class in Moderations—a rare distinction for a wealthy commoner. He rowed even more diligently, so that in that same year he first stroked his college torpid, and later pulled three in its eight. Withal he learned to smoke (at the cost of much suffering), and to play whist very badly, and billiards, if possible, worse. All this might be achieved by any one, but for Lionel it was reserved to become a Demosthenes, and to take up

the study of Comparative Philology. He really cut a great figure at the Union. For, thanks to his cosmopolitan up-bringing, he was less shy and self-conscious than most lads of his age; his voice, besides, was good, his memory better. The latter enabled him to reproduce almost verbatim whole "screeds" of Mark Avenel and of Professor Müller (now Professor *von Müller*); with him he had renewed his old acquaintance during his first long vacation, when, with the Professor for bearward, he travelled in France and Italy.

"I am content to call myself an Englishman," was always Lionel's dignified response to the question, what were his politics; and it delighted the younger dons, ever on the outlook for the least spark of originality, to find a lad who dared liken to Tweedledum him of Hughenden, and to Tweedledee him of Hawarden. This was in Lionel's greatest effort, his speech on the question, "Is England ripe for a Democracy?" in which speech he moved an amendment, "For *ripe* read *rotten enough*," and which he wound up with a quotation from a little-known Suffolk poet—

"Would we but teach the People, from whom power  
Grows slowly up into the Sovereign Flower,  
By all just dealing with them, head and heart  
Wisely, religiously to do their part,  
And heart and *hand*, whene'er the hour may come,  
Answering Brute-force, that will not yet be dumb,—  
Lest, like some mighty ship that rides the sea,  
Old England, one last refuge of the Free,  
Should, while all Europe thunders with the waves  
Of war, which shall be Tyrants, Czars, or Slaves,  
Suddenly, with sails set and timbers true,  
Go down, betray'd by a degenerate crew."

It was a tremendous oration that; why! it was commented on, perhaps somewhat sarcastically, in *Reynolds' Weekly*.

Lionel's taking up the study of Comparative Philology was due to his tutor, the Dean of Morham College. The Rev. Jacob Bryant, as a grandson or great-grandson of his illustrious namesake, the author of the *Analysis of Ancient Mythology*, was entitled to hold

views; but that he could hold all the views he did was astonishing, for he was very diminutive. He was a man well abreast with the times; the times, indeed, were apt to lag behind him. Consequently he was heretical. One of his heresies, which will always be damnable, was the possibility of a mixed language; another, which has since become tolerably orthodox, was his locating the cradle of the Aryans in Europe, not Asia.

"The idea was mine, solely mine," he said once to Lionel, who had been breakfasting with him; "but, in a moment of unwise confidence, I imparted it to Latham, and he coolly appropriated it, and gave it forth to the world as his own. What has been the result? Why, that the idea has been flouted and scouted, where it has not been wholly ignored. Nor, indeed, without reason, for as I pointed out in the *Journal of Classical Philology*—you remember my articles there, I presume, Sir Lionel?"

"No," Lionel answered; "I'm ashamed to say I missed them. When did they appear?"

"They extended over the years 1866-67."

"I fear I didn't know then even of the existence of the *Journal*. You know I was brought up in Germany."

"But my articles created a prodigious sensation in Germany; they elicited from Professor Wehmuth an answer of a thousand and seven closely-printed and closely-reasoned pages. I will lend you Wehmuth's work; it well deserves study, though it requires to be studied with caution. You shall take it to your rooms, and a copy also of the *Journal* with my five articles, and—yes, Latham's *Elements of Comparative Philology*. For worthless as the work is, it is by the very weakness of its arguments that the strength of my claims is best vindicated."

The above is the merest dry bones of a conversation, or monologue, that lasted fully an hour; Lionel was not sorry to escape with the four volumes, which he carefully deposited in his window-seat. Sitting in that window-seat, one commands the dons' garden with its antique

terrace ; and Lionel was sitting in it on a May Sunday morning a fortnight afterwards, when a French window in the dons' buildings opened, and out stepped the Dean and a lady : hand-in-hand, like the Babes in the Wood, they strolled up and down the terrace. It was a pretty sight, or would have been, if he had not been such a pygmy, and she such a giantess.

"Hullo!" thought Lionel, "that will be the *fiancée*, and she'll have been breakfasting with him. I wonder how it would have struck 'Gulielmo de Morham cæterisque benefactoribus nostris.' But he's a good little chap. I was quite ashamed of myself on Friday when he asked what I thought of his articles. Hang it! I'll have a shot at them now."

"There," he said to himself at the end of ten minutes, "I can tell him now I've examined them, and that they seem unanswerable. Only fancy answering them, like old thick-sides" (glancing at Wehmuth's exterior). "And what was this one?—Latham, oh yes, that's the fellow he's demolishing. I'll just glance into him, and tell old 'Safety Matches' that it seemed perfect rot."

So Lionel dipped into Latham's *Elements*, and the *Sortes Philologicæ*, if such there be, led him to open at pp. 664-5, which treat of the Celtic tongues, beginning with Welsh.

"Welsh, now that's odd. Here have I been knowing Welsh all these years to speak, and have never read one single word of it. Let's verify my knowledge. Hilloa! *ceffyl*, 'a horse,' and *ci*, 'a dog,' and *dafad*, 'a sheep,'—why! there isn't a single word right; it ought to be *grei*, and *júkel*, and *bókro*."

Sure enough in the whole vocabulary there was not one word that seemed familiar to Lionel. Perplexed, he turned over the pages, and came on the section dealing with French (that seemed right enough), and German (that was right, too), and Latin (ditto), Greek (ditto), Persian (he couldn't say as to Persian), Chinese (nor as to Chinese), Gypsy—Potztausend! what, *pdni*, 'water,' *kan*, 'ear,' *baí*, 'hair,' *sap*, 'snake,' *ag*, 'fire' ("yog Llewellyn used to call it"); why, he knew every

single word. Yes, and he had heard Gypsies speaking it, that time up in Yarrow, and yet had still thought it was Welsh. . . . But if it wasn't Welsh, how had Llewellyn come to speak it? . . . And if it was Gypsy, why had he called it Welsh? . . . And what—Lionel lost himself in a maze of speculation. His only conclusion was that, like M. Jourdain, he had been speaking he knew not what.

That was how Lionel took up the study of Comparative Philology: he never pursued it far.

## CHAPTER II

**M**Y last chapter muddled up the true course of events, for Lionel's philological discovery was made in May, his speech not till November—November 9—1875. It was a fortnight after the latter date that he dined at Trinity with a Scotch friend, Maxwell, who after hall gave a small wine. The talk there had turned, as usual, on various topics, when a new-comer asked—

“Have any of you fellows been at the encampment?”

“Encampment, no, what's that?”

“A big Gypsy encampment in a field out beyond the station. They've been there two or three days. Clifford and I were in seeing them this afternoon.”

“But what's there to see?”

“Some deuced pretty girls for one thing; and you can have your fortune told if you're so minded. And the tents and caravans are uncommonly picturesque.”

“I expect,” said another man, “it will be the same lot I saw last winter at Bath. They gave balls, though.”

“And so do these; they're going to have one to-morrow in a big marquee. What do you say, shall we make up a party and go?”

“All right,” agreed two or three, but Lionel was not of their number; he would certainly visit the encampment, but he would rather do so alone. As he walked back that night to Morham, just the least bit winy-cigarrified, he saw a huge poster on a hoarding in Cardinal Lane, and by the light of a street-lamp, de-

ciphered, "Monstre Bohemian Carnival . . . Epping Forest Gypsies . . . King and Queen . . . String Orchestra . . . National Dances . . . Admission, one shilling." "I wonder," he thought, "if it can be the same lot. Anyhow, I'll try and solve that puzzle."

The gate at Morham was shut. The porter said, as he opened it, "There's a telegram come for you, Sir Lionel; it's in the lodge."

Lionel did not undo the envelope till he had got to his rooms, and lighted the candles. The telegram ran: "Handed in at the G.P.O., London, 6.30 p.m. Received here at 6.55 p.m. Sir Lionel Glemham, Morham College, Oxford. Full information about 20 October, 1869, on west side Waterloo Bridge, London, to-morrow, Thursday, at noon."

"October 20, 1869—the day my father was murdered. At last!" thought Lionel: he had not an instant's hesitation what he should do. He fished out a Bradshaw, and found there was a train up to Town at 10 a.m.; he wrote a note for his scout, "Breakfast sharp at 8," and left it lying conspicuously on his table. Then he undressed, went to bed, and, in less time than he had himself expected, was sleeping soundly. It was still dark when he woke—woke with a vivid consciousness of last night's summons, and with an almost joyous sense that he was about to accomplish a long-deferred duty. It was strange how that summons had reached him in the very nick of time, little more than a month after his attaining his majority, so that he was free to act for himself. On the other hand, how easily it might have come too late, supposing, as Mr. Discipline had counselled, he had left Oxford that summer, and gone into the army without bothering about a degree. That he should obey the summons he never doubted for a single second, less because he had a supreme belief in himself than because it seemed plainly a call to his supreme duty. He no more weighed the pros and cons of his intended action than he would have weighed the pros and cons of jumping into the river to rescue a drowning child; he no more thought of asking advice

as to the wisdom of his decision than in such a case he would have asked the advice of a bystander. But what his action would be, or whither his decision tended, he knew as little as might an old mariner, setting out for the Unknown Goal. He lay and thought and thought, and could not think for thinking. By and by he heard his scout moving about in the sitting-room; he got up at once, and dressed. He breakfasted well, as he had slept soundly, for he wanted to be fit for the task before him; then, having seen that chapel was out, he went across to the Dean's.

"Good-morning, Sir Lionel," said Mr. Bryant; "you are earlier than I expected."

"Earlier, sir?"

"Yes; I presume you received my message?"

"No, sir; I came to ask for an exeat to go up to Town to-day."

"Up to Town! No bad news, I trust?"

"No, sir, not bad news—good." And there was a flash in Lionel's eyes and a ring in his voice that betokened gladness.

"You'd be back to hall?"

"I quite intend to."

"Very good, very good, Sir Lionel. I need not trouble you then about the message. It was merely that there is to be some kind of an entertainment, a Gypsy ball, held this afternoon, which is likely, it seems, to be a perfect Saturnalia, so the Senior Proctor sent round that I am either to gate the college, or else put our members on their honour not to go near the place. That will do; you may go. You will find it cold travelling."

When Lionel reached Paddington, he at once took a hansom, telling the driver, "Waterloo Bridge."

"Yesser; main line or loop?"

"No, Waterloo Bridge, I said. Stop just before you come to it. And look sharp."

So the man drove fast, and when he pulled up before Somerset House there was some little time yet to noon. Lionel got out and paid him, and at once walked over

the bridge, keeping to the west side. Having reached the end, he turned and walked back again; but still it was not quite twelve. He had a fixed idea that the moment it struck the hour, some one (he knew not who) would accost him, and he would hear from him what he should hear. It was annoying then when twelve struck, and nothing happened; when the clock-hands at Westminster crept slowly on to five, ten, fifteen minutes past the hour, and still nothing came.

"It certainly said the west side," thought Lionel, who had been pacing backwards and forwards. "I will sit down conspicuously in that middle recess and watch the passers-by." He sat for five minutes—it seemed more like fifty—then got up, and resumed his pacing to and fro. There was a story running vaguely in his brain of somebody, the pedlar of somewhere, who was sent by a dream on a wild-goose chase to London Bridge. Or was it a wild-goose chase? No, he remembered now, it led to his finding a big pot of gold in his orchard. Besides, who was there that would hoax him, who that knew of October 20? No, it was nonsense to fancy that; something *must* come of it. So again he paced backwards and forwards, and sometimes again sat down; and slowly, tediously as the minutes dragged by, the hands pointed to 1.20, when suddenly a telegraph-boy ran up to him.

"Sir Lionel Glenham?" he asked breathlessly.

"Yes," Lionel cried, and snatching the orange envelope from his hand, tore it open and read the telegram:

"Handed in at Oxford, 11.40 a.m. Received here, 12.15 p.m. Sir Lionel Glenham, Waterloo Bridge. Not bridge, but at Gypsy encampment."

Lionel looked up; the boy was gone. He ran along the bridge and into the Strand, and hailed the first hansom passing. "Paddington," he cried, "and half-a-sovereign if I catch it." He said this, not knowing when there would be a train; and on reaching the station he found there was none till past two, and that but a slow one. Well, he would get a mouthful to eat

in the interval ; but though it was almost six hours since he had breakfasted, he could not eat now ; he could do nothing but chafe at the delay, it seemed interminable. Even when he was off at last in the train, he still chafed at its slowness ; he would never be in time. By the by, was there any time mentioned ? he pulled out the telegram and re-read it more carefully. "It was a long while being delivered," he thought, and then suddenly it struck him : "How on earth did the boy know me ? and what a direction, 'Waterloo Bridge !' Still, he did know me, and he did deliver it, for here it is. But I can't make it out. . . . 'At Gypsy encampment.' How lucky it is old Bryant didn't put me on my honour ! Even if he had, I half believe I should have gone." And so on, and so on ; one can think a great deal in two hours.

It was dark when Lionel got back to Oxford. He did not know the whereabouts of the encampment more precisely than "in a field beyond the station," but he was hardly out in the road when he heard the sound of not very distant music. That must be it : he followed the direction of the sound, and was just turning down a side lane when a gruff voice accosted him—

"Beg yer pardon, sir, but you won't get in that way, for the proctor's at the gate a-turnin' the gennelmen back. But if you're minded, I could smuggle you in easy the back way by a punt."

The speaker seemed to take it for granted that Lionel would follow him, and led the way down the Witney road, across the bridge that spans one of the many branches of the Thames ; then he struck through a gate into a grass-field, and followed the stream up for a couple of hundred yards.

"Mat," he called cautiously ; and a punt stole over from the opposite bank.

"It's another of the young gennelmen wanting to cross to the encampment. Thank you kindly, sir" (as Lionel handed him a florin), "and I think, Mat, I'll come over too. When you've had enough of it, sir, you'll find Mat here."

The illuminated marquee was some fifty yards from the stream; around it were seven or eight tents and as many or more caravans. There did not seem many people about; what there were were all collected in the marquee, and it was not more than half full when Lionel looked in at the entrance. A "national dance" was going on; it had much the appearance of an ordinary quadrille, except that it was performed with extraordinary flourishes. The performers were all Gypsies—the women in silks and satins, every colour of the rainbow, and the men in shiny black, with big shapeless white gloves. Lionel glanced from one face to the other, expecting to recognize some of his Yarrow acquaintances, but one and all were unfamiliar to him. At the further end of the marquee were a couple of chairs: on one of them sat a middle-aged Gypsy woman, who would have made two of Mrs. Stanley, and on the other a portly, over-dressed dame with a gold *pince-nez*—in her Lionel recognized the real head of St. Salvator's College. The other spectators were almost all townspeople, with a very thin sprinkling of gownsmen, the latter striving not to look uneasy. The orchestra was "Slap's," and "Slap" himself was of course conducting, but with none of his wonted fire; in fact the whole proceedings were as flat as ditch-water, anything less like a Saturnalia were scarcely conceivable. Lionel gazed awhile listlessly; his expectations suddenly had dropped to zero. Those Gypsies in Yarrow had strongly appealed to him; but these, and the flaring marquee, and the familiar street-band, and the gaping shop-boys and shop-girls—pshaw! it *was* a hoax, and the sooner he got out of this the better.

As he turned to depart, Lionel noticed that some of the Gypsies were departing too. One great caravan was moving off lumberingly towards the gate, and a Gypsy was putting the horse into a smaller one, beside which Lionel found himself. Lionel glanced at the man; the light fell on him from the marquee, enough to show that neither was this Pyramus, but a thick-set, middle-aged man, with a face which was meant to be jovial,

but which just now was wearing a troubled, uneasy expression. A man with his back to Lionel was speaking with him.

"It's all right, I tell you," Lionel heard him say, "it's perfectly——" when at that instant there was a sudden cry of "The Proctor!" The speaker broke off, and hurried to the marquee, peered in, and then, as though missing what he sought, turned away and looked round: in an instant his eye fell on Lionel. Lionel saw in him only a shabby, elderly man, with a beard and a furry cap; but he seemed to know Lionel, for he hastened to him where he still stood by the caravan.

"Don't try the punt, sir," he said, "for there's two o' the 'bull-dogs' there, and Mat's bolted. And there's a whole mob more at the gate, and the proctor's inside the marquee a-takin' down names. Guvnor" (this to the Gypsy, as though an idea had struck him), "couldn't you pass the young gennelman out in your carawan? he come over with me in the punt. Up you get, sir; up you get, sir, quick."

And before he well knew what he was about, certainly before the Gypsy had said yea or nay, Lionel found himself almost shoved up the caravan-steps by the furry-capped stranger, who, he now thought, must be his late guide, and who, crying, "All right, sir, I'll see you tomorrer at the river," pulled the door to smartly, and jumped down from the foot-board. A minute later the caravan was in motion.

There was much motion also in the caravan as it jolted across the uneven meadow. One heavy lurch had almost sent Lionel over, but he brought himself up by the table, and landed safe in a chair. It was pitch-dark inside there, and he would not look out through a window, but he could tell when they were off the grass and in the lane;<sup>1</sup> two or three hundred yards now, and they would be out on the high-road. Well, it was a blessing at any rate to have got clear off, for he would not have cared to be caught there, even although he

<sup>1</sup> This lane seems to have been obliterated by allotment-grounds, but the meadow itself yet remains.

had not given his word to Mr. Bryant. What a fool he had been made of, and who on earth could have done it? He would do his utmost to trace out the sender of those two telegrams; he would—— That must be the turn at the end of the lane into the high-road, and they had turned towards Witney, not Oxford. Well, it would be just as well to go a little way in that direction before he got out; he would still be able to get back in time for hall. By Jove! what a rate the caravan was going at; how it rattled and jolted! Here! he had had quite enough of that.

“Hi!” Lionel cried, “you might stop and let me out now.” But the caravan went on even faster it seemed than before.

“Confound it,” thought Lionel, “he can’t hear me, I suppose; and I don’t wonder, with all that racket. Where the deuce is the door? then I can make him hear.”

He found the door, felt for the handle, and turned it: the door remained fast. Then, as he stood there fumbling with the door-handle, he felt stealthy fingers groping about his neck, and suddenly a thin sack was cast over him, over head and shoulders and arms. It is ill work fighting so, still he struggled and kicked out behind. But, merciful God! what was this—this subtle penetrating vapour, that seemed to possess and paralyze his whole being, to plunge him down, down, into a gulf of nothingness?

### CHAPTER III

WHEN he came to himself, Lionel found himself still in the Gypsy caravan, now brought to a standstill. He was lying on the outside of the bed, divested of his ulster, boots, and collar, and invested with a pair of handcuffs and a right-leg anklet, which was secured by a chain to a staple in the woodwork. His head felt heavy and swimming; he had a sense as of waking suddenly from a nightmare; but his every faculty was quickened to intense consciousness by the sight of a man who stood watching him. This man held a lamp shining full in Lionel's eyes; as he saw them open, he raised it and let the light fall on his own face. It was not a face one might forget easily. Cold, piercing eyes that could see; sharp, sensitive ears that could hear; a mouth that could keep silence; and above them a vast bald brow—it was the face of a hooded cobra, not a man's, but Lionel knew it for the face of Dr. Watson.

"I see," he said, as he set the lamp down on the table, "you recognize me, Sir Lionel. Yet you failed to the other evening."

"When?—where?"

"In your guide to that punt, to whom you gave the florin."

"Punt—my guide to—you? Ah! it was you, then, murdered my father."

"I, no. I never murder any one myself" (he said it as he might have said he never smoked). "Besides, if you remember, I was away at the time in London."

"But it is you who have trapped me here."

"Yes, that I must own to. And, if you feel able to follow me, I should like to impress on you the difficulty of escape and the utter unlikelihood of rescue. I could not release you, even if I wished to, for your—Perun Stanley, the owner of this house on wheels, keeps the key of your chain in his pocket. Then there would be the Chubb lock and a bull-dog to reckon with, and other obstacles which I need not specify. As to a rescue—But it is rather close, don't you think, in here. I might let in a breath of fresh air."

With a key attached to a bunch he unlocked the door, and flinging it open, stood awhile in the doorway. From where he lay Lionel could see his form silhouetted against the sky, in which there was a tinge of coming dawn. And as he stood thus, there came a tramp of footsteps below, and a gruff voice said—

"Mornin', master, you're up betimes."

"Good-morning," replied Dr. Watson. "Making your round, constable?"

"Murder! help! help! murder! police!" yelled Lionel, then paused: his cries must surely have been heard. Yes, indeed, for the voice asked—

"What's that? whoever have yer got up there?"

"It's a poor lad," said Dr. Watson, "a nephew of mine. He is down with the small-pox"——("Lies! lies! murder! help!" shrieked Lionel)——"quite delirious. We are taking him to his mother near Carnarvon. Would you care to come up and look at him?"

"I, Lord love us all! not I," the voice exclaimed, and the footsteps retreated hurriedly.

Dr. Watson shut to the door, saw it was fast, and came and sat down. "As to a rescue——" he began again, and again broke off, with a laugh, or rather with a silent snarl.

"No," he said, "I don't mind showing you my hand, or at least that particular card. It was not really a policeman, but your—the Perun Stanley I was speaking of. We were merely rehearsing. Only I am half afraid now he will be set again on that gag" (Dr.

Watson glanced towards something hanging on the wall), "and I do hate talking to any one who cannot answer me. Besides, it would be so uncomfortable for yourself. Yes; I always have thought that must have been one of the worst tortures of the Inquisition, to be tortured and not to be able to scream." Dr. Watson had an unpleasant trick of italicizing certain words and phrases in a way that branded them on his hearer's memory. "Not," he went on, "that we propose to torture you, for, strange as it may seem, we are working for your advancement—and our own."

He paused, and gazed steadfastly awhile on Lionel, as an operator, about to begin, might gaze on a subject. "No," he murmured, but the murmur was perfectly audible, "I think I will defer *that*." Then he proceeded in his customary undertone, "Still, I may as well tell you now the means we adopted to 'trap' you; they will show you the folly of looking to be rescued. You received a telegram at Morham College last Wednesday evening or night, four days ago."

"Four days ago!" exclaimed Lionel.

"Yes, indeed rather more than four days, for this is Monday—Monday morning. If you had had ears to hear, you might have heard the church bells from this field quite plainly yesterday. That is why we are halting, for to travel on Sunday might attract attention. The telegram was an appointment for noon the next day on Waterloo Bridge, and you kept the appointment. You would have to ask leave of your tutor to go up to Town?—yes, I counted on that. Well, then, they will have grown alarmed by your disappearance; they will have obtained a copy of that telegram; they will have learnt you were noticed hanging about on Waterloo Bridge. But when they cast about to trace you thence, Oxford would be the very last direction they would think of."

"But the second telegram, sent from Oxford," Lionel could not help saying triumphantly.

"The second telegram was never sent at all; if you had thought, you might have seen it bore no post-office

stamp. I wrote it myself at Paddington, after I had seen you arrive by the Oxford train; and from Paddington I followed you at my leisure to Waterloo Bridge. I saw you there repeatedly from the south end, where I was loitering on the east side; and presently, when it was too late for you to catch the 1.30 train, I stopped the first telegraph-boy who was passing, pointed you out to him (your long ulster made you conspicuous), and promised him a shilling if he would run up to you, hand you my telegram, and run straight back to me. The boy did my errand very neatly. You will be thinking that they will find that boy, and that he will remember your name. I dare say they will; I fully intended they should. He will also remember that I spoke with a strong foreign accent; I did the same when I handed in the genuine telegram on Wednesday. And as to the contents of the second supposed telegram they will know nothing. No, the only weak points—and I fear them so little that I do not mind letting you know them—are, first, the cabman who drove you back from Waterloo Bridge; secondly, the chance of your having been noticed at Paddington; and, thirdly, your return ticket, delivered up duly at Oxford. I hardly think, if I were you, that I would build much on any of these. Mat? no, nor on Mat, for even if he observed you (it was dark, you remember), and knew you for who you are, he will be much too afraid of the authorities. It was through me that he was put up to going there with his punt, just as it was from me that the proctor received information on Wednesday about the disreputable character of the forthcoming Gypsy Ball. I tell you all this that you may see with what nicety our plans were laid; they have miscarried in no single particular. That, then, is pretty well everything, for you have doubtless surmised that it was your—I would say, Perun Stanley, who was lying *perdu* beneath that bed with my patent inhaler. So now you know fully how we have brought you here, 'here' being upwards of a hundred miles from Oxford, and more than half-way to our destination. We shall take the road again

early after breakfast, and I think I will retire and get an hour's more sleep. You should be well rested; not particularly hungry or thirsty, I imagine, from my knowledge of the action of—the inhaler. I wonder whether—yes, I think, on my own responsibility, I will release you from those handcuffs. So."

And producing a key something like the key of a railway-carriage, Dr. Watson liberated Lionel's wrists.

"There," he said, "that will give you relief. And the leg-chain is long enough to allow you to move about, if you are minded. Only I would not attempt to escape, for friend Perun is masterful. *Auf wiedersehen.*"

Dr. Watson departed, leaving Lionel to his own thoughts. They were a strange medley of wonder, certainty, anger, hopelessness, but not fear. Of wonder, why this had been done; of certainty, that somehow it was connected with his father's murder; of anger, fierce anger at the recollection of that murder and of Dorothy's consequent death; and of hopelessness—he could hardly have felt more hopeless if he had found himself in an oubliette of the Bastille. The metallic, passionless monotone echoed still in his ears; he still seemed to feel that pitiless, petrifying gaze; and he had a presentiment of possibilities of horror, as a sailor fallen overboard in Kingston harbour might have a suspicion of sharks. But just as that sailor might resolve to keep up as long as strength lasted, so Lionel resolved to do his utmost for life and freedom.

Stirred by that impulse, he sprang from off the bed; as he did so, the chain rattled. Lionel examined it closely. The ring round his ankle was of steel, padded on the inside, and not unlike a dog-collar; its hasp was padlocked to the steel chain, which, if light, was strong, and whose further end again was padlocked to the staple. It allowed him to move the whole length of the caravan, to which he now turned his attention. It was about fourteen feet long, seven broad, and six high. There were four windows. The one over the bed, and the two side ones, were shuttered on the outside; through that in the door he could make out, fifty yards

away or more, a larger caravan and a couple of tents, before one of which some one seemed to be kindling a fire.

"I wish I knew where I really am," thought Lionel. "It's all rot what that old villain said about its being Monday; it can't be. But it must be close on sunrise, for it was as dark as this, or darker, when I got up yesterday. By Jove! I wonder if they'll have left me my watch."

Yes, the watch was all safe in its pocket; but when he pulled it out and looked at it, it was stopped, the hands standing at 9.30.

"I must have forgotten to wind it," he thought, "unless it has got broken;" no, when he fished out the watch-key, and wound it up, it started off instantly. A sudden thought struck him; if he had neglected to wind up the watch on Wednesday night ("last night" he called it in his own mind), it would have run down on the Thursday morning, whereas he was positive it was going while he was pacing Waterloo Bridge, and afterwards in the train back to Oxford. Then plainly he must have wound it up on the Wednesday night, the last thing, as he always did, before undressing; and if so, this could not be Friday morning, for then the watch would be still going—of that he felt positive. He had really then lost one day, and if one day, why not three?

In one thing at least the old man had been deceived (there was comfort in the thought): Lionel did feel thirsty, desperately thirsty, and hungry too in a way. There was a jug on the table—it was empty; and a copper kettle on the hob of the brass stove—not a drop in it either. But opening the cupboard that fronted the stove, Lionel found, besides a few books and some crockery, half a cold beefsteak-pudding, a cottage loaf, the heel of a cheese, some butter, and, best of all, three pint bottles of Bass; there was even a corkscrew.

"Beer to breakfast," thought Lionel, "quite like Oxford;" and drawing a cork, he filled a big tea-cup, for there was not a tumbler. "That's good," he said to himself, "though it's rather flat; let's try the pie now.

Well, they might have given one a knife: I hope they haven't touched mine."

They had, though; the knife was gone, which showed that his pockets had been tampered with; but his purse was all right, with a fiver in it and three sovereigns. A fiver, yes; but had not his been an Old Bank note, whereas this was a crisp Bank of England one?—Lionel could not feel certain. Well, he must make shift with a fork and his fingers, it was not at all a bad pudding; and yes, he really must try another bottle of that Bass, for he was awfully dry still. And as he ate and drank, the dim twilight grew into day, and from where he sat he could now plainly discern several figures moving about at the camp yonder—one a very tall man, and women; yes, there were women, one of them with a bright yellow kerchief on her head. And that would be the bull-dog; and that must be v'ry strong beer he felt so drowsy he didn't th'least mean to sleep he would get-up walk about walk about walk ab—— no must lie down minute just minute just——

Quarter of an hour later, Dr. Watson and the very tall man peeped in through the door-window: Lionel lay stretched upon the bed in a deep slumber.

"It is all right," said the doctor, as he opened the door, and came in. "Yes," he continued, "two bottles, though one might have done." He went up to Lionel, drew out his watch, and examined it. "As I expected," he said to his big companion, "he has set it going again, Perun. I wonder whether he has drawn the desired inference. Anyhow, he is safe now till we get him to Arthurstone; and I think you might relieve him of his fetter."

## CHAPTER IV

IT was an ample meadow, a mile perhaps in circumference, and almost encircled by a broad rapid river, which here made a horseshoe bend. Its surface was dotted by a few fine old trees and a good many ancient thorns, whilst the river-banks were densely clothed with pollard willows, rowans, and poplars. Right in the centre of it was a mound, and on the mound stood a ruined cromlech, close beside which were Lionel's caravan and one of the two tents. The other tent and the other caravan were at the entrance to the meadow, barring the narrow neck of the peninsula. Half a mile away or so, across the river, rose a little church-spire; and all around were wooded hills or distant mountains, the latter sparkling with snow.

For it was broad daylight, when this time Lionel came once more to himself. He was lying undressed in the bed; his clothes, neatly folded and brushed, were on a chair; a bright fire was burning in the stove; and on the table were preparations for a meal. This time he felt refreshed, as though awaking out of honest sleep; he had to think for a moment before he could remember where he was. In the caravan, yes; but where, then, was the caravan? He jumped up and looked through the windows, which were all unshuttered now, and it was only as he was looking through the fourth one that he recollected the chain, and found that he was free of it. The door (he tried it) remained locked, and though he could open down the side windows, there was an iron

bar across each, that rendered egress by them impossible ; he was still, then, a prisoner. Yet it should be easy to escape out of a mere wooden box like that ; Lionel thought of the escapes that he had read of from strong jails. There was Jack Sheppard, and Margaret Catchpole the Suffolk girl, and an Italian whose name he had forgotten : what they had done he too might do, only how should he set about it ?

The first thing obviously was to get himself dressed, and he found to his surprise that he had been furnished with a complete change of underclothing, not half a bad fit either, as well as with a pail of water, brush and comb, sponge, etc. He had nearly finished, when the door was opened, and the very tall Gypsy came in. He was good two inches taller than Mark Avenel, and of a much larger build, the build that suggests a life-guardsmen. His age would be something about forty, though he hardly looked it ; his least movement seemed to indicate vast strength. Very swarthy, of a coppery, shining complexion, he had a big, beak-like nose ; great, prominent, staring black eyes ; and a heavy black moustache. His forehead, though fairly high, was narrow and receding ; in fact, the whole upper half of his head was disproportionately small to the lower half. He was less a man than an animal, if a splendid animal ; splendid, although his face had a puffed, almost bloated look that to a doctor's eye would have told of hard drinking. Anyhow, there was a swagger about him and a bumptiousness that seemed to argue perfect self-satisfaction. His dress might have been that of a swell betting-man.

"Morning, Lionel," he said in a voice that was meant to be affable. "The doctor said you'd be stirring."

"'Lionel!' fellow, confound your impudence. Do you know who you're speaking to ?"

"I ought to," the Gypsy answered with a grin, "and you'll know who I am too, precious soon that."

"Who the devil are you, then ?"

"I——oh ! I'm Perun Stanley." He said it as though he could have said much more.

"Perun Stanley. Ah! I remember, it was you that were under the bed."

"Right you are, Lionel, it was me was under that bed the night we brought you from Oxford."

"What have you brought me for? where am I? what day is this?"

"This is in North Wales, Lionel, in Carnarvonshire; and to-day's Wednesday the sixth of December."

"The sixth of December! nonsense."

"All right, nonsense, if you like it so. I don't carry a almanac, else I'd 'a showed it to you."

"The sixth, why, that would mean almost a fortnight."

"Ay, it'll be nigh on a fortnight now, Lionel, since we was at Oxford."

"But I should be dead by now; how is it I'm living?"

"Oh! you've been living like a fighting-cock, eating and drinking and sleeping regular."

"Stuff and nonsense!"

"All right, stuff and nonsense this time, if you like it so. Only when did you shave last?"

Lionel put his hand up to his chin. He shaved in those days only every other morning, and he remembered that he had not shaved on the Thursday, the day he went up to Town. Yet his chin, he found, was much too smooth to have gone four or even three days without a touch of the razor. His face must have expressed the doubt that was in his mind, for the Gypsy went on—

"Do you see? You can look for yourself in that looking-glass. Only you won't remember how you stood in front of it yesterday and shaved yourself, and me sitting here, and Dr. Watson there, a-ordering you to do it. And would you like for me to tell you how that come?"

Lionel remained silent.

"What, you won't speak, won't yer? Well, I'll tell you anyhow. Do you remember them two bottles of beer you drank back yonder t'other morning? They were mesmerized, they was, mesmerized by Dr. Watson. So

now you've just got to do what Dr. Watson tells you—eat when he bids you, and drink when he bids you, and walk out when he bids you (you was walking arm-in-arm with me all round this meadow last evening), and to sleep when he bids you, and wake up when he bids you, like what you've woke up now. That's it; you can't help yourself. So now I'll bring you your dinner."

"Is it mesmerized too?" asked Lionel,

"No, it ain't," answered Perun, "'cos there aren't no call for mesmerization now. I'll be back in a minute."

And in a minute or two he returned with Lionel's dinner, a savoury enough stew, to which from the cupboard he added a bottle of beer, bread and cheese, butter, and so forth.

"There," he said, "and some 'baccy too in this paper, for I know you uses it, 'cos I've seen the pipe and 'baccy-pouch in your pocket."

He departed, and Lionel, after a brief hesitation, made a tolerable meal, only abjuring the beer in favour of water, of which there was a jugful on the table. Then he eyed the tobacco, a two-ounce packet or so, and, opening it, found it was much such as he usually smoked. His pouch, he remembered, had been almost empty, but there should be enough in it to compare the two mixtures by; yes, the two were almost, if not quite, identical. He was proceeding to fill his pipe, having transferred the tobacco to his pouch, when the paper in which it had been wrapped arrested his attention. It was a scrap of newspaper, the "*—mingham Post,*" and it bore the date, "Monday, December 4, 1875." Lionel scanned the scrap eagerly. On the side which had first caught his eye there was nothing but advertisements, but on the reverse side, besides half-a-dozen miscellaneous paragraphs of news, there was in the lower left-hand corner the following fragment:—

## E MISSING OXFORD BARONET.

resh has transpired as to the mysterious  
 ance of Sir Lionel Glemham, Bart., an  
 duate of Morham College, Oxford ;  
 police are actively following up the clue  
 by the Old Bank (Oxford) £5 note paid  
 haring Cross hooking-office on the evening  
 It. It is believed that if a crime has  
 petrated, the criminal probably has  
 the Continent ; and this confirms the  
 at the disappearance of this youthful  
 the aristocracy may not be uncon-  
 ith that of his father, Sir Charles  
 am, six years previously, who was mur-  
 is supposed, by members of a Russian  
 t society. The sender of the telegram to  
 ollege on the 22d ult. was cer-  
 a foreigner, and so too was the man,  
 mably the same, who stopped the telegraph  
 ger on Waterloo Bridge. Sir Lionel, a  
 ption of whom is still published in our  
 ny column, was a young gentleman of

It was easy to supply the missing words, with the exception of the date in the seventh line ; but it was not cheerful reading for Lionel, as it showed that the police were on an utterly false scent, and had no suspicion of his having returned to Oxford, whilst it confirmed the Gypsy's assertion that since that Thursday nearly a fortnight had elapsed. Yes, it must be later than the fourth ; and yet it could not be, the thing was impossible. Mesmerism—he had seen a Madame Carde perform some ridiculous tricks at the Music Hall in Holywell Street, make one man fetch a coal-scuttle out of the King's Arms coffee-room, and another sing 'Home, Sweet Home' under the belief that he was Patti. But that he, Lionel Glemham, should be at the beck and call of that Dr. Watson, pshaw ! the idea was

monstrous ; he would let Dr. Watson see. Yet, unbidden, there recurred to his memory a dozen stories told him by Llewellyn, of the same Dr. Watson's powers ; besides, what had he, Lionel, been doing in the interval ? He could recollect that one hour in which he had breakfasted off beefsteak-pudding and bottled Bass ; otherwise everything was a blank to him. He could not say where he was then ; he could not say where he was now. It might be, indeed, in North Wales, the hills and mountains looked like it ; but it might have been anywhere else, for anything he could say to the contrary. So, as he sat and smoked, he thought on and on, getting more and more lost in conjecture. At last he got up impatiently, and, after again gazing through the four windows, again to see the same view of meadow and river and encircling hills, he reopened the cupboard, and presently pulled out the four volumes it contained.

The two first were a couple of works by Braid upon *Animal Magnetism* (Lionel pitched them back again) ; the third was the *Annual Register* for the year 1870. In its appendix of *causes célèbres* there are five pages devoted to "Mysterious Murder of a Suffolk Baronet," and a leaf had been turned down here, so that the book was bound to open at the place. Lionel read for the first time the story of his father's disappearance, and of how he himself and old Adam had discovered the body ; he read, too, the conjectural solutions of the mystery, some of which sounded plausible enough, but which he now knew to be one and all equally false. That gave him fresh food for thought ; and naturally one of his thoughts was that the book did not come there by accident, but must have been put on purpose that he might study it. So also, of course, the two first ones ; and the fourth one, what, then, was it ?—Curtis's *Manual of Toxicology*, and it too had a leaf turned down, at Chapter II., on 'Poisons of Savage Races.'

"Again," he read, "the gipsies, speaking a tongue which is essentially a deformed *prakrit*, and therefore Indian in origin, have long possessed a knowledge of the properties of the curious 'mucor phycomyces.' This was considered an algae by Agaron, but Mr.

Berkeley refers it to the fungi. The gipsies administer the spores of this fungi in warm water. In this way they rapidly attach themselves to the mucous membrane of the throat, all the symptoms of a phthisis follow, and death supervenes in from two to three weeks. Mr. Berkeley informs me that he has seen specimens growing on broth which had been rejected from the stomach, and that it develops in enormous quantities on oil-casks and walls impregnated with grease.

"To the *Times* for February 21, 1862, a Yorkshire medical practitioner contributed the following letter on the trial of a gipsy fortune-teller for supplying a Mrs. Noel of Olapham with a brown powder mixed with water for the purpose of ensuring her husband's death within a month: 'Among other jealously guarded secrets of the gipsy race is the art of preparing what they term *drei* or *dri*, a most deadly and insidious destructive agent, and for which medical science knows no antidote. Analysis detects no noxious properties whatever, and the most careful examination, microscopical or otherwise, shows it simply to consist of apparently harmless vegetable matter. The *drei*, then, is merely a brown powder, obtained from a certain species of fungus forming the nearest connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdoms, the powder consisting of an infinity of sporules. The fungoid sporules possess the peculiar property of being further developed only by intimate contact with living animal matter (as when swallowed, etc.); they then throw out innumerable greenish-yellow fibres about twelve or eighteen inches in length. When the *drei* is administered, usually in some warm drink, these sporules are swallowed, attach themselves to the mucous membrane, germinate, throw out millions of these silky fibres, grow with awful rapidity, first producing symptoms of hectic fever, then cough, eventually accompanied by incessant spitting of blood, till death finally supervenes, usually in about a fortnight or three weeks' time. A case of this description came under my notice in Italy in 1860. Although the patient was attended by eminent physicians accustomed to deal with cases of slow poisoning, no suspicions of foul play were entertained till the day after the decease, when an autopsy revealed the cause of death. The fibres, the growth of which had ceased with the cessation of the animal life and heat that had supported them, were already partially decomposed; had another day or two elapsed, no trace would have been left of the foul deed.'"

"H'm!" commented Lionel, "'an algae,' 'this fungi'—they are singular singulars; but I do wonder how it feels to have that beastly stuff growing up inside one." He had a horrid suspicion that he could feel the sensation already.

## CHAPTER V

AT his dinner-hour Lionel had set his watch again by guess-work to one o'clock, but that must have been much too fast, for it was not dusk yet, although the hands pointed to four, when Perun Stanley re-entered the caravan, and announced—

“Dr. Watson’s come, and ’s wanting to see you, Lionel, but he says you’re to walk round the meadow with me first.”

“Oh! I am,” answered Lionel, showing no intention of stirring.

“Yes; and he says, if you’ll promise not to try and give us the slip, I’m to let you go just as you are.”

“He does, does he?—it is very good of him.”

“That’s all right, then, Lionel. You promise?”

“No, I do not; and I feel no inclination to go.”

“But you’ve got to go when he bids you.”

“So you informed me before; I am delighted to find you were wrong.”

“Wrong am I?” said Perun, and whipped something out of his pocket. A click, and round Lionel’s right wrist was a handcuff of the kind known, he afterwards learnt, as the “twisters.”

“There,” said the Gypsy, “just you get up at wonst now and come, else I’ll break the —— arm of you.” And as Lionel still would not budge, he gave the least turn: it brought Lionel instantly out of the chair and to his knees.

“I told you,” Perun said, and picked him up; and,

consoling himself with the thought that this was brute force, not mesmerism, Lionel could not but follow him down the steps of the caravan and to the river, which, red-hued and angry, swept strongly between brimful banks. It was fifty to sixty yards broad, and so swollen as to submerge the lower branches of the trees that grew by it.

"You might wade it," observed the Gypsy, "anywheres in summer, and now 'twould be over your head, ay, or mine either."

They came round to the gate; it was padlocked and further protected by a perfect network of barbed wires. The other tent and caravan were on the further side of it, and beside them stood a neat dog-cart, with an olive-faced man-servant in plain livery, in whom Lionel recognized Yusuf; beside them also was a notice-board. Lionel could not see what was on it, but Perun told him—"Small-pox in the camp." "That's you," he explained, and then called out, "Wester."

A girl's head emerged for an instant from the tent; the glimpse was enough to show Lionel that it was Sagul, whom he and Marjory had seen in Yarrow. She drew back at once, however, without seeming to have recognized or even noticed him; and a moment later a Gypsy man made his appearance, whom Lionel knew for the fellow he had watched harnessing his horse at Oxford.

"Dr. Watson's wanting you, Wester," said Perun; "wait a second; I'll let you in. But you give that first to the dummy" (handing a scrap of paper); "it's to tell him put up at the Hollybush." Then, still holding the "twisters" with his left hand, with his right he undid the padlock, admitted Wester, and carefully re-closed the gate. The three walked over to the encampment beside the cromlech. Dr. Watson, in a sable-lined pelisse, was sitting at the further end of the tent, which generally resembled Mrs. Stanley's, except that it was smaller and more unadorned, and that its covering was made of a lightish check saddle-lining.

"Good-day, Sir Lionel; and good-day to you, Sylvester.

You had better come in and sit down." Dr. Watson spoke as though the tent were his own.

"Thank'ee, no, sir; I'd liefer bide outside."

"Very good, as you will. I merely desired your presence that you might be able to corroborate your brother. Sir Lionel, perhaps you would come and sit there opposite me. I am sorry that Perun has had thus to incommode you. But you might take it off now, Perun."

Perun removed the handcuff, and himself sat down cross-legged near the mouth of the tent, whilst his brother remained outside, leaning against one of the tent-rods and looking in.

"So," Dr. Watson said. "Now, Perun, to enlighten Sir Lionel. What, first, was the name of his mother, and who was she?"

"Ercilla, Dr. Watson, Ercilla Stanley, and she was my own cousin, my Uncle Plato's eldest gal."

"And you knew one another as children?"

"We was brought up boy and gal together: she wouldn't hardly——"

"Yes, all right, presently; but how did she come first to meet the late Sir Charles Glemham?"

"He was out huntin', Dr. Watson, and he come down over a fence, and was picked up like dead, and took into my Uncle Plato's tent, for we were all stopping into that field."

"That was where?"

"At Buddiscombe, nigh by Plymouth."

"Yes, and when was it?"

"It was a Valentine's Day ('cos Ercilla said summat about him being her Valentine), but I couldn't say rightly the year, only I know it was just afore the fighting broke out, for Orpherus Boswell, that was my Aunt Richenda's boy, was sent off to it, and never come back no more."

"But you are certain it was on Valentine's Day, the fourteenth, that is, of February, and certain also that your cousin Ercilla had never before that set eyes on Sir Charles Glemham?"

“Sartain-sure, Dr. Watson.”

“Very good. Now, Sir Lionel, may I trouble you to look at this copy, this duly-attested copy of a marriage register.” And producing from a pocket-book a longish strip of paper, Dr. Watson handed it to Lionel, who read the certificate on p. 246.

“And now at this register of birth, your own, Sir Lionel *Glemham*,” said Dr. Watson, handing this other slip:—

1854. BIRTH IN THE DISTRICT OF DEVONPORT IN THE  
COUNTY OF DEVON.

When and where Born.	Name (if any).	Sex.	Name and Surname of Father.	Rank or Profession of Father.	Signature of Registrar.
Ninth October 1854. Devonport	Lionel Keith	Boy	Charles Keith Glemham	Baronet	G. Bloss Registrar.

“Keep them a little, pray,” Dr. Watson resumed, “or altogether if you choose, for I want you to consider the dates carefully. Your *father*, you will observe, the late Sir Charles Glemham, and your mother, who had first met on the fourteenth of February, were married on the nineteenth of March, and you were born on the ninth of October, less, that is, than seven months after. Now——”

“But,” Lionel broke in, “the name here is ‘Beshlay,’ and he said it was Stanley.” He had no idea yet whither all this tended, but Dr. Watson’s suavity and cold insistence provoked him more even than the Gypsy’s familiarity.

“That,” Dr. Watson answered, “is easily explained. All Gypsies have two surnames, one which they use among themselves, and one for the outer world. Thus the Smiths, who are a noted Gypsy clan, how is it they call themselves, Perun?”

1854. MARRIAGE SOLEMNIZED AT THE PARISH CHURCH IN THE PARISH OF BUDDISCOMBE IN THE  
COUNTY OF DEVON.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
When married.	Name and Surname.	Age.	Condition.	Rank or Profession.	Residence at the Time of Marriage.	Father's Name and Surname.	Rank or Profession of Father.
Nineteenth March 1854	Charles Keith Glemham × Ercilla Beehlay (her mark)	21 17	Bachelor Spinster	Soldier	Devonport Buddiscombe	Lionel Keith Glemham Plato Beshlay	Soldier Traveller

Married according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Established Church, by licence, by me,

JOHN TREVANION, Clerk.

"Petulengro, Dr. Watson, and the Lovells are Komomeskré, and the——"

"Exactly, and so Beshlay, or more accurately Beschalé, is the esoteric name of the Stanleys, though why your mother should have married under it, I cannot say. But with regard to the dates, Sir Lionel, to which I was drawing your attention—of course they will not have taught you physiology at school or college. Still, calculate and think."

A glimmering of his meaning began to dawn upon Lionel's mind. No, he never had learnt physiology; but like a flash there came back to him the memory of once at Rowick, of the upper class-room, and of Davy Anderson thus rendering a line of Ovid's *Fasti*:—"Aut, or, quia, because, femina, a woman, parit, brings forth, bis, twice, quino mense, every five months." And he could hear again in fancy Dr. Carson's sarcastic comment, "No, hardly, David, it is not quite so bad as that. Thank Heaven therfor, if the result were to be two David Andersons." He remembered that, and, remembering it, could dimly divine what Dr. Watson was driving at.

"But these copies," he said hotly, "will be like your telegram, of your own copying."

"A natural thought, Sir Lionel, but no: I do not expose myself to penalties such as a forgery like that would expose me to. One of them you can verify yourself; I presume you know your own birthday. As to the other, if you are still in doubt after you have heard a mass of corroborative evidence, you shall yourself write to the Superintendent Registrar at Plymouth, enclose the fee, and seal your letter up; I promise you, you will receive in reply an absolute duplicate of the marriage register you hold in your hand there. Besides, in the old Plymouth newspapers you may rest assured you could find an account of your fath—— of Sir Charles Glemham's 'accident in the hunting-field.' Anyhow, I propose Perun goes on with the story. You were telling us, Perun, that you and your cousin Ercilla were brought up together. Were you fond of one another?"

"Ay, Dr. Watson. I always told her I'd got to have her, that it wasn't no good talking: mine she was, and mine she'd have to be. And——"

"Yes, and her father and mother, did they approve of it?"

"No, that they didn't, Dr. Watson, 'cos, you see, they were all for marrying her to some great gentleman, like my Aunt Marbelenni, what was married on a very rich squire in Gloucestershire. So she was mighty well off; and one day some of her brothers, my father and Plato including, went to call on her, but she wouldn't allow 'em into her mansion, for says she, 'Now that I am a great lady, I shall expect you only to come booted and silver-spurred.' So my Uncle Plato was for Ercilla doing according."

"And did you and Ercilla acquiesce? I mean, did you give her up?"

"No, I didn't, Dr. Watson, for she and I was married on Plough Monday."

"Plough Monday, that is early in January. But in what year was it?"

"I couldn't say the year rightly, Dr. Watson."

"But was it before or after she met Sir Charles Glemham?"

"Why, before, of course——five weeks and three days before."

"*Five weeks and three days before.* And you let her father and mother know?"

"'Twasn't likely, no. The old man was away all that day, fiddling up to a big gentleman's house, Bickleigh Abbey, and my Aunt Dosa, that was Ercilla's mother, had got three weeks in 'Tavistock Jail for fortune-telling."

"And—but stay one moment. Have you ever, Sir Lionel, read a work by George Borrow, *The Romany Rye*? No. I feared as much, and tried in vain to procure a copy in the—the town where I am living. Else you would have found it beside the *Annual Register*; and from it would have learnt that, strange as it may seem, of nothing are Gypsy parents so careful

as of a daughter's chastity. If a Gypsy father and mother found their daughter had gone wrong, Perun, what would they do to her?"

"They'd kill her, Dr. Watson, kill her dead."

"So you just said nothing, and then—but you know already what happened then, Sir Lionel. Five weeks afterwards your mother met Sir Charles Glemham, and a few weeks after that *he* married her."

"But she was married already," cried Lionel, "by that hound's telling."

"Married, yes, but only according to Gypsy use (did you jump the broomstick, Perun, or how was it?), and in the eyes of the English law a Gypsy marriage is mere concubinage. So that need not trouble you. But did he, Sir Charles Glemham, never find it out, Perun?"

"Ay, he did, and he went off, went off to furrin parts."

"And during his absence used you ever to see your—cousin?"

"See her, why, I pretty well lived at the house. Lansdowne Cottage it was called" (as Lionel knew it was), "and rare times I had, too. There was a butler there, Kenzer his name was, but we called him 'Sergeant'; and it was Sergeant here, Sergeant there, and nothing too good for me."

"And Sir Charles Glemham never came back?"

"Ay, he come back wonst, Dr. Watson."

"And caught you?"

"No; it was me caught him, sneakin' into the garden. And I took him, and shook him, and chucked him in a briar-bush. Lord! I often wish I'd broke the neck of him." That at least was uttered with sincerest passion.

"And what said she, your cousin, to all this?"

"She come riding arter me, Dr. Watson, and begged me take her with me, only I couldn't that day. And I s'pose when she got back to him, he knocked her about, used her cruel, so as she took to her bed, and died when *he* was born."

"You 'suppose,' Perun; your supposition is foolishness: no, limit yourself to fact. But you are yourself

acquainted with the subsequent facts, Sir Lionel. You know with what loving solicitude Sir Charles Glemham tended your infancy; you remember how he would hardly let you out of his sight, and, when he did, would be constantly writing to you. Yet ill-natured gossip has it, that an old flame of his, whom he wished to marry, insisted, as the price of her hand, on your being brought back (or brought for the first time, was it?) from Germany to Fressingham. Was it she too insisted on the translation of the remains of her predecessor from Devon to Suffolk? That was your special grievance, Perun, was it not?"

"Mine? what, Dr. Watson?"

"The removal of the body of your cousin from Plymouth to Fressingham."

"He'd better not have," said the Gypsy, hoarsely. "He was to cart her about just as he pleased, was he, and him never wonst nigh her grave. Why, I'd go there every twelvemonth regular, and some years two or three times in the twelvemonth, 'cos I thought she'd feel lonesome among a lot o' nasty *ganjoes*.<sup>1</sup> Yet 'twas a beautiful place too, all grass and scrubs and flowers, and the sunshine and wind on her grave, and you could hear the sea there—dear wench, she did love the sea. So I went that year, she was gone; my lord has had her dug up, and carted away, and laid in a poverty stone cellar, for all the world just like a jail. 'Damn him,' I says, 'but I'll be even with him yet;' ay, and I was too afore I was done. It was you wrote and told me where they'd put her, Dr. Watson, for you was living at the time at Fressingham, in that old Gibbet Mill. I don't know rightly now what you were shaping at, but I know my lord must have been in it, 'cos 'twas for him you got Wester here to let you have Wanselo for your grandson. But you told me that time when I come to you first by Brummagem as I was to get my wish, and 'twere just after that you went to Fressingham. And I was to keep away, not show myself; but you wrote

<sup>1</sup> Gentiles, non-Gypsies.

and told me where he was, my lord, in Americay; and where he was, this young un, in Garmany. And then you wrote to me as he was coming home, and the boy to be fetched there too. And then about her, as I've named her too often to-day; and then you come and met me nigh to Ipswich."

"Yes," said Dr. Watson, "it was on Rushmere Heath you were stopping."

"Rushmere Heath it was, and 'twas there we made it up. I was for doing it at wonst, but 'No,' says you, 'let him marry her, let him enjy hisself a little: it will make it the bitterer.' So I waited, and long and by last you sent word as the time was up; and me and Wester travelled by the train to Woodbridge, and walked when 'twas dark to the mill. You weren't there, for you was away in London, but the dummy was expectin' us and looked arter us. Three weeks we bided there, and never stirred out but till nightfall; and Wester was wantin' to chuck the whole job up."

"Yes, you were against it from the first, were you not, Sylvester?" said Dr. Watson. "The wonder is, you engaged in it at all."

"No wonder that," replied Wester, who stood chewing a pin-thorn,<sup>1</sup> "for if I hadn't gone, Dr. Watson, Perun said he'd take Nathan. He's our cousin, is Nathan Boswell, and of all the cowards and big-mouths—there! I knowed if he went, it was bound to be all up with Perun."

"So you went from pure brotherly affection?"

"I went, Dr. Watson, for the sakes of our dead mother (God rest her dear blessed soul!), for when she was dying she said to me, 'My Wester, you'll look arter Perun; you'll take care of your little brother, that he mayn't never come to no mischief?'"

"Ah! you engaged in—well, in what you did engage in, to keep Perun out of mischief. Very good. Perun, proceed."

"But that evening the white pigeon come, as Wanselo

<sup>1</sup> A big thorn used to pin the tent blankets with.

was to fly, to tell he'd come riding alone. We went right to the ford, Wester in a soft hat something like he'd be wearing, and me with the sack full o' chaff what I kept ready. And I puts it in the middle of the ford, and muddied the water——"

"One moment, Perun," Dr. Watson broke in. "It was you, Sir Lionel, who told Llewellyn that water was fatal to the Glemhams; and he told me, and I told Perun—it made a deep impression upon Perun. So you muddied the water."

"Ay, muddied the water above, for fear he should see the sack, then waited. There's an old bit o' brickwork sticks out, and Wester stood just beyond that, and me under the arch. And at the ford the water was hardly up to my knees, but t'other side the bridge there's a pool with it over my waist. So I waited, waited, till I could hear the click-clack o' the horse's hoofs, and looks out to make sure it was he, and no one with him; then I first seen his dog, one o' them wicious Scotch sheep-dogs, a breed I can't never abide. So he comes to the ford, and the horse stumbles over the sack, was wery nigh down (I meant it to save his knees), but Wester grips hold of the reins, and me whips my lord from his saddle. He tried to wrastle me, but 'twarn't no manner o' use, I felt I could 'a held a score like he. Ay, though his dog was tearin' at me cruel, fastened on my left thigh here: I've got the marks still, and can feel it too, every year as that day comes round. And Wester there like a stuck pig, feared to loose the horse, and a-fumbling in all his pockets. 'Cut its throat,' I calls to him, but he didn't, just slashes its forepaw; but it dropt di-rekly, couldn't hardly scrawl out on the bank. 'There, off with his cloak now,' I says, and held him out to him; and Wester undid it, puts it on, and ups and away. 'Now, Sir Charles Glemham, I'm going to drown you,' I said, and he never said nothink, only looking stern at me. So I under the bridge, and puts him down in the pool. And I can tell you a cur'us thing. There was a terrible sight o' mice about the mill, and I'd caught half-a-dozen, and drowned them in a pail. Chuck 'em

in, and they'll swim and swim for ever so ; but hold 'em under, and maybe you can count fifty, then one dear little teeny bubble (that's the life, I s'pose), and they're stiff uns. He did struggle under water most tremenjuss, couldn't help hissself, I take it ; but then he growed deathly still, and I thought he was gone, though there'd never no bubble come. So I drawed him out, when he opens his eyes and looks at me—a nasty kind o' sneerin', hateful look. That wexed me : I druv his head hard agin' the brickwork, and he never stirred arterwards. I've been sorry for it many, many's the time, 'cos I can't never feel sartain-sure 'twas the water what drowned him. So I emptied the chaff out, and pops him in the sack, and carried it to the mill by the old mill-lade. And it hadn't took no time hardly, for it wasn't yet properly dark. But you know, Dr. Watson, that 'smuggler's hole' in the mill, where they used to keep the lace and gin and brandy and 'bacca : that's where I put him. Ay, and I pickled him—pickled my lord like a *mullo baulo*, a dead hog." And Perun laughed.

"Ay," he resumed, "for I'd got to go up to London, to see you, Dr. Watson, and tell you how it all happened, and to get that church-key made. I'd took the mould for it ; and your London chap made it proper. And you give me the print-writin' I was to cut on the coffin-plate, and I come back, and did it, and shifted 'em. Lord ! there warn't much left o' her, o' my Ercilla." It may sound ridiculous, but Perun wept.

"For mine she was," he said fiercely. "I alluz said she'd got to be mine. And years afore, when we was quite young children, and was sitting one evening around the fire, she'd said to me, '*Dordi !* my Perun, I'd dearly love to be buried at a tent-place ; it'd seem so natival.' And that's where she's buried now, at that wery identical tent-place. But where that is, no man shall ever know but Perun Stanley."

## CHAPTER VI

DR. WATSON broke the silence. "I must," he said, "be lacking in dramatic instinct, for I confess I do not see at exactly what point, Sir Lionel, you and your father should have fallen upon one another's necks. Your father I mean *de facto*, for you may still regard the late Sir Charles Glemham as your father *de jure*, or rather perhaps *de lege*, inasmuch as you were born in lawful wedlock, and he never attempted to challenge his paternity. It is a difficult situation to realize all of a sudden, and I should wish you to think it out carefully. Meanwhile, Perun, you and your brother had better leave us. And try, if you can, to keep sober."

Wester moved off, as if relieved at this dismissal; and Perun was following, when Dr. Watson recalled him.

"To fix himself, if not his attention, for what is coming, it may be as well, Perun, to use the fetter once more, I hope for the last time."

So Lionel found himself alone with Dr. Watson, and tethered up somewhat closely to a stout tent-rod. They were sitting facing one another at the upper end of the tent, and between them hung an oil-lamp, which Perun had lighted, and which shone down brightly on their faces. Lionel's head felt bursting; his blood seemed to be coursing his veins like a mill-race, and in his ears rang every word that he had heard.

"Lies, lies, lies!" he kept repeating to himself, as fresh doubts arose and assailed him. Lansdowne Cottage

—yes, that was where he was born ; and old Adam was there ; and till he was fourteen his father never had seen him, never had sent him so much as a single message. Yes ; but Adam had always said that his father could not bear to set eyes on the son because of the great love he had borne the wife ; strange, then, he should not have been present at that wife's child-bearing and death, and yet if he had been, he must have once at least seen the child. He was in England at the time too, for Lionel knew that Sir Charles had been present at the deathbed and funeral of old Lady Glemham, which took place about much the same date ; and besides, he—— “Lies, lies, lies !” that he should doubt the dear father whom he idolized, that father who was his ideal Bayard. But it was true about his mother's having been buried in Devonshire ; true that she had not been brought to Suffolk until the eve of Sir Charles's marriage with Dorothy ; no, that did not look like great love. Whose was the fault, then, if he had not loved her ? Lionel would not follow up that impious thought ; it was a sacrilege against his unknown dead mother. That filthy animal ! that vile and bloody braggart ! ugh ! his blood curdled with loathing. There came back this scrap of a talk of Mark Avenel's with him : “Perhaps, if a son knows that his father was a brave and honourable man, it is safer for him to rest satisfied with that knowledge. You have that knowledge, Lionel”——but had he ? had he ? “Lies, lies, lies !” he groaned once more within himself, then of a sudden was thrilled with the sense of the presence of Dr. Watson.

Yet Dr. Watson had been there all the while, had been sitting much as he was sitting now, silent and observant. Only somehow he seemed now to have turned his will on to Lionel, and to be striving to dominate Lionel's will with his own. His snake-like eyes were fastened on him intently ; his fingers, motionless but quivering slightly, were pointed towards him ; his voice, deeper than its wont, was low, but strangely audible.

"So you have grown conscious of it, Sir Lionel. There are, you should know, three stages of mesmeric trance. The first, which you have already experienced, is transient. The second, into which I am about to cast you, is permanent. And the third is more permanent still, for the third stage is death. You may go on with your thoughts, you may move as much as you please; it will make no difference."

"Snap your eyes if you want to," thought Lionel, "it's like being photographed." Ah! it is easy attempting to assume indifference, but the attempt is by no means necessarily successful. The fascination of serpents is said now to be a myth, but it would possibly seem a frightful reality if there was a serpent confronting one. So Lionel, though he tried to think of anything else, could think of nothing but of Dr. Watson, though he "knew it was all rot," could not help feeling sure there must be something in it. Something in it, but what then? was he to become the tool, the creature of this old miscreant, to lose all power of independent action, or even thought, to forget what honour and truth meant? He struggled fiercely within himself against that monstrous fear, and at the close of the struggle the snake-like eyes were still fastened intently upon him. Only they seemed so far off now; were they indeed then eyes, or what were they? Lionel felt as if beneath the focus of some mighty burning-glass; he was conscious only that he was losing consciousness, when the sudden hoot of an owl recalled him to himself: he could see Dr. Watson, and knew him for just Dr. Watson—Dr. Watson, moreover, plainly startled by the bird's cry. Lionel laughed aloud, and, as in the old fairy tales, the spell was broken. Dr. Watson instantly resigned the contest.

"Yes," he said, rising, "that was an unlucky interruption, especially unlucky for yourself." (Even while he spoke, there came the owl's hoot once more, quite close to the tent.) "I was unwise, perhaps, to attempt it; to-morrow we shall have recourse to sharper methods. Only think over all that you have heard to-day, and

bear one thing chiefly in mind: that you are grown dangerous to us with the knowledge you now possess, that you could hang your good father, and almost hang Sylvester, and me, you could get for me lifelong penal servitude, if not the gallows. So you are dangerous, Sir Lionel Glemham, unless——”

He drew from a pocket a whistle, and, going outside, blew it shrilly, waited awhile, then blew it a second time, remarking when he had done so, “Drunk again, I suppose, and I told the fool to keep sober.” Again he paused, and again was about to blow, when a husky voice came through the darkness, “It’s all right; coming ’s fast as I can come,” and Perun appeared with his brother. He was not drunk exactly, still less was he exactly sober: therefore he bore himself with singular gravity.

“Thought I’d give you lots o’ time to do it in, Dr. Watson,” he observed. “I sh’pose it’s all right; you *have* done it?”

“No, I have not done it,” Dr. Watson replied, irritably. “How on earth was I to do it with that cursed owl hooting all round?”

“Owls! there isn’t no owls here.”

“Oh, there are no owls, are there? No, of course I know what it was. It was a *mullo*, a spirit, sent to protect the lad—his mother’s probably; she was wailing all round the tent. And but for me she would have entered it, and torn him from us. And you meanwhile must be soaking; you reek of brandy. Can’t you leave it alone for once, fool?”

“And me never touching nothing hardly, only just one dear little teeny drop, to keep Wester company.”

“Sylvester is sober enough,” Dr. Watson said, shortly; “but then he knows better than thus to disobey me. Why, fool, I have but to lift my little finger, and in an instant you—— But pick him up, and take him to the caravan. Then come back at once, for I have much to say to you before I leave.”

Half drunk though he was, Perun lifted Lionel as he might have lifted a baby, carried him up to the caravan,

and there, having lit the lamp, re-chained him to the staple.

“And you’ve beat the doctor, have you?—beat the *gózvero gaujo*.<sup>1</sup> But you won’t beat me,” he said, savagely, as he stood swaying backwards and forwards in the doorway. “Lord! for the sake o’ two pins I’d knock yer stupid this instance. But mind yerself to-morrer, my fine fellow; mind yerself to-morrer, that’s all.”

With which he slammed the door, and left Lionel to himself; and Lionel sat long and thought of many things, but most of Marjory. He had known her more than five years now, and from the first had loved her, but his pity for her had always been stronger than his love. It was not her fault, of course, the circumstances of her birth; still, any good Catholic could not but regard them as a stigma. That he, the representative of one of the oldest Catholic houses in the kingdom, could marry the daughter of an ex-priest had never once entered his imagination; his love for her therefore had never till now been other than that of a brother for a sister. Whenever he had thought of her during the last few days, his thought had been merely, “How Marjory will miss me!” now his one thought was, “If I could but see Marjory!” Even if this story—this monstrous story—were true, he would still, he felt sure, be certain of her love; nay, she would love him, if possible, all the better because of it, for she always was kindest towards mongrels and cripples and beggars and friendless things generally. He had laughed at her sometimes for it, had told her she was wanting in proper pride—God! if that horror was true, proper pride would condemn one so abject as himself. He would have in that case no right to the name he had gloried in, much less to his rank and fortune; he would be the son of a murderer and an adulteress. And then came anger at having admitted that hateful thought, and then in some form or another the hateful thought recurred; so it went on for an hour, or possibly hours.

<sup>1</sup> Wise man, wizard.

But as he sat there in front of the fireless stove, he felt of a sudden a little draught from beneath, and heard a light rattle of something against the roof, followed by a like rattle of something upon the floor. Lionel glanced up, and next glanced down, and saw that a trap-door in the floor was open (the small trap-door through which one sweeps out a caravan), and that three or four tiny pebbles lay strewn around it. As he looked, a bell-mouthed tube was protruded through the opening, and from its mouth came a gentle "Ssh."

"What's that?" he cried, unheeding of the warning.

"It's me," said a whisper, "Sagul, under the wagon. But don't you talk loud for any sakes, fear you'll waken him. Put your ear to this thing—it's what Granny Evans hears through (leastwise, the little she can hear)—and your mouth to it when you speaks back. Can you hear me now what I'm saying?"

"Yes, yes; quite plainly."

"'Cos I'm here to tell you as we're all a-workin' for you, me and my daddy and mammy and Wanselo. Only they was feared for the doctor, but they won't be so feared now. It was me what hooted" (with a whispered laugh); "I was there all the time in the Arthurstone."

"But how did you get past the gate?"

"In a boat—the miller's, Mr. Evans's boat. Charlie, that's his son, lent it me; and Wanselo has fixed it up with a rope like a ferry-boat from our side the gate to the meadow, so as I can get in and draw myself along beneath the willows. I was in here last night, only he wasn't drunk then."

"Who?"

"'Credit Longsnout,' the fine handsome Perun."

"Your uncle."

"No uncle o' mine; I wouldn't own no such a down-come. Him and his Wise Man! and him and his nasty black dummy!"

"But where am I?"

"You're in his wagon—the fine handsome Perun's wagon."

"I know; but where is it? I mean, what place is this?"

"Llanfihangel, above the Welsh Hay. That's where he's stopping to, the pretty fine handsome doctor."

"What river is that, then?"

Sagul's answer sounded like "Why?"

"Because I want to know; because it might tell me whereabouts I am. What" (very distinctly) "is the name of the river?"

Lionel this time made out, "The Wye," so proceeded to ask next, "What day is this?"

"Tuesday?"

"But what day of the month?"

"Don't know no days o' the month; but Presteign fair's a week now come Thursday, and Christmas Day two weeks after that."

"Two weeks *and* a week; but aren't we well into December? How long is it since you left Oxford?"

"Oxford—why, the first night we stopped beyond Witney; and the next we drewed into Mr. Duffield's meadow, the t'other side Malvern; and next day (Sunday that was) we come through Ledbury, stopped in the Snaky Bottom; and next morning came on here. So that was like four days."

"But how long ago was that—since you arrived here, I mean?"

"Why, yesterday; we come here yesterday morning."

"Yesterday! and to-day Tuesday. Then it's less than five days, and to-day can only be the twenty-eighth of November. But it must be later than that, for the newspaper was dated fourth December."

"Don't know nothing about no newspapers, but don't you put no harkenings in anythink they tells you. And don't you have nothing to do with his pretty daughter."

"His daughter—whose?"

"His—Dr. Watson's—her what we seen wonst by Glasgow: he brought her out to us when we was stopping to Coathbridge. Lord! and she is a sweet creature—oh! a nice, dear, fine, handsome creatur'. Airs and graces and fallals, and she hadn't 'never been

used to low company.' And nothing in the blessed world but a *tatti luvni*." <sup>1</sup>

"But what has she to do with me?"

"She's got to have you, says Perun, and him and the doctor to come and live with yous. I could hear 'em settlin' it all, and Perun nod-nodding off, he was that drunk, and Dr. Watson raging on him awful. The doctor's gone now—druv home to the Welsh Hay, and Longsnout a-snorin' tremenjus. But I'd best be off, fear he come to, and catches me—and this moonlight like the broad day. Good-night, and remember as we're all a-workin' for you, me and my daddy and mammy and Wanselo. And Wanselo hopes no unpleasantness."

The ear-trumpet was withdrawn, but reappeared almost immediately, and the whisper added somewhat falteringly, "You might reach me your hand, if you would, through the trap-door, one dear little minute."

Lionel did so, and to his surprise he felt the hand covered with kisses; it was wet, too, with tears when he looked at it.

<sup>1</sup> A hot harlot. *Luvni*, like the Latin *lupa*, means originally "a she-wolf,"

## CHAPTER VII

“**L**AY down at worst on that bed, as I told yer. What! yer won’t?—then take that.” And with his open hand Perun dealt such a blow to Lionel as knocked him out of the chair where he was sitting, and stretched him on the floor of the caravan. “That’ll do,” he said, “just as well;” and, kneeling on Lionel’s prostrate body, he proceeded to measure it with a piece of string, and to mark off its length with a knot. Then he unfastened the padlock, coiled the chain up, and, picking up Lionel, carried him down the steps into the tent, where, as on the evening before, he tethered him to a tent-rod. “Sit there and watch us,” he said; “watch me and Wester digging.”

It could not be much past noon, but either Perun had been drinking again that morning, or the effects of his last night’s potations had not worn off yet; still, he and Wester fell to their task in a workmanlike way enough. First they removed the iron brazier to just outside the tent; next, where the brazier had stood, they measured off a distance with the string; and then with pick and shovel proceeded to dig a big hole, about six feet long, by three wide. Lionel watched them pare off the turf, and lay it on one side; but he watched them heavily, listlessly. He had hardly slept at all during the night, and felt frightfully drowsy now; indeed, it seemed to him afterwards that he must have dropped off to sleep, else that hole could never have suddenly grown so deep. Why, he could scarcely see their heads above the heap

of earth they had thrown out, and—— Good Lord! where on earth were those worms from? The place seemed crawling with them, and—ugh! there was one down his neck. He had always abhorred creeping things, and even in the old perch-fishing days he could never quite stomach the wormy part. He jumped up, wide-awake, but sick with loathing, and tore off his coat and waistcoat. As he did so, the brothers scrambled out of the hole, and Perun said sneeringly—

“Ay, never was such a meadow for wurrums; the sile’s fair thick with ’em. ‘Mammy’ (that’s what the boy said), ‘what was wurrums made for?’ ‘For the ducks to eat, sonny.’ ‘And what was the ducks made for, mammy?’ ‘For us to eat, sonny.’ ‘And what was we made for, mammy?’ ‘For the wurrums to eat, sonny.’ *Dábla!*<sup>1</sup> I wonder if these uns are hungry. Anyways, I’m thirsty. Give us another drink, Wester.”

“There ain’t not a drop in,” Wester answered, also thickly, as he turned down a good-sized tin pannikin, “and the kettle too’s empty.”

“Then go you fill ’em,” said Perun, who seemed to take the lead of his elder brother; “and I’ll bide here agin’ the doctor come. Only look sharp back; and here’s the gate-key.” Wester departed, carrying the kettle, and Perun during his absence busied himself collecting the worms, and flinging them back into the hole—“to be ready,” he remarked, with an unpleasant grin. Lionel said nothing; he was firmly resolved to say nothing; but he knew what that hole was now. Presently Wester came back.

“I ain’t but three-parts filled it,” he said, “’cos you know what the doctor telled us; and I spilled half the kettle bringing it across.”

“And why,” asked Perun angrily, “couldn’t you ’a filled up the bottle with water, then?”

“’Cos I likes mine neat,” answered Wester; “but there’s plenty more water where that comes from.”

He poured himself out a drop into a teacup, and then

<sup>1</sup> God.

handed the pannikin to Perun, who poured out for himself too, and then, as if from sheer contrariety, filled his cup up to the brim from the kettle. He swigged it off at one gulp, and fell straightway a-spluttering.

"By gum!" he said chokingly, "that'sh ver' strong brandy, and more'n half water too. Wester" (with drunken solemnity), "best fill up bottle 'th water, for doctor comin'. You've got keep shober, doctor said."

"All right," answered Wester (and one might have fancied that Wester winked), "'twere a pity to waste good—water;" and he filled up the pannikin from the kettle, screwed the top on, and handed it to his brother, who consigned it to a deep pocket. Just then a shrill whistle sounded from the gate.

"That's him," said Perun; "go you and let him in, Wester; I'll shtop here. But don't let him see you're drunk. He *is* drunk," he added, as he watched the retreating figure, whose course was decidedly zigzaggy. Then he turned savagely on Lionel.

"And you beat th' doctor, did you, my fine fellow? but you won't beat me; you won't beat Perun Sthanley. For when I says a thing's got to be, it's got to. And don't you go looking at me likes that, 'cos I won't have it, not if it was ever so. D—n you, you think you're somebody, I sh'pose. You're like th' whole—breed on 'em, you are. Why, I can tell you somethink——"

"And I can tell *you* something, Perun Stanley," Dr. Watson's voice broke in sternly; "that, if you have not a care, you will provoke me beyond endurance. Fool, am I to waste my time and energies and intellect for a drunken hog, for a dolt that without my assistance would now be rotting in a felon's grave? Off with you, straight or crooked, to your precious brother; and if, when I want you, the pair of you are not sober, then——"

"It matters the less," he continued, as Perun slunk off towards the gate, "for, if it is to be done, he will have to be drunk to do it; and if not, for us he may be drunk or sober. Sir Lionel, I will not apologize for his blackguardism; a son should overlook a father's weak-

ness. H'm! I see he has been busy" (looking down in the hole as he said this), "but of that presently. First I desire to make you a full and frank confession—the story of my life. It will take some time to tell, but it is not uninteresting, and it is necessary for your proper understanding of why you are here, and of what I design for you in the future. You have your pipe with you, I hope, and your tobacco. And there are matches."

So seating himself comfortably where he had sat on the previous evening, Dr. Watson began—

"Whatever our friends here may believe, I am not a hundred years old. A hundred—they are not over strong in figures or in history; and I fancy if I were to tell them I had been an eyewitness of Charles the First's execution, they would not dream of gainsaying me. But a claim should never be founded save on reason or unreason—the unreason of others is a very secure foundation—so I make no such claim to you, for you of course would simply laugh at it. Yet I do possess the knowledge and experience of a hundred, ay, of a hundred and thirty years: it was in 1746 that my grandfather was horn at Elgin. I could not sketch the story of my own life without having first sketched his, for I and my grandfather are—— But I forgot: as a Catholic you will not know your Bible.

"His reputed father was an opulent merchant of that northern burgh; his real father was of a rank so exalted, that Robert Watson, the lowly physician, might, had he chosen, have borne the royal arms with the bar sinister. (Elgin lies on the road to Culloden.) The merchant, who was a sour Hanoverian, detested both the boy and the boy's mother, a lady as unfortunate as she was beautiful; so infamous became his treatment of them, that the pair resolved to escape to America. The vessel they sailed in from Greenock was wrecked upon Sable Island; and though my grandfather managed to reach the shore, he reached it without his mother, and, alas! too, without his mother's husband's savings. I have heard him narrate his five months' horrid sojourn among the wreckers of the 'Sailor's Grave': at last he was

taken off by an undermanned whaler, and in her worked his passage to Hull. From Hull he proceeded to London.

"He was barely eighteen, he knew not a living soul in the great city, he reached it with less than four guineas in his pocket: in two months' time he had found a wealthy and powerful patron—found him by one of those fortunate accidents that are always presenting themselves to whoso dare seize them. He had sought to find 'honest' employment, and naturally had failed; he was returning one afternoon from such a search, half starving, to his garret in Brooke Street, when he observed a Church dignitary slip out of the opposite house. My grandfather had often studied that house from his attic window; raw Scotch lad though he was, he could not mistake its character. Therefore now he looked after this dignitary curiously, and, behold, a silk handkerchief was hanging half out of his tail-pocket; quick as thought my grandfather whips it out altogether. Not that he meant for one instant to purloin it; no, he had formed a design, which he put into prompt execution. He followed the divine into Holborn, heard him call a chair, followed the chair to Essex Street, and saw him alight and go into a fine house, the door of which was opened by a serving-man.

"Hardly had it shut on him when my grandfather knocked boldly. 'I would speak,' he demanded, 'with that clergyman who has just entered.' 'Speak with that clergyman!' said the footman; 'the likes o' you speak with Dean Beaumont!' For my grandfather's apparel was mean; fortunately from his mother he had acquired a breeding congruous to his origin. 'Yes,' he replied, 'I would speak at once with Dean Beaumont; and I counsel thee, fellow, to deliver him my message, else it may cost thee thy livery.' 'Message!' said the man, taken aback by this language, 'you never gave me no message.' 'Tell him,' says my grandfather, 'that Mr. Brooke-Holborn must see him.' 'Twas a ready device, and a happy one; with no more ado the serving-man goes and returns, and ushers my grandfather into a handsome library.

“The dean was standing there beside the fire-place; he was a bland and holy-looking man, advanced in years. ‘You desire to speak with me, young man,’ he said mildly. ‘Leave us, Joshua.’ But no sooner was the door closed upon Joshua, than, ‘Sirrah,’ he cries, ‘what means this monstrous intrusion? why hast thus dogged me? But I know thee, I know thee well, for the brother of that unfortunate young female, the profligate brother who panders to her shame.’ ‘Sir, you mistake,’ said my grandfather; ‘I understand not your meaning.’ ‘How?’ said the dean, ‘but you sent in the name Brooke-Holborn, and from Brooke Street, Holborn, am I but now returned, where I have been ministering to the wants—the spiritual wants—of a distressed gentlewoman.’ ‘I know,’ said my grandfather, ‘for I live right opposite, and have often observed you’ (which was false, but he looked the dean hard all the while in the face, and noticed him flinch); ‘and just now from my window I saw you let drop this handkerchief. I hastened down, picked it up, and ran into Holborn in time to see you disappear in a chair. I followed it to your door, and thinking you might not care I should inform your servant *or any one else*’ (looking hard at the dean still), ‘I sought to deliver it personally to yourself.’ And handing the dean his silk handkerchief, my grandfather made as though he would withdraw. ‘Stay,’ said the dean, ‘I first would reward your honesty and discretion,’ and offers a seven-shilling piece. ‘Sir,’ said my grandfather, ‘the favour were tenfold if you could put me in the way of some employment.’ ‘Honest employment, I trust,’ says the dean. ‘Honest *and discreet* employment,’ replies my grandfather.

“The dean thereupon put many questions to my grandfather as to his manner of life, and my grandfather told him everything, or so much at least as seemed to him judicious. ‘H’m,’ said the dean, ‘but how then didst know my name?’ (The serving-man probably had told the dean that Mr. ‘Brooke-Holborn’ inquired for him by name.) ‘Frankly,’ replied my grandfather, ‘so often seeing your reverence, I was curious to learn it,

and nothing is difficult to curiosity.' 'H'm,' said the dean again, 'and thou wilt know hers also, the gentlewoman's, I mean, for whose welfare—her spiritual welfare—I am concerned so deeply?' 'One could hardly live two months opposite,' replied my grandfather, 'and not know that. Indeed, it was the coupling of her name with Dean Beaumont's that arrested my attention.' 'But,' said the dean, all a-tremble, 'they do not know my name—she cannot know it; I have taken good care of that.' 'Does she not?' said my grandfather; 'her brother, at any rate, knows it, and knows too your place of abode. For I heard him nine days ago vaunting much of your reverence to an ill-looking fellow in the Blue Boar tavern.' 'Alack!' cried the dean, 'scandal ever flies swiftly from tavern to coffee-house; and just now too when my lord bishop is *in extremis*. Would God I had complied with her request! Harkye, Master Watson' (for my grandfather had informed him of his name), 'you know this brother, then?' 'Nay, sir,' replied my grandfather, 'hardly to say I know him, for we have barely exchanged a dozen words together.' 'Still, you might tell him,' Dean Beaumont said, pondering, 'or, better still, you shall carry word to Mistress Fitzherbert, that I will do as she desired, will send her brother to Edinburgh, there to study medicine, and there to remain till his studies are accomplished.' 'But,' said my grandfather, 'I know not Mistress Fitzherbert save by name and sight; nor am I certain I would exactly choose to——' and he broke off, all Joseph-like chastity. 'Tush!' the dean answered, 'I will give you a note to her, and rest assured, Master Watson, if you fulfil this message to my satisfaction, you shall not find me ungenerous.'

"There was more discourse passed between them, the upshot of all which was that my grandfather called the next forenoon on Mistress Fitzherbert, dressed otherwise than he had been the day before, when he followed the chair to Essex Street. He knocked, and presently from behind the door a woman's voice called, 'Who's there?' 'A messenger,' he answered, 'for Mistress Esther Fitz-

herbert from Dr. Barsham' (for such was the name by which the dean passed in Brooke Street). The door opened a little way, but still was kept on the chain, and a tawdry madam with a fiery face looked forth. 'Here,' she said, 'give me the letter, I'll take it up to her.' 'Nay, but I am to deliver it only into her own hand.' 'But she ain't up, I tell you; she—— From Dr. Barsham, said you?'

"And with a little more parley she admitted my grandfather, and bidding him wait there in the lobby, went up-stairs to 'see if Mistress Esther was awake yet.' She was long gone, and, it being dark and ill-smelling in the lobby, my grandfather had grown weary of his waiting, when some one descended the stairs, and, making for the door, brushed rudely against him. 'Plague on thine awkwardness, fellow!' said a fine-gentleman voice, and its owner drew forth a perfumed handkerchief, and dusted his sleeve where it had touched my grandfather. Then he undid the door and passed out, but not before my grandfather had seen that he was young and comely and gallantly dressed, with scarlet coat, gold-laced hat, cane, and rapier.

"A few minutes later Madam's voice called from over the stair-head that he might come up now ('now, aha!') thought my grandfather), and, mounting, he was shown by her into the bed-chamber of Mistress Esther, who was not yet risen, even hardly awake yet—she was yawning so terribly. Her name may have been Esther Fitzherbert, but it might well have been Biddy O'Rooney. Anyhow, she would have been delightful under any name; the good dean had been lucky in his penitent. 'Och!' she said, 'and are you the new messenger? shure! 'tis a new thing intirely him sending a message at all. But where is it, then?'

"She took it, and ran her eye over it; its contents were of the briefest, merely stating that the bearer, Mr. Robert Watson, had somewhat of importance to communicate. 'Bedad, then,' she observed, 'and ye don't look it. But out with it. Oh! it's her you're minding'

(as my grandfather glanced towards Madam). 'And what good would that do? She'd be bound to have it out afterwards, as she always has iverything out of me, and off me too for that matter. But she shall pack, if you want it. Countess' (with the air of a stage-queen), 'you may quit the aparttment.'

"Exit Madam, demurring, and, soon as she was gone, my grandfather explained to Mistress Esther that Dr. Barsham had sent him to say that he relented; that, moved by his, Mr. Watson's, kindly mediation, he was willing to send her brother to Edinburgh, and maintain him there while he made his medical studies. Where-upon Mistress Esther broke into immoderate laughter.

"'Me brother!' she cried; 'bedad! but it's good of the doctor, and it's grateful I am to him, and so will me brother be too. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Only I'm not that shure Patrick hasn't altered his mind, and is for studying the law here in London, not mid'cine at Edinburgh. And ye knòw him yourself, then?—ye tould him ye knew me brother?'

"'Yes,' said my grandfather quietly, 'I know him quite well by sight—wears a scarlet coat and a gold-laced hat, and puts musk on his handkerchief.'

"'Och! ye thafe of the world, and it's spyin' on me ye are; and what do I care then for you or your Dr. Barsham? And him an ould grey-headed reprobate, should he thinking of his Maker—bad cess to the making of him and the likes o' you! A couple of black-hearted Protestant Englishers.'

"'Nay,' said my grandfather, 'I at least am no Englishman.'

"'Shure! and ye're not Irish, else ye'd never be prowlin' around a distressed countrywoman.'

"'No, Irish am I not, but a true Scotchman.'

"'And is it Scotch ye are? and a mighty dacent people the Scotch is. Faith! then, I know a Scotch gentleman meself, and a cliver singer he is, and how does his song go?' And she lilted clearly and tune-fully—

'What can a young lassie,  
 What shall a young lassie,  
 What can a young lassie,  
 Do wi' an ould man!'

“ ‘ And isn't it thru now ? Not that he isn't a nice, kind-hearted ould gentleman, only for him to be jealous, jealous of “ me brother ” (ha, ha !). Listen, Master Watson dear, and I'll tell ye the whole of that comedy, for you'd never be for repatin' it. It came like this, you see. I was taking the air one evening on the river with Captain—shure ! and I'll tell ye his name, ye'll not divulge it—Captain Archibald Restalrig (he's a raal army officer, and third son to Sir David Grant Restalrig), and there was another boat passed us quite close, and Dr. Barsham into it. I made certain he'd seen me (but he hadn't), so I tould him the next day 'twas me brother Patrick I was out with. And it's thru enough I once had a brother Patrick, only I don't know rightly where he is now, without he's dead, for then 'twould be aisy guessing. And the ould man got asking me about me brother Patrick, what he was ; and I tould him “ a student.” And then another time I came in late, and found him waiting on me—the ould doctor, I mane, had been waiting for nigh two hours : and that was me brother Patrick had detained me. And another time 'twas a dirty little trifling account, and what, pray, had I done with all my last money ? so av coorse I had given it to me brother Patrick. Long and be last the ould doctor got angry, and said he wished Patrick was further, and I said I wished it too, and that Patrick wished it himself, for he was dog-tired of his hell-raking in London, and was wishful to learn the doctorin' in Scotland—wouldn't Dr. Barsham assist him ? No, he said, he wouldn't, short and stiff, and I tould him he might keep it. So that's the end of the ould man and his ass.’

“ ‘ Don't you think,’ said my grandfather, ‘ it might rather be the beginning ? ’

“ ‘ As how ? ’ she asked.

“ ‘ Thus. You are right, I would not for worlds

betray you : to do so would go sore against my conscience. Still, the stomach is mightier than conscience, and if I was starving, it were hard to say what I might do or might not do. But if I was in Scotland, if I was sent to Edinburgh by the—Dr. Barsham to study medicine, I should be far removed from London and temptation. You follow me ?

“ ‘Anan ?’ she said, then broke into a laugh. ‘Av course I do : ye’d pass for me brother Patrick. Faith ! it’s beautiful.’

“ ‘Yes, it is not half bad,’ said my grandfather. ‘You see, Dr. Barsham is gravely suspicious, but if I was to tell him that I had seen and spoken with your brother, that he threatens all manner of things, but really is anxious to be sent to Edinburgh, where Dr. Barsham’s command of the purse-strings would keep him in absolute dependence—yes, I think I see my course pretty plainly before me. And you, Mistress Esther, would equally be free from the possibility of my betraying you, and ye-es, again—it would hardly pay you to betray *me*. Is it a bargain ?’

“The bargain was struck, and the plan was carried out duly, with this development, that my grandfather was to accompany Mr. Patrick Fitzherbert to Scotland. For, as he pointed out to Dean Beaumont, there was a Morayshire bursary which, with a trifling augmentation, would enable him to support himself creditably at Edinburgh college, and then, why, then he would himself be four hundred miles from London, and, besides, he could keep an eye on Mr. Patrick.—By the by, would the dean care to have an interview with that young gentleman ? What, by no means ; well, possibly his reverence was right, only Mistress Fitzherbert had seemed so to wish that her brother should profit by the dean’s exhortations. No, she never spoke of him as ‘the dean’ ; to her, she said, he would ever be ‘dear Dr. Barsham.’

“Of course, the trifling augmentation was forthcoming, and during the three years of his medical studies in the northern metropolis my grandfather wrote regularly to Dr. Beaumont, who from dean had mean-

time been promoted to Bishop of Exminster. In his letters he described the career, by no means too reputable, of Mr. Fitzherbert, who was not, it appeared, overgrateful to his benefactor, but in his cups would threaten a descent on Exminster unless further supplies were remitted *per* Robert Watson. As they were not unfrequently; but in his third year, shortly before he should have taken his degree, Mr. Fitzherbert 'sickened of a putrid fever' (the details were unsavoury), and, dying, was buried in the Greyfriars churchyard, Edinburgh. Good Dr. Beaumont defrayed the burial expenses; and my grandfather three months later passed his final examination with distinction."

## CHAPTER VIII

I AM not going to inflict on my reader the whole of Dr. Watson's narrative. It opened badly, and it went on very much worse: at least, two-thirds of it were "quite unfit for publication." Besides, it was terribly prolix. Dr. Watson suffered from the *lues Boswelliana*: his seemed to be a Ptolemaic system whose centre was "MY GRANDFATHER AND I," both uttered always in the largest capitals. Not that he mouthed, but that a sense of wise complacency appeared to pervade all his narrative. How much of it was invented as he went along, or how much really quoted from those famous diaries, Lionel could no more tell than he could tell how much of it was truth and how much lies. It bristled with the names of popes, kings, and such-like exalted beings; and it solved, or professed to solve, a score of mysteries, from the disappearance of Mr. Benjamin Bathurst to the discovery of the flowered carpet-bag "on the pier of a bridge, which you, Sir Lionel, have reason to remember." Thus, true or false, it was sufficiently curious; still, here such few bowdlerized extracts must suffice as are indispensable for the thread of this story:—

"... It was in 1793, the year of the death of that madman, Lord George Gordon, that my grandfather had married Cecilia, widow of the sixth Lord Rollo, and sister to the Chevalier de Johnstone. A poor enough match for him; but from it sprang a remarkable woman, my mother. I have it on the authority of Mr. G. A.

Sala (he did not know it was my mother he was speaking of) that from Cecily Fitzwalter the late Mr. Thackeray drew the heroine of *Vanity Fair*. But, whilst I will not deny that 'Rebecca Sharp' has certain attributes in common with my mother—beauty, cleverness, wit, versatility—my mother could never have been guilty of her fiascoes. For, as she began well, so she ended better; nor once, to the last day of her long life, did she neglect to profit by an opportunity. Truly, I owe much to her counsels and example. On the other hand, one of my fathers was undoubtedly 'Lord Steyne's' prototype. One of my fathers say I, for there were two who disputed the honour of my authorship—the celebrated Viscount Haileybury and the scarcely less well-known Col. Luttrell Monifieth. I may have my own doubts as to both; but from both I derived substantial benefits, which were cut short only by the death of the former in his eighty-first year, when I was but fourteen years old, and by the bankruptcy hardly a twelvemonth afterwards of the latter, he having run through the whole of his third wife's fortune. It was then that my grandfather came to my assistance. He, like myself at the present time, was wanting an assistant and successor; and from the middle of 1825 until his death in the autumn of 1838 we were almost inseparable. Boy though I was, I was initiated by him into his deepest secrets; with him I travelled over the whole of Europe; and when I too studied at Edinburgh, he was constantly with me, for about that same period he had often to visit the Highlands. And it was to me at the last that he committed everything, his diaries, his papers, his wealth. That was at Bath, the city of my birth; and from Bath he went back to London, where, penniless and alone, at the age of ninety-two, he strangled himself in an obscure tavern, by twisting his neckcloth with a poker as with a tourniquet. I knew that it was to be done; and, indeed, it was time he should do it, for during the last two, or perhaps three, years of his life his magnificent intellect had grown much enfeebled. I remember, the last day before he left Bath, we played a game of chess together;

and I purposely made a blunder (not, of course, a too obvious one), to see whether he would notice it. He did not, and, on my pointing it out to him, he said it was time he were gone, that he felt he might make just such another oversight in the larger game in which we were engaged. Naturally, I did not endeavour to dissuade him; still, I could have wished to be able to be with him in his last moments, to guard against any possible indiscretion. It might not be; and, as a matter of fact, he did chatter in true senile fashion to the keeper of the pothouse where he died: my one comfort was to feel that he was dead.

“And what a comfort the news of his death must have been to scores of the very greatest ones of the great world!—what a shock must have been the discovery that he lived still in the person of his grandson! I look younger now than my years, though I am not old, for if I attain but my grandfather’s span of existence (and he, you remember, curtailed it), I have twenty-seven years more to run. But when I was nearing thirty, I looked a good ten years older; and then, as now, I bore a striking resemblance to my grandfather. I could ‘make up’ wonderfully like him, and our voices are absolutely identical. So you may conceive the stupefaction of Lord Tannington when, one day early in 1839, I waited upon him in Downing Street. I sent in my card, ‘Robert Watson, M.D.’, scarcely expecting that he would receive me. But he did, after some delay—enough, I imagine, to summon a detective in. If so, his services were not required. No, I thought his lordship would have swooned when he set eyes on me; and when I went on to speak, to remind him of the old story” (Dr. Watson told it to Lionel: it was sufficiently nasty), “he simply asked me what I was wanting *this time*. I verily believe he took me for my grandfather, come to life again somehow and rejuvenated. I told him my want, but I never got it, for that very night Lord Tannington blew out his brains.

“Yes, I could write a most curious essay on ‘The Convenience and Inconvenience of Suicide,’ pointing out

how sometimes I have had quite as much difficulty in withholding one man therefrom, as in impelling another thereto. There was a Nonconformist minister over whom I had a strong hold, which I should have been most sorry to see loosened. I found that he was contemplating suicide, and I employed the argument that after all one could not be certain: it *might* be out of the frying-pan into the fire—Hell-fire. That argument told, and it was the only argument would have told with him, for at bottom he was a deeply religious man. On the other hand, there have been those among my co-operators who, knowing that it was either neck or nothing—Mr. Calcraft's noose or respectable self-annihilation—have yet hesitated: with such men I am apt to lose patience. Certainly, one should never dissuade or advise without knowing the exact circumstances. . . .

“You wonder possibly I am not afraid of trusting myself among these Gypsy desperadoes, of placing my life in the hands of your father, my dear friend Perun. I have no apprehensions whatever on that score, for I adhere to my grandfather's methods of life-assurance. You will have heard tell of Wainewright, Thomas Griffiths Wainewright, Wainewright the Poisoner? No! you surprise me. Well, he had been an officer in the Guards, but had sold out and taken to diletteism, painted in a gentlemanly way, and wrote gentlemanly articles for the reviews, and married—married on a few hundreds a year, and lived at the rate of more thousands. Naturally he had come to the Jews: through them my grandfather got to know of him and know him. He proved most useful to my grandfather, for he had the *entrée* of very good society; and presently he thought that my grandfather might prove useful to him. He poisoned his uncle with strychnine (it was his first attempt, and a clumsy one), and he called in my grandfather as a medical man to certify to the cause of death. By his uncle's will he fell into a largish inheritance, and he calculated that, being deeply in my grandfather's books, he would be safe with him, that my grandfather

would not denounce him, for fear of lying out of his moneys. My grandfather neither denounced him nor dunned him : he simply used him twice as much as ever before. Wainewright at last grew lazy or impatient ; he invited my grandfather to dine with him in three days' time. I believe I can tell you what followed in the very words of my grandfather's diary :—

“So I drove down to Turnham Green, and, dinner over, Wainewright goes himself to the cellaret ; and “What are you for now, Dr. Watson,” he asked, “port or sherry, sherry or port ?” “Port,” I said, and he brought out port, then, hesitating an instant, said, “No, damme, I think I'll take sherry,” and brought out sherry. He poured us out each our glass, and sat sipping his own, and rattling away in his customary lively fashion : suddenly, “You're not drinking, old boy,” he said. “No,” I replied, “I was trying to remember whether to-morrow is my day for writing to my lawyer and the bank.” “More money-grubbing,” he laughed, “old guinea-bags !” “No,” I answered, “a formal precaution of mine. I send every third or fourth day as the case may be a message in cipher to my lawyer acquainting him with my immediate plans, any engagements I may have, any possible peril that may threaten me. I do not send him the key to the cipher : that goes to my banker. But if, when the next third or fourth day comes round, my lawyer does not receive a similar message, then he has instructions to go at once to my banker, and my banker has instructions to deliver him the key to the last message. No, I remember now, this is only Thursday, and it was Tuesday when—*Ventrebleu !* Monsieur Wainewright, your much-prized Venetian glass !” For, grabbing at something or nothing across the table, he had upset and shivered both my wine-glass and my decanter : the mahogany was swimming with port wine. “A thousand pardons,” he stammered, “ten thousand pardons, my dear doctor, but I was reaching for the olives—no, I mean, that fruit-knife. How damnably clumsy ! But *do* have a glass of this sherry.” “Thank you,” I said, “but I think I will stick to port.

You might, Mr. Wainewright, bring out the other decanter, the one *without* the label. Yes, thank you, I thought as much. And there'll be a second decanter of sherry (is there not?) *with* a label." So I sat and talked with him, and drank my port, half-an-hour or more before I left for Town—I had to do most of the talking. Mr. Wainewright, I fancy, will henceforth be trebly useful.'

"I have told your father," Dr. Watson went on, "of a similar device of mine, brought down to the level of his comprehension, and I feel perfectly safe. It was sufficient to *tell* him: as a matter of fact, not a soul really knows where I am."

"And what if I told him that?" asked Lionel.

"In the first place he would not believe you, and secondly, if he did, it would do you no good, but harm. Besides, it was told you in confidence. No, no one would ever be wiser, if I disappeared here in Radnorshire."

"I thought this was supposed to be Carnarvonshire."

"Yes, it was," Dr. Watson said coolly, "but it really is Radnorshire, in Llanfihangel parish, and the other side of the river is in Brecknockshire. That was simply part of the mystification which was meant to render you a ready subject to the mesmeric influence. And to-day is not the ninth or tenth of December, as you will be thinking if you duly studied the tobacco wrapping, but the twenty-ninth of November. It was Yusuf 'set up' that scrap of newspaper; he copied it, all but the date and that paragraph, from a page of the *Birmingham Post*. I had him taught the compositor's craft in a deaf and dumb institute at Paris three years since; and sometimes (though not in your case) his skill has come in very handy. It was he, too, who shaved you the morning of our arrival (he is an excellent barber); and it was I who took out the balance and the lever of your watch, let it run down, and then replaced them. Chloroform and sleeping-draughts explain themselves, and I think there is nothing else. Or is there anything you would wish me to account for?"

"Nothing, unless how your great grandfather, I mean

your wonderful grandfather, could he certain he was safe till the dessert?"

"A very acute question that, Sir Lionel, but Wainwright most likely would eat ostentatiously of the soup, and partake ostentatiously of the sherry or champagne, or whatever it was during dinner. Remember that my grandfather was watching for the danger, and spoke only when the danger showed itself. After all, Wainwright was of very little use afterwards: in barely a twelve-month he had to fly the country. He was one of those men who will exceed their instructions; he always would be cleverer than his counsellor. His mother-in-law—that came off capitally; but the sister-in-law's business was shamefully mismanaged. He never touched one farthing of her insurance (it was fifty thousand pounds sterling). It has always seemed a pity to me, for she was a beautiful and most accomplished girl. Myself I have never consciously been guilty of gratuitous cruelty, that is to say of cruelty at all. Mistaken cruelty?—well, yes, it may be, more than once; and, mind you, mistaken cruelty is as crass a blunder as mistaken kindness—with the last, at any rate, I cannot tax myself. No, I aim at treating my co-operators well, as I would treat a horse well. Only, they have to co-operate.

"'Who are my co-operators?' you will ask, perhaps: I answer, 'Any one, everybody.' If you ask me next, 'What are they?' my answer is, 'Holders of secrets.' Now, there are some who receive secrets *ex officio*, as it were—doctors, confessors, procuresses, lawyers, bankers, telegraph-clerks, and money-lenders. There are others who receive them unofficially—wives, mistresses, valets, ladies'-maids, *id genus omne*. My original bait for most of these is money; afterwards comes in fear of exposure, fear of jail, fear of the gallows, and so forth. Your excellent father, now, there is nothing he would not do for me, because he fears me as a dread magician, and because he knows too that I could consign him to-morrow to Portland, that is, if I felt mercifully disposed. With him the bait was not money, but revenge. And with some it is a wife, very likely another man's, or ambition,

or curiosity (for one may barter secrets) ; still, as a rule it is money.

“As to which of all these classes is the most useful, that depends. Doctors might be, unquestionably, but they so seldom will, at least the better class. No, there was one young man of high promise, from whom I looked for great things, and whom I accordingly established in a neighbourhood where I had particular need of a co-operator. I advanced him the money for the purchase of his practice ; his house was furnished with my money ; and on my money he married. Yet, would you believe it, he chose to affect indignation the very first time I put a question, quite an innocent question, to him about one of his patients. *He* had to come under, though, for I had another hold on him than money—ye-e-es.

“Confessors, again, the few whom I have employed, have been men on whose word I could place no kind of dependence. They will tell you this and that about any one, but ‘this’ will be always false, and ‘that’ very seldom true. There was Father Brangan, for instance. I knew what he had been guilty of, and he knew that I knew it ; but, out of pure love of lying, as it seemed, he fooled me with a story so improbable that I fancied it must be true—I believe that he was sorry for that afterwards.

“Money-lenders, on the other hand, are safe. No man ever goes to a money-lender quite openly: there is always some one he would not wish to know of it. You will have had no dealings with the tribe, but you have probably heard of the mythical ‘friend in the City.’ He is not such a myth after all: my grandfather and I have made him a reality, ourselves have assumed the character. It is a popular fallacy that all money-lenders are old and rich: why, I have set up a dozen needy young men in the profession. I guarantee them against loss, and allow them a large percentage of profits; every applicant to them is really an applicant to myself . . .

“Then there are the Gypsies: I omitted to mention them, but they fall between the two classes. Them-

selves most credulous, they are objects of credulity; and their women, as fortune-tellers, are the recipients of numberless secrets. But to me the chief value of the Gypsies is their ubiquity. They may go anywhere, stop any time, and depart at the shortest notice, without exciting surprise or suspicion; and I may visit them in the capacity of doctor, or, disguised as the blackguard who guided you to the encampment, may accompany them in their wanderings. I can disappear in one place, and re-appear in another, a hundred, two hundred miles distant. The secret of my power over them, the reason they are willing to serve my ends, is ridiculously simple: I know their language, I can *rokka Romanes*.<sup>1</sup> They guard it jealously, but there is one rare work, from which I acquired a knowledge of its mysteries. The Gypsies, however, have never heard of that work, and so they ascribe my knowledge to omniscience. Yes; I remember the very first Gypsy who ever came to consult me; it is thirty years since now. I challenged him to test me, told him I should know what he said, though he said it in French or Italian. 'But you won't know what *bongo grei* means,' he said, and I answered, 'lame horse'—that Gypsy was an uncle of your father's, Sempronius Stanley. In my grandfather's time—he had hardly any dealings with the Gypsies—they had their 'wise men' dotted all over England and Wales; to-day they have only one, Dr. Robert Watson, to consult whom they would journey from Land's End to John o' Groats. . . .

"Again, there are my unintelligent agents: not that the foregoing are by any means always intelligent. There are old newspapers, old magazines, and the like. One time and another I have gone through the whole of the *Annual Register* from its commencement; and whenever I am about to settle in a new place, I always go for some days before to the British Museum, and run over the files of the local newspaper for years and years back, noting down carefully old crimes, old accidents, any strange events generally. In this way I am able to tell

<sup>1</sup> Speak Gypsy.

men of things that happened in their native place fifty years before, a hundred years before, with a fullness and a precision that amaze them. It takes little to amaze men. I remember in my first interview with the late Sir Charles Glemham I firmly convinced him of the truth of a cock-and-bull story by an imaginary blunder—Yusuf, my clairvoyant, had seen him at a bull-fight in Spain, when it should have by rights been in Mexico. Yusuf, as a matter of fact, had done nothing of the kind. No, your father, Perun Stanley, came to me near Birmingham, seeking information about a Sir Charles Glemham. By the help of my *grimoire*—in reality a Baronetage, a work Perun had never heard of—I told him that Sir Charles was born on December 27, 1832, had served in a bare-legged regiment, and so forth. Perun of course was immensely impressed, and told me everything he knew about him, including your existence, of which the Baronetage said nothing. Naturally that set me thinking; and having occasion at the time to fix myself in Suffolk in connection with the great Jennings inheritance, I chose Fressingham for my residence, and there learnt a great deal more, from Sergeant Mackenzie, through a clerk in the Thwaite post-office, and in other ways. I learnt that Sir Charles was in Mexico, and that you had been brought up at Göttingen; I knew of your being brought from Germany, and of Sir Charles's expected return. I was the first to greet him in Fressingham; and afterwards, had I chosen, he would have admitted me to the closest intimacy. But it was with you, and not with him, I had to do. Might I trouble you for those matches again!"

## CHAPTER IX

"I TRUST," Dr. Watson resumed, after lighting the lamp, for night had fallen, "that I am not wearying you" (he spoke as if that were impossible), "but it was necessary I should explain my system to you with some little fullness, and myself I have really enjoyed our talk. You will now be able rightly to appreciate the advantages of the position I am prepared to offer you. I offer to make you my partner and ultimate successor, and I propose to cement our partnership by a closer alliance, of which anon. There is an obstacle—I need not dwell on it<sup>1</sup>—to my own advancement beyond a certain point; but *you* may, with my assistance, attain to anything: I can make you the Premier of England, a premier as young as, or younger than, Pitt. That sounds astonishing, does it not? that takes away the breath. But you, Sir Lionel, are a young gentleman of very much more than ordinary abilities. I have watched your career at Oxford with the deepest interest; indeed, at this moment my one concern is that I have been forced to interrupt it. Still, it will be easy to concoct a story—I have drafted one roughly in my mind already—that will be perfectly satisfactory to your college authorities, and will invest you moreover with a 'romantic halo' in the eyes of the British public. So that need not trouble us.

<sup>1</sup> In 1847 Cecil Fitzwalter, *alias* the Hon. Ralph Rollo, *alias* Robert Watson, was sentenced at Chester assizes to five years' penal servitude for attempted blackmailing (*Times* newspaper, 13 July, 1847). This perhaps was the obstacle.

It is not your scholarship, your first-class in Moderations, that I set so much store by, as your unmistakable gift of oratory. I have heard you four, no five, times at your Union—I attended the debates ‘made up’ as a country parson—and I was struck even more by your marked and steady improvement than by the brilliancy of your maiden effort. You can speak, and you have ideas, or rather you have a power, more valuable still, of assimilating the ideas of others. In your last speech, for instance, I recognized several views that I have heard enunciated by your late guardian, Mr. Discipline.”

“Him!” Lionel flung in scornfully. “That does not speak much for your discernment.”

“Quite right,” Dr. Watson assented, “always stick to it they are original. But all I meant was that you will be qualified to profit by ideas that I will communicate, yes, and by what is worth more than all the ideas in the world, by the facts, the hidden facts, the secrets that I can impart to you. There is not the statesman, the noble, the man (or woman) of position about whom I cannot tell you something. There is Mr. —, of him I can tell you the exact truth about Madame Cora Dathan’s and the Oriental habit; and Mr. —, about him and the little house in St. John’s Wood with the green gate; and Lord —, I know why his ‘uncle’ never married; and so I could go through the entire list. ‘Virtue’ is but a euphemism for ‘secret vices’; and there is not one of them but I know something about him, something to his discredit, or to that of his nearest and dearest. And that knowledge, Sir Lionel, shall all be yours. Not to use necessarily, so much as to possess it: one should never make use of knowledge except as a last resource. But to know something of a man that he would not for the world have known, and to have him know you know it: it is a delightful feeling that, and I have felt it often.

“Take your own case, for instance. Supposing you escaped (which involves, of course, my allowing you so to do), you would always feel there was some one who knew what you are—the wrongful heir, the false Sir

Lionel. The feeling would cramp all your being; a generous action on your part would always be really a meanness; you could hardly be proud of your 'proud station,' for the thought of it would invariably suggest your vile origin. That is, supposing you do not bow to the inevitable, that you do not come over to me. But you will, you do; then things wear a different aspect. It will seem to you laughable then that you, the real offspring of two vagabond tinkers, of an assassin and a harlot, should be the bearer of an historic name, the possessor of a great fortune, ay, and the wielder of England's destinies. You will have a delicious sense of freedom from all responsibilities, for, with such a parentage, why trouble yourself about virtue or honour or any of the other *idola nobilitatis*? Yet at the same time you will be allied to the noblest blood in the kingdom. Look here."

From a letter-case Dr. Watson drew forth a photograph, and handed it to Lionel. That of a girl of twenty, it seemed to recall to him some painting or engraving that he must often have seen before: perhaps it was the dress, which resembled that of the seventeenth century, or the little light ringlets, clustering closely about the brow. The face was a pretty one, but spoilt by an air of vanity and petulance, and by a subtle under-look of cunning and hardness. Dr. Watson received the card back, and before returning it to his pocket, gazed at it almost affectionately.

"Yes," he observed, "there is something of myself, but far more of her mother's namesake and ancestress, Henrietta Maria. As we journey northward, I will tell you in full that marvellous history, how her grandfather, the only son of Prince Charles Edward, was at his birth entrusted to an English admiral, and by him was brought up as his younger son. He entered the navy himself, married, and left two sons and one daughter. The last became my wife (I was her cousin already on the wrong side of the blanket); and now between this girl here and the throne there are only the lives of her uncle, Charles Edward Stuart, Count d'Albanie, and of his son, who,

though married, is childless. It seems a kind of irony of fate that you 'Sir Lionel Glemham,' should wed the rightful, but dispossessed, heiress of three kingdoms. For that is the high destiny before you. From the hour of her birth I cast about for one on whom I might fittingly bestow her hand; in you, the first time that I heard of you, I knew I had found the man. I had of course then no conception that you would prove so worthy of my choice; as it is, our course is comparatively simple. You, as I pointed out, are with my assistance to become the foremost person in the State; as such, you will guide things to a revolution, which will turn out the reigning dynasty, a house never endeared to the nation; and then, at the proper juncture the claim of your wife, my daughter, will be published. It is irresistible, supported as it will be by a vast mass of documentary evidence, including letters from the First Napoleon, the Duke of Gordon, the Earl of Moray, the Marquis of Bute, Lord Lovat, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Sir Howard Douglas, and many others. Some of these, you will see, contemplated just such a revolution, as far back as the Reform Bill, when, in anger and despair at William IV.'s tergiversation, they offered the headship of the Conservative faction to the late Count d'Albanie, John Sobieski Stuart. You look incredulous: do I seem, then, to you to rave?"

He did indeed, yet his voice was as equable as though he were enunciating a proposition of Euclid. He seemed to proceed from one argument to another with the easy conviction that both were irresistible. Lionel said nothing; and, apparently satisfied, Dr. Watson went calmly on—

"So there really is nothing much more, except for you two to be married, the sooner the better. Henriette's girlhood has mostly been passed in France, but she is at present in Glasgow, in an Ursuline nunnery. Oh, yes, she is a good Catholic; there will be no difficulty on the score of religion. Let me see, then, we can travel up to Scotland by easy stages, and reach Glasgow in from three to four weeks' time. Only meanwhile there is one

little formal precaution, a document—No, how stupid of me! there is another point, which I was very nearly forgetting. You cannot reasonably be expected to entertain a strong filial affection for your father, for Perun Stanley; and he might in the future prove most embarrassing to both of us. There is really no place for him, though he thinks there is, in our plan, under which you, the great Catholic baronet, are to marry the heiress to the crown of England. So it might be as well to rid ourselves of his presence. I could, but I will not, hang him, for, with the gallows in immediate prospect, men are apt to disclose very inconvenient secrets. But I undertake, on my word as a gentleman, to get him consigned for twenty years or even longer to Portland or Dartmoor or some other such seclusion, where he will have ample leisure to meditate on his past and to reconcile himself with offended Heaven. That, I imagine, will be a great relief to you. And the document I was speaking of, will you kindly write it down from my dictation. Here is ink and pen and paper—paper, you may observe, bearing the mark of ‘William Hunt, Tavern Street, Ipswich.’”

And Dr. Watson dictated—

“20th October 1869.

*Fressingham Priory.*

“‘MY DEAR FATHER,

“‘Sir Charles is going to ride over to Henningham’ (you might spell it with one *n*) ‘at four this afternoon. He will be alone. I am sending this by Anselo. So I remain your tatcho chavo,’ (that is the Romany for ‘true son,’ is it not?)

‘LIONEL.’

“Thank you so much,” he added, as he stretched out his hand for the paper. “I hope your handwriting has not altered greatly in the past six years: it used, I remember, to be very German in character. Anyhow, that will do.”

Would it, though?—this was what Lionel had written—

“I would sooner be chained to a leper or a putrefying corpse than to that man” (he could not bring himself to name him), “but I would sooner be chained to him than chained to a thing like you, Dr. Robert Watson.

“LIONEL.”

By rights Dr. Watson should have shot at Lionel a glance full of fury and malice and disappointment, the glance of the baffled Tempter. He did nothing of the kind. He read the paper, folded it up carefully, and placed it in his waistcoat-pocket; then, perhaps for five minutes, sat eying Lionel meaningly.

“Ah!” he said quietly at last, “the next best thing to winning a game is losing it gracefully. But I have not lost the game yet; at the worst it will merely be drawn. Drawn? no, Sir Lionel, *checkmate for you*. You are no fool, and you must know you have not been brought here to fool with me. With or without you, I leave this place to-night, never probably to return. If without, then——” he broke off, and glanced significantly towards the hole. “If I go, and Perun comes back and finds you here, he will pitch you into it. Whether he will finish you off before doing so, I cannot say, but I doubt it: Gypsies have a superstitious horror of blood-shedding. It must be a painful death that, to be lingeringly stifled. I remember reading lately about a man who had been buried alive and was exhumed: they could see he had gnawed his right arm. And if ever they discover your remains, the discovery will excite no suspicion. For this meadow, which Perun has been renting these two years back on purpose to bring you here, is full of skeletons; it was a pre-historic burial-ground. Some day they will howk up your skull, and a learned antiquary will make it a text for a lecture. I

half forget their jargon, but your skull should be brachycephalic; you cannot be long-headed, if you reject my offer. But you have not rejected it finally; and I do not think you will upon reflection. I have no wish to seem precipitate. I have spent on this game great part of the last dozen years; I can spare fifteen minutes more" (he paused and laughed). "The first time I saw you at Oxford, you were rowing in a boat-race. I had heard you were to row in it, and I wanted to have a good look at you, so, disguised as the country clergyman, I made my way down the towing-path, and having found the Morham boat, stationed myself opposite it. I recognized you at once, and was pleased by your great improvement. Why I recall this now is because I remember the way they started the boats—counting out the minutes and the seconds of the last minute. I will do that now. I will tell you when the first five minutes is up, and the next five minutes; and the last minute I will count out second by second. Before I reach the sixty, I feel confident you will capitulate: otherwise, 'Mort sans phrase,' I warn you in Sieyès' words."

Dr. Watson drew out his watch, a handsome gold repeater, and sat holding it in one hand, his eyes always fastened on Lionel, and his bald head a little thrown back, so that it rested against the tent-blanket. There he sat motionless, silent, the cruel thin lips pressed tightly together, silent even when Lionel, stung by a sudden fury, sprang at him to strangle him—— No, the chain brought him up, he fell back: Dr. Watson had calculated his distance. If he would have gone on speaking, it might not have been so horrible; for horrible it was, that grave and its worms, and the thought that in fifteen minutes—— Fifteen minutes! it was too long or too short to form a decision in, the more so when that decision was one of death or life, of honour or dishonour. Should he not feign to accede?—a promise extorted thus could never surely be binding; on the journey to Scotland there must be some chance of escaping; that Gypsy girl had said her father was ready to help him; he hated the notion, still—— No, no, ten

thousand times no. If that foul story were true (and he half, more than half, feared it was), if he were the spawn of that cowardly murderer, then he might and would palter with faith and courage and conscience. But a son of the brave Sir Charles Glemham, would he, could he dream for one instant of——

“Five minutes up.” And still Dr. Watson sat motionless, his eyes always fastened on Lionel.

Lionel looked around desperately; at such moments the eye takes in everything. It was a frosty evening, so still that he could hear the ticking of the doctor's watch, and bright with moonshine, which cast strange shadows on the opposite tent-blanket. That one must be the end of the caravan, for he could make out the fret-work carving; and that one, the birch-tree before it; and that low round one, a bush or a boulder; and that one—pshaw! to be fooling away the few minutes in guessing at shadows: could he not hit on some, any chance of escape? Could he not snap this tent-rod to which his leg was tethered? an ash tent-rod as thick as one's wrist is not to be easily broken. Should he not shout? cry aloud for help? no, he would reserve that for the last emergency; that, he thought, could but hasten the end. The end! but it was impossible they could seriously contemplate this villainy; they were merely trying to frighten him. Why, that Gypsy man called himself his father, he could never be meaning to murder his own—— That man *had* murdered Sir Charles, and knew that he, Lionel, could hang him. As he would, as he would, as he would: if a wish could have done it, he would have hanged him then; and that old man, that execrable monster, him he would torture, torture slowly with such——

“Ten minutes up.” And still Dr. Watson sat motionless, his eyes always fastened on Lionel.

A great horror fell upon Lionel; he strove, but in vain, to pray. No prayer would come to him, but only a silly old story of a Scotch farmer, driving from market, whose horse ran away, and who “kenned naething but the Lord's Prayer, and that was no use ava.” Ah!

but the *Ave*, yes, he would try and recite the *Ave*; and hurriedly, blunderingly, Lionel began: 'Ave, Maria, gratia plena, gratia plena, plena, benedicta tu in mulieribus, in mulieribus, yes, Dominus tecum: et benedictus, bene——'

"One, two, three, four, five, six," Dr. Watson began counting slowly, still sitting motionless, his eyes still fastened on Lionel. "Seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven," and lo! at "eleven" the shadow of the bush or boulder rose suddenly and expanded into that of a mighty woman, wielding a mighty hammer—Lionel would have shrieked aloud, but he could not: he could only gaze wonder-struck, voiceless. "Fifty-one, fifty-two, fifty-three;" the hammer went up and descended. "Fifty-four, fifty-five, fifty-six;" and again it was poised aloft. "Fifty-seven, fifty-eight, fifty-n——"

Crash! crunch! and on Lionel's lips the "wersh" salty taste of blood, in his mind's eye the vision of Irving as Louis XI. Bald Dr. Watson had toppled prostrate in front of him; and there was a great crimson splotch on the tent-blanket, where his head had been leaning against it.

## CHAPTER X

WHAT followed seemed like a dream to Lionel afterwards, a vivid dream, but with all a dream's unreality. The Gypsy girl, Sagul, darted into the tent.

"Quick, get up," she cried, "the gate's open, and Perun that drunk he can hardly scrawl."

"But I can't," said Lionel, "for I'm chained, and he's got the key."

"What, him?" Sagul asked, with a glance at that huddled figure, "in which pocket? where did he put it?"

"No, the other one," Lionel said, shuddering; yet he felt more like laughing than crying.

"Then he hasn't, for I have: he gave all his keys to my daddy, and my daddy give 'em to me." And producing a bunch from her pocket, Sagul knelt down by Lionel, and essayed to unfasten the padlock. There were only five or six keys, and first she selected the smallest, next one rather larger, then tried all the rest in succession. The padlock remained fast.

"*Dadía!*"<sup>1</sup> she murmured, "I'm all of a dither,<sup>2</sup> and my eyes like Three-eyes', only none on 'em good for nothing. Here, try you, you're better used to 'em. Or I could cut the rod through easy in half a—H'st! *shukar, shukar.*"<sup>3</sup>

She had opened a large clasp-knife, and was about to fall to on the tent-rod, when there reached them the sound of lurching footsteps and husky oaths. Quick

<sup>1</sup> "My father!" a common Gypsy ejaculation.

<sup>2</sup> "Tremble."

<sup>3</sup> "Quiet, quiet."

as thought she extinguished the lamp, pushed up the tent-blanket at the bottom, hustled Lionel through, and crawled after him to the outside of the tent.

"It's the pretty Perun," she whispered. "Lord! I wish I'd got the tent-mallet. But you've kept the keys? Don't breathe, only try and undo it."

The lurching footsteps drew nearer and nearer till they seemed to enter the tent: then there was a fall, and a fresh explosion of curses.

"By G——," they heard him say, as he scrambled up again with much difficulty, "I was very nigh int' it, into 'e —— grave. Dr. Wa'shon, I-say, Dr. Wa'shon. Doctor'sh gone, an' lamp'sh gone too; an', hullo! what devil'sh that?" (as his foot seemed to trip over something). "Oh! it'sh you, ish it? it'sh Lionel, 'e —— baronight. Doctor'sh gone, left 'im. Then I know, I know. Where'sh shpade?"

There was a sound of dragging, and next a heavy thud, and presently the shovelling of earth. Sagul cut a small slit in the tent-blanket, and looked through.

"Oh! my dear blessed Lord!" she exclaimed, but always in a low undertone, "if he isn't a-buryin' the doctor. *Dábla!* and how he can work too, and him drinking that gin with his brandy, as you thought it was water, my Perun. Go it, my Perun, go it; you're doin' splendid, owlacious, magnificent. Dear heart! but it's comical. How my daddy will laugh!"

"It's off," said Lionel, "the key turns the other way." He had been working away half mechanically at the padlock, and suddenly it had opened.

"Then it's time we was off too," said Sagul, "but bide one dear little instance. I must just see what Longsnout's up to, and, sartain-sure, he won't catch us a-runnin'. Well, of all the play-actings—— Ah-h-h!"

For Perun, after more than half filling the grave up, had suddenly collapsed. Down went the spade, and down he went on the top of it: a moment later there came a deep, long-drawn snore. Sagul's eyes and teeth gleamed in the moonlight, as, again quick as thought, she caught up the padlock.

"That's the right key into it?" she asked, "and that's how it works? yes, like that. I won't be a moment."

She dived back beneath the tent-blanket, and re-emerged in barely a minute with a ringing, triumphant laugh. "I've done it," she cried, "I've handcuffed the fine handsome Longsnout. Often I've heard him boast, Ne'er a man should put handcuffs on Perun; and there! I've done it! I've done it. 'Twas too small for his leg, so I padlocked it on to his wrist. Now he may wake or not: I wish he would, just to let me see what he'll look like. Wanselo, hi! here, Wanselo."

Anselo stole up furtively, with a scared and astonished look, as though he thought Sagul must have taken leave of her senses. Except that he had grown into a man, he was not much altered from what he had been in the "Llewellyn" days: the old curl of lip was still visible beneath a small dapper moustache. He was of a slighter build and very much fairer than his brother Pyramus.

"It's all right," said Sagul, in response to his questioning glance. "Perun's gone and buried the doctor—Dear Lord! I did fetch him a crack, but his head looked that round through the tent-blanket. And then I suppose he was tired, for he fell sound asleep right a-top of him (don't you hear him a-snorin'?), so I chained him up, chained up my noble Perun, like you'd chain up Trusty the watch-dog. You can see him through here; and doesn't he look lovely. Ah!" she continued, contemplating him herself, "and you were for burying my Lionel, were you? or he was to marry that old man's daughter, was he? For the sakes o' one pin I'd do the same by you; I'd——"

"Let him be, Sagul," Anselo broke in nervously. "Time we was starting off, and Sir Lionel here looking deathly. I've put the mare to, had her in half-an-hour already."

"What, in my daddy's wagon?" said Sagul, "no, no, but we'll take the fine Perun's, for it runs twice as light again. But I say, Wanselo."

“Yes, what is it?”

“Is the dummy waiting for him?” (Sagul laughed as she asked it); “is he up at the Hollybush still?”

“No, he never put up there at all to-day, drove back right to the Hay. And from something what Perun said, I don’t believe as the doctor was going back there, leastwise not to stop. Him and Perun and Sir Lionel were to have started off somewheres this very night, and we were to follow after, Hereford, Shrewsbury, and Chester way.”

“That’s better. Here, we two’ll walk on to the gate, and hide in my daddy’s place ag’in you’re ready.”

It was less than two hundred yards’ distance, but Lionel never knew how they got there, never had more than a dream-like impression of the frosty moon shining above, of the field spinning suddenly round, of a supporting arm, of the kindly, pitying face of Mrs. Stanley, of Sylvester drunk, but less drunk than he pretended, and of a departure——, then rumble, rumble, rumble for hours, days, weeks, and months.

## BOOK IV



## CHAPTER I

THOSE "Stranger Adventures of a Caravan" will never be written, for they were a blank, or all but a blank, to Lionel. He tried some years after to retrace their wanderings, but in vain. So far as he could remember, they seemed to have touched hardly any of the great towns that lie on the direct route from Radnorshire to Scotland. On the other hand, now and again he hit by sheer accident on places that he must have seen either then or in some state of pre-existence—the three tall spires of Coventry; Dursford village green, with its shattered cross; Chesterfield and its twisted spire; a hill that may be seen from the train near Appleby; and Branston, with children bathing in the river. Where, then, were those other scenes which lived even more vividly in his memory—the meadow in which a band of young men and women had come and sung hymns to them in an unknown tongue (query, Welsh); the haunted house on the hillside (a child could have seen it was haunted); and the grey common or moorland on which one early morning, the mist having lifted a foot or two off the ground, he could see plainly the legs of the cattle, but not a sign of their bodies?

One thing at least he knew, for Wanselo told him this,<sup>1</sup> that it was at a town or village called Newton or Newtown that he lay for weeks ill of a fever. "And

<sup>1</sup> In their walk to Clun, of which in the last chapter.

the doctor's name there was Tufnell, and he *was* a Tough un, said Sagul. He wanted to send you to the hospital, but she wouldn't let him, wouldn't suffer no soul hardly anighst you, only her. And when you come out o' the fever, you seemed that crabbed and sorrowful, wouldn't speak, nor wouldn't eat scarcely; and Dr. Tufnell told her you was dangerous, that you might start up any night out of your sleep and kill us. So he said she should place you in the 'sylum, that there was no one in the world could do no mannerable good to you, without it was Professor Macgiven of Edinburgh; he'd been a student himself there, I fancy. And me and Sagul talked it over atween us, and she says, 'Twill be better for Lionel to kill me, than for me to go kill my Lionel, as it would if we put him in the 'sylum.' And we started right away from Newton, and never had no more doctors till Sir Andrew Macgiven, but Sagul just tended you herself. Only many's the night, bor, I laid awake tremblings for fear of you."

Yes, that was at Newton or Newtown, but, then, there are a hundred places of the name. And it must have come pretty early in the wanderings, though hardly so early as Sagul's discovery of the silver tea-pots of guineas and sovereigns, for Lionel could remember that distinctly. There were five of them, hidden in a rude secret place beneath the caravan's bunk; and Lionel could see Sagul sitting with her apron all full of gold, and could hear her say, laughing, "*Dábla!* how ever shall we get through all this money?" It was Perun's hoardings, his and his mother's and her mother's before her, that ought to have been divided between the two brothers, "only the fine handsome Perun collared 'em, and my daddy, simple-like, let him. Lord!" Sagul ran on, "I wish I could tell how it went when we come away from the meadow. There'd be a fight, I know, betwixt him and my daddy; and, for all he's that big, my daddy can always best him, if he'll only fight cautious, 'cos my daddy ain't one o' your toss-pots. I would love to ha' been there to see it. And when he heard 'twas the doctor he buried! And

him fast with the handcuff! I wonder how long it would be 'fore my daddy loosed him."

That merry, bonny brown face, with its gleaming teeth and its flashing radiant eyes, how often it came back to Lionel in dreams years afterwards! He could see her seated on the footboard driving, and now tossing up a smile to himself, as he stood leaning over the half-door, now exchanging a greeting or a jest with some passer-by. "Well, you be a jolly lass," he could remember an old farmer saying: his yellow gig was coming down the hill, and the green caravan going up it. And also he had a remembrance of evenings when the rumble-rumble of the caravan had ceased, when it was "drawn into" some pleasant meadow, and when he would read and re-read aloud a story of a certain "King's Son, who was enchanted by an old Witch, and obliged to sit in a great iron stove which stood in a thick forest." He may have read other stories, but that was the only one came back to him; that was the one of which Sagul seemed never to weary. Yes, he could see her sit listening, big-eyed; and in his ears rang an echo, "My Lionel."

And at last, one warm June afternoon, the meadow they "drew into" was within a mile of Edinburgh town. A burn ran through it, and on the burn was a sawmill, and there was also a pretty little house, in which lived an old Quaker lady and children who looked as if they had stepped out of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. She was a chatty old lady, and was presently chatting with Sagul, who informed her that she was herself called Richenda Lovell, that her two brothers' names were Leonard and Goliath, that Leonard last year had had a bad sunstroke "nigh ag'in' Gorselar," and that they had brought him to Edinburgh to be cured by Professor Forgiven—"I'd scorn to tell the truth to *mumpli gaujoes*"<sup>1</sup> was a favourite maxim of Sagul's.

"Professor Forgiven, art thou correct in the name, Friend?" the old Quaker lady inquired.

<sup>1</sup> Miserable Gentiles.

"Ay, that's it," persisted Sagul, "'cos I prays every night in my prayers as my brother may be forgiven: Dr. Tufnell said nought else could save him."

"That is true, Friend, we all have need of forgiveness; but I doubt thou must mean *Macgiven*—Sir Andrew Macgiven men call him now."

"Macgiven, forgiven: then I'll pray as he may be macgivened. But where is his house, ma'am? for I'll call in and bid him come out here."

"His house is in Charlotte Square; I am acquainted with him. But knowest thou, Friend, his fees? two guineas at the lowest, or five, it may be, to come hither. Now to-morrow morning thou couldst hire a machine, and take thy brother to the Infirmary, where he would see Friend Macgiven gratuitously."

"No, no, ma'am, I'm not for no 'firmaries, or hospitals, no, nor 'sylums. But five *guineas*, well, now, that's cur'us. Why, I'd gladly give fifty. For whatever does it si'nify, leastwise when a püsson has got it."

Accordingly that same evening, a little past seven o'clock, Sagul alighted from a cab, and rang the bell of a large house in Charlotte Square. She was splendidly arrayed, perhaps a trifle too splendidly, in a flapping black beaver hat, a yellow silk neckerchief, a scarlet opera-cloak, and a black satin gown. The door was opened by a solemn butler.

"I'm come for Professor Macgiven to fetch him to see my brother. You're not him?" she asked dubiously.

"Me, young woman, the notion! You don't seem to be aware that *Sir Andrew Macgiven, Baronet*, is not in the habit of seeing *anyone* after five."

"Baronight, what's *he* a baronight?" Sagul was beginning, with a vague idea as to "Baronet help baronet," when she was interrupted by a mellow voice: "Now, Hopkins, I can't have you philandering with pretty girls on my doorstep."

The speaker, who was dressed to go out to dinner, was a gentleman of sixty, florid and white-haired, a sort of small edition of a Roman Emperor. He had a

courtly bearing, that exasperated his enemies, for he was "only a crofter's son."

"Me, Sir Andrew!" said Hopkins indignantly, "but it's you the young person's come after."

"In-deed! Excuse me" (with a bow, to Sagul), "I had no conception I was the favoured party. You don't look much in need of a doctor."

"No, my gentleman, I mean Sir Andrew, it's not me, but my brother. He's had a very bad fever, and Dr. Tufnell said you was the only doctor in England could cure him; and she, the old lady in the funny bonnet, said it was five guineas, and I've brought 'em, and there they are." And from a deep under-pocket Sagul extracted five gold pieces, and handed them to Sir Andrew.

"A fore-handed payment, tut, tut! And, bless me! five actual guineas! Why, I never saw so many together. Where on earth did you get them?"

"Out of one o' the teapots," said Sagul apologetically. "If I'd known, I'd 'a brought it you in notes instead, only she said 'guineas,' and I can't abide them Scotch pound-notes, they do smell so."

"Ah! they do, you think; but here, take back your guineas, at any rate till I have earned them. Yes, I'll look in some time to-morrow. Who are you? and where do you live?"

"I'm Richenda Lovell," said Sagul, "and we're Gypsies, we are, stopping into a meadow t'other side this town. You must go through there, you see, and then right along that street, and then turn to the right, and then keep on, oh! ever so; and you mustn't go up the hill, but take the turn to the left, and you'll see a white gate, and that's it."

"Rather a puzzling direction that to remember, and still more puzzling to follow. Let's see. Along Princes Street, and then turn to the right (that 'll be over the North Bridge), and then out ever so far. Ha! I believe I have it. Didn't you say something about an old lady in a queer bonnet? Mrs. Cunninghame, for a thousand. Did she call you 'Friend'?"

"Ay, did ehe, my gentleman; and you was 'Friend Macgiven.'"

"Of course, of course; I know the meadow well. By Jove, I've half a mind to (it will be a most deadly dull dinner); yes, I'll be hanged if I don't. Hopkins."

"Yes, Sir Andrew" (meekly, almost reproachfully).

"Tell Calder to go over at once to the New Club, and 'My compliments and apologies to Lord Bedrule, but I have been called out suddenly on a very important case.' And Calder may send a cab round; and have something for me to eat about nine, or soon after. We'll drive out together, Miss Richenda."

They did, by way of Lothian Road ("for fear old Bedrule might spot me"); and as they drove, Sir Andrew talked away gallantly to Sagul, whilst pointing out to her the Castle and the Meadows, Arthur's Seat and Craigmillar Castle. He seemed to her to know something about everything, even about the Gypsies, for nine years before he had attended one of the Lees, a cousin of her own, in a great encampment at Newington. But the instant he set foot in the caravan and came into the presence of his patient, his manner changed, he seemed in a way to dry up. He looked at Lionel, he examined Lionel, and he put a few questions, which Lionel answered listlessly and vaguely, or did not answer at all. "There; that will do," he then said. "You might come outside, Miss Richenda."

"Now," he asked her abruptly, "what's this shock he's had?"

"This shock," Sagul faltered, "what shock? Ah! it's the fever you're meaning, the fever I told you about, what took him last New Year by Newton."

"Yes, I know, but what caused the fever? He has had some great fright, I am positive. Come" (as Sagul still hesitated), "out with it. I must know everything exactly, if I am to cure your brother."

"But you won't tell, will you? Now, say you won't, my dear gentleman."

"Tell? what on earth should I tell for? You've not been committing a murder."

"No, it wasn't no murder, 'cos he was for murderin' him, so I hit him and killed him; leastwise, my uncle buried him."

"*You* hit him, and killed him! And who, in God's name, then, was he?"

"'Twas the doctor, sir; the old doctor."

"The doctor! the old doctor! you can't mean a medical man." And Sir Andrew seemed to be contemplating flight.

"Anyways, they called him 'the doctor.' And he was for mesmerizing Li—Leonard, and making him marry his daughter."

"Mesmerizing—marry his daughter—oh! he must just have been one of those quacks, the creatures that go round to fairs. Why, when I was in practice at Peebles, I remember one of my patients being all but poisoned with the nostrums of one of those miscreants. Yes, indeed."

Whereupon Sir Andrew, who was famed for his rapid diagnosis, and who, besides, like most Gentiles, could believe almost anything of the Gypsies, forthwith constructed a highly ingenious theory, which a few more shrewd questions, put by him, appeared to establish triumphantly.

"And your brother," he said, "saw you do it. I don't wonder it was a shock to him. Why, it was a shock, I can tell you, to Me. But the first instant I saw him I knew he had had some great shock—I couldn't, of course, be sure what. Now, has he always been used to this kind of life?" (with a jerk of his thumb towards the caravan).

"No, he hasn't, Sir Andrew," said Sagul, "which I wouldn't attempt to deceive you. For when he was quite a dear little teeny young boy, there was a gentleman, Squire Lucas, by Newton Abbot, had him into his house—and a grand house it is, in a park—to be brought up beside the young squire; and he was there, oh! ever so many years, and learnt to read and write beautiful, and to play the pianny, and do the 'rithmetic, and, oh! I couldn't tell you what."

"I knew it, I knew it: at least, I don't wish to pretend that I knew precisely *all* that. But there lies our course; that's what you'll have to do."

"What?" Sagul asked in perplexity. "Sartain-sure I'd willings do anything."

"You must for a while forsake your nomad existence; you must remove with your brother Leonard into a house, some cheerful house where he will have plenty to divert his thoughts, where everything will be new to him, or a reversion, rather, to a once familiar environment. Now, let me think. Hah! I have it. The Seton-Hepburns—Bothwell House—that huge empty barrack in the Canongate. The very thing, of course, of all others. I'll go in at once to Mrs. Cunninghame's, and scribble off a note to the professor, my brother-professor, the professor *in partibus*, or better, possibly, to Mrs. Seton-H. And you shall take it her to-morrow morning. Then, when you're settled there, you can drop me a line and tell me, and I'll look round and see how your brother is progressing. In six months hence I guarantee his complete re-establishment. No, no, no, no, no; put up those guineas, I have not half earned them yet. Good-night, Miss Richenda; good-night, my dear Miss Richenda."

"Now," mused Sir Andrew, as he drove in the cab back to Charlotte Square, "there's something uncommonly attractive about that Gypsy girl—— I suppose it's her native truthfulness. Only fancy her killing the quack doctor; one cannot, of course, feel sorry for the scoundrel. Gad! if she would but hit Seton-Hepburn on the head, *what* a relief to Edinburgh Society!"

## CHAPTER II

HIS cards bore "Professor B. Seton-Hepburn, Barthropolis University, Wis.," where the B. stood certainly for Benoni, and Seton for the S. of the days before he obtained the chair of Kosmology and the hand of Aurelia Barthrop. That was in 1870, when their united ages had amounted to sixty-three, she having the advantage of him in years as in wealth and social position. For he was then only a school-teacher, whilst she was the daughter of the "Lumber Monarch," Ulysses N. Barthrop, the creator of Barthropolis and the munificent founder of its university. At first her father was strongly opposed to the match, but finally he came round, and settled a hundred thousand dollars on his daughter.

At present, in 1876, the professor was thirty or thereby, with a lanky, disjointed frame, a Mirabeauesque mane, a flux of high piping words, and a faith (in himself) that should have moved not merely the Alps or the Rocky Mountains, but the whole earth, the universe: to regenerate the universe was one, indeed, of his foremost aims. Mrs. Seton-Hepburn, on the other hand, was a good-hearted, wizened, little woman, with nothing more remarkable about her than a profound belief in her husband that almost equalled his own in himself. She was not the least bit ashamed of her occasional Americanisms, whereas he was proud of possessing none—"I am cosmopolitan, Sir, I am; cosmopolitan to the backbone."

After the crash at Barthropolis, the professor had come to Europe, with his wife and her dollars, and many hopes, among them one that his father-in-law might not be released from Sing Sing before his full term was up. After a while he settled in Edinburgh, where he developed his "Scottish ancestry," and made a great noise, if not name. He was one of those men who are willing to support any speaker on any platform, to lecture on any conceivable or inconceivable subject, to orate in season and out of season. Such men have their uses or misuses; and before many months had gone by it was next to impossible to attend any public meeting, dinner, bazaar, etc., in Edinburgh, and not be favoured with a "few words" from the professor. And it was in Edinburgh that he developed his great scheme for the Deodorization of Hetairism. He unfolded it in the Queen Street Hall, which he had hired for the occasion. There was no charge made for admission, and the novelty of his subject (hardly any one had an inkling what on earth it could possibly mean) attracted a good-sized audience, for the most part consisting of women. "Aphrodite Anadyomene" was the text of his oration, and, being unintelligible, was received with a burst of applause. But little by little it began to dawn on the good ladies' minds what was the drift of this rhapsody, this cataract of phrases—"archæan promiscuity . . . high-priestesses of humanity . . . altruistic self-sacrifice . . . consecration of Nature . . . guardians of our domestic Lares . . . return to Hellenic ideals . . . the snapping of priestcraft's fetters . . . Lais and Apelles . . . Phryne and Praxiteles . . . Aspasia and Pericles . . . Diotima and Socrates . . . King Harold and Edith Swan-neck . . . Mary Stuart and Chastelard . . . Ninon de Lenclos and Condé . . . Romney's 'divine lady' and Nelson," etc. etc. etc. And as he proceeded to depict the Edinburgh High Street paced no longer by tawdry Doll Tearsheet and bawling Moll Flanders, but by white-robed, melodious Hetairæ, whose spirits should be purified by Wagner and Botticelli, and who thus should be "fitting helpmates for the stark warrior from the

Castle, the bluff blue-jacket from Queensferry, the silver-tongued orator of the Parliament House, or the keen scientist of Surgeons' Hall," there was a rustle, a rising, a general stampede. At the close of his lecture one lady only was left: she, stone-deaf and purblind, sat grasping a threepenny-bit, under the belief that it was a missionary-meeting, to wind up with a "silver collection."

But the professor was not a bit daunted—"Every avatar of the Zeitgeist is bound to be greeted with obloquy." He resolved to put his theory into practice, and to that end took a lease of Bothwell House in the Canongate, "the town-mansion, Sir, of my forebears." This last was addressed to the curator of the Botanical Gardens, who dryly advised the professor to take up the cultivation of insectivorous plants, seeing that Bothwell House at the time was a congeries of forty to fifty one-room and two-room tenements. But the professor gutted it, refitted it, and furnished it in the best Transatlantic style; then himself and his wife moved into it from the hotel which had hitherto been their abode. They were to have been followed by Doris, Rosalind, Cecily, Elsie, and all the other bearers of those pretty names he had selected so carefully (such re-naming formed part of his system, and the names were already inscribed in golden uncials on the doors of the "cellæ" into which Bothwell House was distributed). But wisest fate, in the person of Chief-Constable Arbuthnot, said No: he called on the professor, and pointed out to him very plainly that under Act this and that and By-law so and so he was about to become a nuisance and misdemeanant, who, if he persisted, would be sent to the Calton Jail and have his locks shorn. The professor talked of resistance to high-handed despotism, but did not go beyond talking; his wife was secretly glad, but would not for the world have owned her gladness.

So Bothwell House, which had until recently been peopled by upwards of two hundred souls, was empty now save for the professor, his wife, and their three "bower-maidens," when Sagul presented herself with this note from Sir Andrew Macgivern—

"17/6/76.

"DEAR MRS. SETON-HEPBURN,

"Knowing the professor's penchant for Bohemianism, I venture to inquire whether three veritable Bohemians might not be suitable inmates of Bothwell House? It is by my advice that they propose for a while to renounce their wanderings and come under a civilized roof, where I shall be able to call and attend the young man. Money, I know, is of course no object to you, but they seem to have a more unlimited command of guineas than any patients in the whole course of my practice. With kind regards to the professor, in haste, very truly yours,

"A. MACGIVEN.

"P.S.—I should have told you her name is Richenda Lovell."

Sagul rang, and her ring was eventually answered by one of the "bower-maidens," an attractive young person in a toga or chlamys or something of the kind, all white, who straightway said—

"It's no go; they mayn't keep but three. And we're all leaving."

"What's that for?" asked Sagul.

"I should think so. Him and his dearies.<sup>1</sup> And not half the freedom what any real slavey would get. Why, they're watching the house day and night."

"Who are?"

"The d.'s, the detectives, put on by the neighbours. And you know, if you did come, he'd not let you go dressed like that. My word! but you *have* got 'em on" (eying Sagul's attire with evident approval). "Look at me, then."

"But you never go out that figure?" said Sagul, grinning.

"No, *I* don't, but Celia did (that's Lottie Beattock,

<sup>1</sup> Query, *hetairæ*.

you know), and they ran her in, and she had to come up like this before Baillie Lorimer, and he said it was disgraceful (and so it is), and fined her seven-and-sixpence, or three days. And the professor stood up in court, and was for making a long speech, and paid it. No, you take a fool's advice, and keep away."

"But I've brought this letter here from Sir Andrew Macgiven for the lady, Mrs. Satan-Heaven—hers does seem such a cur'us-like name."

"A letter; all right, bring it up. For we're all in the drawing-room together. There's me, you know, and the other two young ladies; and the professor, the weary man, is discoursin' of Elephantal Mortality;<sup>1</sup> and she, poor silly body, sitting rocking herself in her rocking-chair, for the want of a wean to rock. Yes, come away up, Miss (for I'm sure I don't know your name); come away up, if it's only to stop his fool's havers."

"Now, that's gratifying," remarked the professor, who, appropriating the letter, read it first to himself, then aloud, "ex-tremely gratifying. It is not that it emanates from a gentleman of title, for, high-born and long-descended though I am, I am democratic, therefore anti-titular. But as a communication from one man of science to another. And as a recognition. Now this young man he alludes to, Sir Andrew Macgiven's patient, he might, I guess, be your husband?"

"My husband? oh dear, no," said Sagul.

"Not her husband, not married. Highly gratifying. And was he, Sir Andrew, aware of it? I mean, did you tell him?"

"Yes, indeed, sir. I told him everything."

"Hah! most gratifying, most particularly gratifying; a tacit recognition of my system. Oh! yes, I would go out of my way to oblige Sir Andrew; and in this respect, certainly. Let us see: there are you two, and the third one—he speaks of three—who may that be?"

"That's my other brother, sir."

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps, elemental morality,

"Your other *brother!* Ah! ah! yes! um! ah! I had hoped; still, no matter. At least, Sir Andrew will visit here, and opportunities will present themselves of imbuing him with the hetairistic principle. In that case, I presume, you will each need a *cella apiece?*"

"A cellar, sir! me put my Lionel in a cellar!"

"No, no, you misapprehend; a cubicle, a dormitory, bed-room I might have said. Or, stay, why not assign to you the entire storey above this; and then, even under the cramping restrictions of this petty *bourgeoisie*, you too might have your three bower-maidens. Chloris, Daphne, and Celia we have here already; and yours might be Rosalind, Phyllis, and Viola. No, I am not certain I know at the moment of a good Viola; but Doris might do, yes, or Allegra. Strange, the device should present itself thus fortuitously, but *ça ira, ça ira;* nay, I foresee a great impulse to the Cause through this interpenetration of Bohemianism. Aurelia, my ownest, you might conduct our new sister over the upper *étage*, and any details I leave to you, love."

As Sir Andrew Macgiven could believe almost anything of the Gypsies, so Sagul could believe almost anything of the Gentiles; still, if she had known, if she had in the least comprehended, they would assuredly never have taken up their quarters in Bothwell House. Yet they did so that same afternoon, and remained there for nearly a twelvemonth. True, Sagul made a few changes. One was that the pictures in their sitting-room, photographs mostly from the antique, were one and all turned with their faces to the wall. Another, and more sweeping one, was that, far from having "bower-maidens" of her own, Sagul within a week had routed and expelled Daphne, Chloris, and Celia. The causes of her action are obscure, but Wanselo somehow was involved in it. It began with her giving Daphne a black eye, and, when Celia and Chloris showed signs of assisting their "mate," she fell on the three, and drove them shrieking before her down the turnpike stair and out into the Canongate, then slammed the outer door on them, and bolted it.

"Ugh!" she panted, "the dirty, nasty sleer! the

common cattle! And me to be jealous of their fine monkey's rags, that I wouldn't touch with a kettle-prop, that old Long-hair won't let 'em be seen in. Me, Sagul, as always goes decent, and dressed like one should be. Wait a minute, I'll show 'em."

Up the stair she darted, and, flinging open a window that gave upon the street, began raining down hats, parasols, satin shoes, laces, fripperies, finery generally. A small crowd collected, and cheered vociferously; it was late on a Saturday evening.

"There!" she cried, when at length she had finished, "you may have 'em and keep 'em, only don't never show back here no more. ' For if ever I catches e'er a one o' you speaking one word to our Wanselo, I'll—I'll—well, I'll do somethink what never was so. But here" (with a rush of compunction), "I wouldn't be hard upon no püsson, not even a *lumi*,<sup>1</sup> so you can take that, and that, and that." And *that* was in each case a sovereign.

The white-robed ones gathered up their belongings and departed; the Hetairistic Community was broken up. And Mrs. Seton-Hepburn could not help being inwardly satisfied.

<sup>1</sup> Harlot.

### CHAPTER III

ON the third floor of Bothwell House there is a window with a broad stone balcony, one of the best "bits" left of Old Edinburgh: it was here that Lionel sat and surveyed the Canongate. Bothwell House stands on the north or sunny side of the street, a little below John Knox's house, and from this window he could look up to the Tron and down to the Canongate Tolbooth, between which two points there was really a good deal to see. First and foremost there was daily the Holyrood guard, marching down from or up to the Castle; and sometimes the whole regiment, on its way to parade in the Queen's Park; and once or twice a soldier's funeral, tramp! tramp! tramp! the firing-party with arms reversed, and the pipers playing 'The Land o' the Leal.' Then there were the fishwives, selling mussels out of saucers, and the small legless man who played a concertina, and the chilly Oriental who hawked bootlaces, and the companies of Irish harvesters, each with his red bundle and his straw-swathed reaping-hook. They always turned into the public-house opposite, the Golden Plough, and were always in due time turned out of it by the landlord, a puny bald-headed man, unmoved by dire menaces and brandished sickles. Once, a hot Saturday afternoon shortly after their arrival, there was a huge political demonstration, with bands, banners, and trophies, to denounce or to advocate something: the head and body of the procession were respectably sober, but its tail was disreputably drunk, so wriggled in

true tail-like fashion. Another time it was a wild-beast show, the elephant curling his trunk back for gingerbread-nuts from the children who trotted alongside, as a constable is supposed to curl his palm backward for sixpence. And—that was one of many such spectacles—one evening a girl borne past face-downwards by four policemen, beside whom stalked a dour middle-aged working-man. She was yelling and cursing, but sometimes broke off to cry, “O feyther, feyther, and me your only dochter!” And every Sabbath there was the same street-preacher, whose voice, like that of Captain Mayne Reid’s villain, was “like the roaring of a bull, only far more blasphemous,” for he raised it at certain words beginning with a dental or an aspirate, so those were the words that floated up to Lionel. He looked, he listened: it was interesting, very, but puzzling.

It must have been later, a good deal later, that he watched a small dog playing with a greyhound. Round and round they scampered, and in and out, and round and round again: suddenly a fierce snap—the small dog lay dead in the gutter. Just then a dustman’s cart came along, and the scavenger picked up the small dog’s corpse with his shovel, and pitched it on to the top of the rubbish. Yes, that gave food for reflection, but Lionel’s muddled brain went groping idly for hours and hours after “In the midst of life . . . every dog.”

Then there was the small shop opposite, kept by a little old woman. She was rather a nice old body, in a mutch, and she sold sweeties and cookies and penny toys, as well as tea, snuff, and tobacco. One day she put a fir-tree in her window, and on its branches hung crackers and fixed a few tapers, which she lighted when it grew dusk. The effect was quite grand, and she came out into the road to admire it; there she stood proudly, three bare-footed children clinging to her skirts. Ten minutes later there was a fire-engine snorting outside, and a great mass of water, and a thick black reek, and the old soul crying—Lionel felt quite sorry for her himself, and presently remarked, “But that was a Christmas

tree." Which, and especially the "but," showed a marked advance to recovery.

All this, and much more than this, Lionel saw from his window; and even within doors there was plenty to see and hear. For Sir Andrew was faithful in his attendance on him (and on "Miss Richenda"). "Gad! the more I see of that girl, the more attractive I find her." Next, indeed, to the therapeutic action of exine, she was his pet discovery; and, being a great diner-out, he raved about her at many dinner-tables. Curiosity was roused, and he found she had no objection to gratify such curiosity. "Not me," she said simply, "they may come if they're minded, and welcome; I'm one as can face the world. For a püsson's complexion may be black, but that ain't no calls why her looks should. Now is it, my gentleman?"

"Lady Lucy may come then, and you'll really tell her her fortune?"

"In course she may; and will a cat lick cream?"

"Capital, then I'll tell you something for you to tell her fair ladyship."

And Sir Andrew told Sagul—no, it would never do to repeat it; but a day or two later Lady Lucy in her turn was raving to everybody: "Of course it's all nonsense; still, it really is wonderful." Everybody of course followed suit—this was three weeks after the expulsion of the "bower-maidens"—until sometimes of an afternoon there would be as many as four carriages-and-pairs blocking the Canongate in front of Bothwell House. Why, a question was put in the Town Council as to a visit paid there by the wife of the Lord Provost; and the Radical *Evening News* had a smart little leader on "Aristocratic Credulity." There was no need now to draw on the five silver teapots; Sagul even talked of purchasing a sixth one. "Dordi!" she remarked once, "if my old mammy could see me, bless us all, but she would laugh."

Wanselo added his quota to the company, for in an incredibly short time he seemed to have struck up an acquaintance with half the medicals and three-fourths of

the vets who were studying, or not studying, at Edinburgh. One of the vets, a Welsh lad, could play the piano more than decently, and used to accompany Wanselo's "dear little violin": their playing was quite a feature of Sagul's assemblies, which must be remembered by a good many Edinburgh citizens. The professor missed no chance of assisting at them, and took to himself the whole credit of the performance. He was almost reconciled to the loss of his "bower-maidens" by this "accession of the *élite* of our Modern Athens, this permeation of our outworn aristocracy by a Czech and Cymric renaissance." (Where by Czech the professor, who was a great purist, meant Bohemian, *i. e.* Gypsy.) He was splendidly condescending to Wanselo's student acquaintances, being one of those men who can associate either with duke or with chimney-sweep, to whom patronage active is only less precious than patronage passive. He would fain have patronized Lionel, whose case he delighted to discuss with Sir Andrew; but Lionel ungraciously repulsed his overtures, and one day complained to the physician, "I wish to goodness he'd look sharp and cut my hair, and not stand there chattering like that." Why he should have taken the professor for a hairdresser is quite uncertain, but Sir Andrew at once detected a subtle connection, cosmetics and kosmology, and was hugely delighted: it was, he maintained, a most favourable symptom of Lionel's steady progress to recovery.

Yet how slow that progress was! Sir Andrew's six months had lengthened into ten before Lionel even began to come to himself: it was in the 'spring of 1877 that he evinced a growing aversion to Sagul. Up to then he had regarded her with a dog's unreasoning affection for its master, had been contented when she was beside him, and uneasy when she was away. He would do anything she bade him do, get up or go to bed, eat and drink, talk or lie quiet, read aloud to her (so often that same old folk-tale), and, when he grew stronger, take long drives with her. And oh! how proud Sagul was of her influence over him: "Lord! it

seem to come so natival to me, my big sick baby." But now he would sit silent, brooding, puzzling, never looking at Sagul except for a furtive and mistrustful glance. Until at last, one sunny May morning, he said to her suddenly in a hard, cold voice—

"I know you now; I remember quite well who you are."

"In course you do," she answered gently, "I'm Sagul."

"Yes, you're one of *those* Gypsies. And I remember quite well who I am."

"In course you do, my Lionel: you're Sir Lionel Glemham, Baronight."

"No," he said bitterly, "that's exactly what I am not."

## CHAPTER IV

AFTER that Lionel's progress was rapid ; in less than a month he had quitted Bothwell House, and was living by himself out at Newington, a southern suburb of Edinburgh. He had taken lodgings with a gardener, a single room, for which he was to pay six shillings weekly, having still his five-pound note, and a gold watch besides to fall back on. To earn a livelihood and enough withal to pay back Sagul was all his desire ; to that end he scanned the *Scotsman's* advertisements, "Situations, Agencies, etc., vacant." He almost instantly lighted on the very post that would suit him—"Tutor, Oxford or Cambridge man preferred, to prepare a young gentleman, about to proceed to Christ Church. Apply by letter, or personally between nine and ten a.m., to Christopher Buncle, Esq., 99 Coatbridge Crescent." Lionel applied personally the next morning, and was shown into the dining-room of a British merchant, as solid and ugly as a British merchant's dining-room should be. The British merchant in black broadcloth was at breakfast, and with him a watery-looking lad in a loud kilt.

"Now then," said the British merchant, going on eating, and not offering Lionel a seat, "you're after that place, I take it. I've plenty more applications here" (tapping a small pile of letters), "first-raters some of 'em by their own showing, and cheap ; but none from Oxford or Cambridge college."

"I am an Oxford man," said Lionel.

"You are, are you ? I suppose there are all sorts at

Oxford. It's for my son, this young gentleman here. He's had the advantages of a tip-top education at a private school near Windsor, the Hon. and Rev. Josceline's; but, by Jove! when he went up last week to pass his—(what's that they call it, Sholto?) oh! yes, matriculation, would you believe it? they plucked him. So the Hon. Josceline wrote me, wanting him to go back to Wackford Vicarage for the midsummer vacation (he'd find a coach); but, 'No,' says I, 'I'll find the coach myself, and then *I* can be driver.' Pretty smart that, wasn't it, hey? Now if I engaged you—mind you, I don't say I will—you'd have to be here every morning at 9.45 sharp, so then I could see you started, and you'd go on till I came home from Princes Street to lunch at one. Then you'd have three-quarters of an hour to yourself to go out and get your own dinner in, and be back by 1.45, and go on till five. I couldn't have you in the evening, because I entertain a great deal; still, that would be seven and a half hours, hey?"

Lionel intimated that he had no fault to find with the hours.

"I should rather hope not. And the salary, the remuneration, would be fifty shillings, say two pound ten shillings, a week. It's a lot, but I never mind giving a stiff price for a first-rate article. You'd be satisfied with that, I should hope, hey?"

Yes; Lionel expressed his satisfaction.

"I should say so, just. And your character, young man, you've a good character? I always insist on that with all my employées."

Lionel hoped there was nothing against his moral character; he had taken a first-class in moderations; and——

"Yes, yes; but I mean a written character from your masters, the professors, or whatever those Oxford chaps call themselves. You'll have to send me that before I could think of engaging you. And your name and address here in Edinburgh—Leonard Keith. Eh! I hope not Scotch. I'm Scotch myself, and I've a fine place up in Ross-shire, Meall Dubh-achadh House; but then

I received my training in London, at an A 1 City establishment, and I certainly wouldn't care for Sholto to be brought much in contact with one of your beggarly Scotch students. Their accent's so vulgar, infernally vulgar; and they're all Presbyterians, and that I can't stand, it's such a vulgar religion. Well, I must be off now, but you may send me your character; and if it's satisfactory, you might do for want of a better. Good-morning; you'll find your way out."

Lionel did not send his character (if only because "Leonard Keith" had no one to apply to); instead, he turned once more to the *Scotsman's* advertisements. "French and German correspondent wanted. Apply Beulah Mineral Co., Coatbridge"—he knew French and German well, especially German; he surely might do for that. So the next day he took train to Coatbridge. It is not an attractive town; still, the office of the Beulah Mineral Company was sufficiently imposing, and the manager, who looked like a French general, was friendly, if somewhat abrupt.

"I'm sorry," he said, "you came through, for I as good as promised the berth yesterday evening to a gentleman from Glasgow, a Lorrainer. All the same we're not pledged to him; here, let's see what you *can* do."

He picked up the *Glasgow Herald*, and, glancing over its columns, selected a passage, and scored it with a blue pencil. "There," he said, "sit down in this chair, and knock that off into French and German. I don't know too much of German; still, enough to tell roughly what's what. The quicker of course the better." The passage was very brief; it ran as follows:—"Copper dull with a poor demand at late rates. Tin steady, but quiet and unchanged. Tin plates in fair demand, but with sales only in small lots. Pig-iron unaltered. Trading restricted to local manipulations."

"Whew!" thought Lionel, "that's pretty stiff for unseen. Still, there are no very difficult words. Here goes." He dashed at it boldly, and in less than three minutes handed his translations to the manager.

"H'm! you've been pretty sharp," said the latter, and ran his eye over them; suddenly he burst into a roar of laughter.

"Pigs and whistles!" he cried, "I half expected as much; but *fer-de-cochon!* *schweineisen!* I forget at the moment myself what the German word is, but the French of course is *gueruse*; and, oh yes, *roheisen*. *Schweineisen!* *fer-de-cochon!*!—no, don't be offended, man. I've a boy of my own did worse, and he's been a whole twelvemonth in France. I told him the other day to send off a simple French wire for me, with 'bear' and 'bull' in it; and how do you think Jack put it?"

"I'm sure I can't say," answered Lionel, "but *ours* and *taureau* it should be."

"That's what Jack put. Now have you the dimmest idea what a bear and a bull really are?"

"Oh! of course, how stupid of me, they're something on the Stock Exchange. Yes, a bear is—no, I forget exactly what."

"That's just it, you see. You'd have to learn English first, and then the French (*baissier*, *haussier*) afterwards. Yes, I'm vexed you took the trouble to come through, but I won't detain you any longer. Good-morning."

"Last place . . . character . . . good-morning"—how Lionel got to loathe the formula. He tried after everything, down to the poorest clerkships; he had no conception till then how poor a clerkship could be. At one place, and one place only, was he put again to the test: it was a stationer, who set him to tot up a column of figures. He totted it up thrice, with three most surprisingly different results: "I could get a boy out of one of these new board-schools who would do it no worse," quoth the stationer. He even answered the advertisement, "Three to four pounds a week earned easily in leisure time. Send thirteen stamps to X. Y. Z., 13 Gladstone Terrace, Brondesbury, N.W." For answer he of course received a post-card, and on it, "Do as I do."

Finally he got employment, at least work, at least

walking about, as a book-cavasser. Any one may turn a book-cavasser. There is no awkward question of character. No; all you have to do is to lodge a certain deposit for the specimen-copy of the book you are to canvas; otherwise you would of course pawn the specimen-copy, and straightway get drunk on the proceeds. Lionel, then, deposited ten shillings, and received in return a "sumptuously bound" copy of *Everybody's Enchiridion: or, The Repository of Practical Omniscience*. That splendid work was issued (to subscribers only) at one and a half guineas, and from each subscription that he obtained Lionel was to be paid a commission of five shillings. "Only four orders a day," remarked the agent encouragingly, "and that'll come to over three hundred pounds sterling *per annum*."

The life of a book-cavasser may suit some men; it should be eminently adapted to any member of the Mendicant Orders, to whom poverty and humility are an object of attainment. Still, I am going to dwell as little as may be on this part of Lionel's career. He did not take four orders a day, or even four orders a week (but then he was not quite a week at it); in fact, he took only one, and that was through a pure accident. It was on the third day that he called at a lawyer's office in the New Town, and inquired, Could he see Mr. Gilmerton? "Any name?" the clerk asked suspiciously; but upon Lionel's answering "Keith," he bowed obsequiously, said, "Certainly, sir, would you kindly step this way?" and ushered him into an inner sanctum, with the announcement, "The Hon. Mr. Keith, sir." A bald-headed gentleman, who was seated at a writing-table, rose, and advanced towards Lionel with a bow, remarking, "Good-morning, Mr. Keith, you are more than punctual."

"I'm afraid," faltered Lionel, "there's some mistake."

"Mistake! what? why? how? Lord Ravelston wrote me you'd call to-day about noon."

Lionel explained; and the old gentleman good-naturedly volunteered an order for the *Enchiridion*.

"It's odd too," he observed, "but there's a something of the Keiths—the real Keiths, I mean—about you."

That was Lionel's solitary order, the day after taking which he was getting his lunch (a sandwich and glass of beer) in a bar on the South Side, when a Big Man entered the same box. He was a man of about forty, florid in dress and in person.

"Morning, sir, morning," he said. "Room for a small 'un?"

"Good-morning," said Lionel, and went on reading the *Scotsman*.

The Big Man rang the bell, and gave his order, then addressed himself again to Lionel: "Nothing like a good glass of beer, sir, is there, this warm weather?"

Lionel glanced up impatiently, but said nothing; he felt out of temper with himself and everything.

"No," his companion went on, "and that's what makes Beer and Brewing such an interesting topic. It was only last evening I happened to pick up a literary work that I've some slight connection myself with, and I pitched on the article 'Brewing'; and you may believe me, sir, or not, but I was positively fascinated, read on and on, until at last Mrs. Beecham (my name is Beecham sir, Captain Beecham) said, 'Really, I do think you might be a little more sociable; you should have enough of that book in the daytime.' 'But, my love,' says I, 'just you listen to this;' and I read her out two or three pages—by Jove! she was simply fascinated too, would hardly let me leave off. Yes, it's a most stupendous undertaking. I happen to have a copy of it here, and perhaps you'd care to glance over it. It's a work, sir, you'll see for yourself as a scientific gentleman, compiled at unparalleled expense by world-famous specialists in popular phraseology for——"

"I know," broke in Lionel, "for the multitude. The multitude don't seem to want it. No, for God's sake, don't show it me: I'm sick of the sight of it."

"Well, I *am* damned," the Big Man said, laughing, "but I *have* made a proper juggins of myself. Why I

was standing at the bar there when you came in, and I spotted you for a medical, followed you in here on purpose to nab you, was going to ask if you wouldn't wish to contribute something to our next edition. Fancy my not twigging the *Family Album*” (with a glance at Lionel's copy of the *Enchiridion*). “And what do you make of it?”

“Make of what? oh! of that. Next to nothing.”

“No, I dare say not: no offence, but you don't look cut out for this business. ‘Bounce, bounce, sir, and always bounce,’ that's my motto, like it was Boney's. So you're not doing much: that's a pity. How long have you been at it?”

“Since last Friday, four days.”

“Come, that's not very long. And what have you done in that time?” The Big Man seemed disposed to be friendly.

“Taken one order.”

“No, that's not very fat. Only who did you take it from?”

“A lawyer, a Mr. Gilmerton.”

“Not old Gilmerton, the W.S. in St. Andrews Square; little, bald, chubby-cheeked chap, wears gold spectacles?”

“Yes; that's the man.”

“Holy Moses! and haven't you called on the Lord President?”

“No.”

“But he's his brother-in-law. Why, you should have cut off straight from St. Andrews Square to Palmerston Place (that's where *he* lives), and told him you'd been sent by Mr. Gilmerton: ten to one you'd have bagged him too. And once you'd booked *his* name, you could have got every writer and advocate and S.S.C. in Edinburgh down to the smallest law-agent. Better late than never; off you go at once.”

“No, it was through a mistake and out of pure kindness that Mr. Gilmerton subscribed.”

“Kindness be blowed: a gentleman must live. No,

I never but once went out of my way for kindness. That was when I was working *The Tales of the Tolbooths*. (Lord! wouldn't I like to have that job to do over again!) There were two whole numbers of it taken up with Miss Emeline Inglis: she was the Paisley young lady, you mind, who poisoned her sweetheart, and was hanged for it, though her father was one of the biggest mill-owners. Well, I went through to Paisley, and in five days had taken close on two hundred orders: it was a £3 work in six vols., ten shillings commission each order. So that wasn't so Hieland, was it? But old Inglis, her father, sent for me to come to him; I went—he'd a copy of the *Tales* beside him. 'Is it you,' he asked, 'selling yon thing?' and, 'Yes,' I answered him, 'leastwise canvassing.' 'How many orders?' he asked, and I told him 'Four hundred' (you know one must exaggerate a little). But no, he wasn't to be done like that, for he was a long-headed, close-fisted chap, had risen from a mill-hand. So I had to produce my order-book—there were the names of his foreman and the cashier and half his operatives. 'A hundred and eighty,' he said then to himself, 'say twice that, that's three-sixty; and multiply by three, that makes ten-eighty: yes, I'll pay down a thousand pounds for none o' thae books to be sold into Paisley—*Man, it's no for myself, but her mither.*' I don't mind telling you, sir, I was vexed for the old boy; and I worked it, I managed it for him: they had those two numbers cancelled. Yes, it was all right for *them*, they got their one thousand guineas (they stuck out for guineas). And what do you think I got?—Messrs. Kidd & Morgan refused me my commission."

It was not from his words, but from something in his voice, that Lionel divined the sympathy this bagman, this book-hawker, had felt for that father and mother. "But you weren't sorry," he asked, "you'd be glad to have managed it?"

"I was damned sorry to have put it in Bill Kidd's pocket; and you'll be sorry, too, sir, if you don't follow up the Lord President. Establish a connection, that's

your line ; it don't much matter which—legal, medical, clerical, sporting ; the licensed victuallers are first-rate. Now, have you tried the hotels yet with the *Enchiridion* ? I haven't, for I'm working Glasgow ; they know me too well here in Edinburgh. And now, before parting, sir, you'll join me in a half-yun."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Half one, *i. e.* a small whisky.

## CHAPTER V

"HANG it," said Lionel the next morning, "I *will* try the hotels to-day; if they don't come off, then I'll chuck the *Family Album*."

Accordingly he bent his steps to the Regent, the hugest of the caravanserais in Princes Street. A young waiter, who was crossing the entrance-hall, and to whom he addressed himself, replied in such broken English, and with a so unmistakably Teutonic accent, that Lionel asked him in German, could he see the proprietor. "Ob Sie mit dem Herrn Besitzer sprechen können, ganz gewiss, mein Herr," the man answered, rejoiced at release for once from this unpronounceable English; and nimbly preceding Lionel up the broad staircase, he proudly flung open a door marked "Private" on the first landing:—"A shentleman vil shpeak vit de Mister Innkeeper."

"No complaint, sir, I 'ope, ahem! hope," said the proprietor civilly; he was a man of sixty to look at, gross, ponderous, double-chinned, who might have sat for Orcagna's 'Mammon.'

"No—I——," began Lionel, his confidence all fled away: "I should like—that is, I thought perhaps——You *are* the proprietor?"

"Yes, sir, John Chester, at your service" (but not quite so civilly).

"Because I—I've a book here, it's called the *Enchiridion*; and you'd like perhaps, I thought, to——"

Mr. Chester at this point flew to the bell with a most

unexpected agility, and tugged it so furiously that the handle came away in his grasp; then he darted out into the passage, and fell to vociferating: "Maxwell, Maxwell, here, I say, Maxwell."

"Maxwell, sir," said a middle-aged waiter, hurrying up at this outcry, "he's just stepped round to the hair-dresser's."

"Airdresser's, to some pothouse; well, tell him he needn't come back, that I've sacked him, discharged him, that I don't pay a porter to let loose this riffraff upon me. 'A gentleman,' forsooth, and offer me, Me, that beastly *Henshirigion*. And the German, that Fritz (I always call all of 'em Fritz), the new fellow with the moustaches—and I will *not* have them wearing moustaches—he's discharged too, he shall go, may return to his beggarly Fatherland."

"Pardon me, sir," put in Lionel from the background.

"Eh! what?" Mr. Chester cried, wheeling round on him.

"Only it was wholly my fault; I ought to have told the fellow. I beg your pardon for my intrusion."

"And I beg yours, sir," was Mr. Chester's answer, his fury subsiding even more quickly than it had arisen. "God bless my soul! what on earth are things coming to? (It's all right, William, it's all right; you can go away, you can go away.) And now, sir, if you would come in here again, and sit down; do, pray, sit down."

He spoke earnestly, and, himself sitting down, gazed earnestly at Lionel; after all, he was not so like 'Mammon.' "I know, sir," he said, "I'm 'asty, ahem! *hasty*; but, Great God! for a gentleman to be 'awking that—that blasted *Henshirigion*! Yes, there are some things I know, and more things I don't know, but I do know a gentleman. I'm not one myself, I lay no pretension to it; but you are, you can't deny it" (this was said almost sternly). "Only you must give it up; do give it up, I beg of you."

"Give what up? oh! trying, and failing, to sell that rubbish. It would be no great sacrifice."

"'Sacrifice,' I should say not; and 'rubbish,' egad!

sir, you've hit it. But it's worse, ten times worse than rubbish ; it's a fraud, it's a theft from a dead man. You don't know, you can't know its 'istory, or you'd never have soiled your fingers 'andling it. For God's sake, my dear sir, pitch it out of that window."

"What, into Princes Street?"

"Pitch it into the kennel, to the devil, anywhere." (He was furious once more, but not this time with Lionel.) "And if you could pitch its editor after it, and break his neck, I'd—I'd,—well, I can 'ardly say what I would not do. Sir, you know Edinburgh ; then, of course you know Gilbert Charteris, the great *Dr.* Charteris. Yes, they've been giving him his LL.D., as I used to give him my dear old master's £ s. d. And for what did he get 'em both? I'll tell you. Have you ever heard speak of Mr. Henry Bracton?"

"Henry Bracton, the Shakespearian scholar, of course I have. Why, there's a portrait of him in my old college ha—I mean, I've seen a picture of him somewhere."

"In Morham Hall, Oxford, yes, sir (it's quite safe with me). I've had a copy of that portrait made, have got it up-stairs ; you shall see it. He was my master for nigh on thirty years. I was a biggish boy when first I saw him at Charlote (my father kept the Lucy Arms there), and he came and stopped with us. His eyes were beginning to go already then, and he used to have me to read to him. I wasn't then the scholar I am now, and I hadn't my command of the *aspirates* that I have to-day ; but he used to say I was the most Shakespearian reader he had ever encountered. He was a gentleman loved his joke, and oh ! what a joke he made of my 'Ermy One.' That was *The Winter's Tale*, the first thing ever I read him ; and how was I to know better than 'Well said, Ermy One' ? 'Well said, what, Jack ?' he cried (I always was 'Jack' to him) ; and I spelt it out childish-like, 'Haitch, he, har, hem, hi, ho, hen, he.' How he did laugh and laugh, and me never dreaming why ; and 'Jack, but I love thee,' he said, 'twas a true word spoke jestingly."

(Why, he was not the least bit like 'Mammon.')

“Yes,” he went on, “and when at last he left Charl-cote, he took me with him for reader, and in time I became his valet and amanuensis, and went with him over half Europe—you’ll know his *Shakespeare’s Localities*. It wasn’t all Shakespeare, though: by no means, his favourite notion, the ‘pet child of his fancy,’ was the *Cyclopædia of Useless Knowledge*. I never did like the title much, but it was to be a book which was to have something about everything that you couldn’t find anywhere else, and nothing about things that nobody ought to be ignorant of. (It sounds difficult, but it’s not so difficult when you come to think it out.) And he was always making notes for it—leastwise, I wrote the notes, each on its own piece of paper: there are three tin boxes full of them. It was to recall the associations of everything, and, after his eyesight quite went, he’d lie in his long chair (I fancy I see him now), thinking, remembering, and ‘Jack,’ he’d say suddenly, ‘Bowls and the Spanish Armada, have you put that down?’ or ‘Lampreys and Henry the Second,’ or ‘Peaches and New Beer and King John (two entries that, Jack, one at Peaches, and one at Beer, New).’ And there was the Mole and William the Third, the Tide and King Canute + Mr. Barkis, the Mop and Mrs. Partington, the Inkstand and Luther, the Pen and Demosthenes, the Turncoats and Prestonpans, the Bolster and Desdemona + the Princes, Marmalade and Father Garnett, the Battledore and Jeremy Bentham, the Primrose and Peter Bell, the Ring and Polycrates” (he called it “Polly Craits”), “+ Hannibal + Essex, and thousands more. Just a jotting generally, nothing else—‘A jotting will amply suffice, Jack, when we come to the work of compiling.’ Everything I read to him,—and I’d read to him hours and hours,—furnished fresh materials; but when he died—he was eighty-five, and I forty-four then: it was twenty-three years ago—the materials still were all jottings. I have them; he left me them, the three tin boxfuls. And he left me something besides.”

“What was that?” asked Lionel: the pause obviously demanded the question.

“Eighty-three thousand pound odd,” Mr. Chester said calmly. “It was to have gone to his nephew, Mr. Edgar Chevenix, but he proved unworthy. My master liked his glass of wine and his cigar, and he hated a pretender. And a pretender Mr. Edgar was, if ever there was one. He pretended to be a student of Shakespeare, and didn’t know the names of King Lear’s daughters, called one of them ‘Gomerell’; he pretended to take a deep interest in the *Cyclopædia*, and under ‘Angling’ suggested for an entry, “Trail’st thou the puissant pike?” And there was worse than that, for two glasses of port made him maudlin, and half a cigar turned him green. So I never have blamed Mr. Bracton for that. Still, it was a surprise to me when, after a good many other bequests in his last will and testament (he’d made about twenty), came one ‘to my nephew, Edgar Chevenix, of two glasses of port-wine, which is more than enough for him,’ and when it went on to appoint ‘John Chester, my faithful servant, reader, amanuensis, and friend, my literary executor and sole residuary legatee,’ I was a proud man that day, I can tell you, and I’m as proud of it still, for it showed the liking he bore me. Ah! but he showed that even in his dying. ‘Master,’ I remember, was my last word to him—he was lying in my arms—‘I ’ope we’ll meet again.’ ‘I hope so, Jack,’ he murmured, and died laughing.

“‘Dropping a tear,’ say some; but I say, ‘not dropping a aspirate.’ That’s a thing I never do now, wouldn’t know the way to, out of respect to my master’s memory. But his literary executor is another pair of shoes; that’s my thorn in the flesh, and likely to be so. Less than two years after I came here—and how I came here was curious. I’m a man of ideas, though neither student nor gentleman; and an idea had struck me long before then (I mean before his death) in this very identical hotel. Mr. Bracton and me had been up in the north to Forres, and on our way back south we put up for a week at the Regent. It was a small house then to what you see it now; but, being winter-time, it was all but empty, and the service damnable. So my idea

was, Shut it up altogether when the season's not on, and shift the whole staff off to somewhere else where it is. That's what I've done. I took the business over in May 1856, on a lease first, and purchased it afterwards; and the same year I had the 'Hotel dew Regent' erected at Mentone, as like it as may be. And ever since it has been: Edinburgh, May to September; and Mentone, October to April.<sup>1</sup> . . .

"I haven't doubled the eighty-three thousand odd, but I look to before I'm done, though what I shall do with it then is unbeknown to me—Mr. Edgar's children or that college at Stratford my master was sometimes for founding—I've got his scheme for it. But that wasn't what I was talking of; no, what was it? Oh! I know—*Dr. Charteris*: Mr. Charteris he then was. Yes, it was about nineteen months after first I settled in Edinburgh that I hired him to assist me in my literary executorship. I knew pretty well what wanted to be done, if I couldn't do it myself, for time upon time Mr. Bracton had discussed it with me. The jottings were all to be arranged alphabetically, which was easy; and then they had to be verified and expanded, which is difficult. Some o' them leastwise. A child might tell what 'Cakes and Alfred' stands for, or 'Tea-kettle and Watt'; or 'Cloak and Raleigh'; but who's to make head or tail of 'Nightcap and May,' 'Clean shirt and Falkland' + 'Foul shirt and Dr. Johnson,' or 'Cold in the head and Borodino'?"

"I believe," Lionel interposed, "I can make a shot at one of those, the 'Clean shirt and Falkland,' because Lord Falkland, you know, did put a clean shirt on to be killed in."

"Lord Falkland, and where do you find that out?" Mr. Chester asked anxiously.

"It's in Clarendon's *Great Rebellion*; yes, I'm certain it must be that."

<sup>1</sup> A great mass of details that followed as to the working of the twin establishments is omitted through lack of space. But any one who cares to may hunt up a long article in the *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette*, shortly after the death of Mr. Chester, which took place in the summer of 1887.

“I shouldn’t wonder if you’re right, for that was a book, I remember, Mr. Bracton was partial to. But Mr. Charteris would have it, it must be Falkland in Fife, because Dr. Johnson travelled through Fife once—he’d better go to the University Library, and consult some one’s *History of Falkland*. He came to me well recommended, and at first he did pretty well; leastwise, I thought he did. Sometimes, to be sure, I’d suggest he might be a little bit quicker, might make a start, and then he’d say to me gravely, ‘Mr. Chester, these collections were a labour, were they not? of fifty years, and they are now to be classified *and* verified *and* expanded: the expansion of fifty years’ work can scarcely be done in a twelvemonth.’ Or else it would be, ‘Mr. Chester, the work *could* be done *in a way* with celerity, but I was not aware that you wished it to be scamped.’ And what could I say to that?

“In the winter, when we shifted to Mentone, he went too, making rather a favour of it; and, seeing there was to be much of Shakespeare in the *Cyclopædia*, he thought it advisable he should familiarize himself with Verona and Rome and Venice. I didn’t know him any better then, and he did it at my expense (leastwise my master’s); no, it wasn’t till the next August I found him out, like this. He was for ever going to that University Library, to ‘consult authorities’; and this time it was the ‘Egg and Columbus,’ and it was important he should hunt up the original sources in the something Collections. Well, as luck would have it, that very day I was passing a print-shop, and I noticed a picture of ‘Columbus and the Egg,’ so I thought I’d step in and tell him. And what do you think I found?—that the University Library was closed, had been closed for the last three weeks, yet he had ‘been there’ pretty well every day. I told him I didn’t pay him to ‘go to the University Library,’ and what do you think he had the audacity to answer, that I didn’t pay him (adequately) for anything. Well, that opened my eyes to him, and I found out he’d never done anything, so I sacked him—I’m not one to sack any man in a ‘urry. But that wasn’t half the

worst of it—his having done nothing; it was what he did do afterwards. He took to writing then, wrote *Reminiscences of Henry Bracton* and *Bractoniana*. They were just things I'd told him, and things I hadn't told him, all mixity-maxity, and they were printed in the *Forum* and the *Quintessential*. And I was 'Boniface' in 'em, and 'the Loyal Servitor,' and the mischief only knows what. After that came *By-thoughts of a Thinker*—the *Cyclopædia* tumbled topsy-turvy (I was surprised he knew so much of it); and now there's that *Henshirigion*, which I've never looked at it, and never will. But my master's, I know; bound to be, from cover to cover."

"I hardly think that," said Lionel, "because—I haven't looked into it much, but—it seems to be more of a regular encyclopædia; it does give just the things that you can find anywhere else—Shakespeare, you know, and the musical glasses, and so forth. An old bookseller in George Street, whom I asked to subscribe to it, called it the illicit offspring of *Chambers's* and the *Britannica*."

"Not a bit of it, sir, not a bit of it. And Shakespeare—that shows I was right. No, no, depend on it, everything that humbug's ever got or done has been through him. Why, he got the rectorship of Adams's Hospital by writing to Mr. Tennyson, and Mr. Halliwell, and all master's other old friends, and asking them for their testimonials to 'the late Mr. Bracton's biographer.' And they gave 'em, the bigger fools they; if only I'd known that in time. But I didn't, and now my one comfort is to meet him in the street, and look him full in the face. He pretends he's forgotten me—no, he hasn't; and I always say to myself, 'He's a humbug, and he knows 'e's a 'umbug, and 'e knows that I know 'e's a 'umbug'—Damn the rascal!"

After which outburst Mr. Chester remained silent for some minutes, ruminating. Then in a very business-like voice, he asked, "And not doing much at it?"

"Nothing whatever."

"Hah! couldn't be less, could it? And a gentleman,

yes. *And* English. *And* college-bred, Oxford (it's perfectly safe with me). Parents living, eh?"

"No," Lionel answered quickly and honestly, then wondered, Was it a lie?

"And" (rather hesitatingly), "your name, sir!"

"I call myself Keith; it is, and is not, my name."

"That wouldn't matter—no, it would be just as well, for one must have a name to clap LL.D. to. And now, sir, excuse me, but it isn't idle curiosity, was it anything very disgraceful?"

"Yes," Lionel answered, flushing hotly, "it was, but none of my doing; I had no part in it whatever. That is all I can tell you."

"And better than if you'd told me some cock-and-bull story. Yes, I've been looking for another ever since that Charteris; and I did try two, but they wouldn't do at all—the first one knew too little, and the other a sight too much. And it was only last Thursday Professor Grant sent me a third one, a mighty smart young chap, all collar and yellow kid gloves. I'd hardly put a question to him myself when, 'Mr. Chester,' he says, 'before we proceed any further, I would ask what leisure I should have to myself.' 'Sir,' I answered him, 'so far as I'm concerned, you can have leisure to all eternity.' Yes, I know his kind, another Charteris; but you, now—No, I'm not going to buy a pig in a poke, as the saying is; but come back here this evening, and dine with me; and after dinner we'll go through some of the *Cyclopædia*, the posers, I mean; and if you can score again once or twice, like you did with that Falkland (mind you, I think a lot of that), then, 'ang it, ahem! hang it, why, perhaps we might come to terms."

## CHAPTER VI

THEY did come to terms, and the next week saw Lionel at work on the *Cyclopædia*. The terms, though they seemed to him wealth, were by no means extravagant—£2 a week, with his lunch and dinner, a pleasant room to work in high up in the Regent, the free use of Mr. Bracton's rare library, and a stringent injunction against that of the University. He was engaged at first only by the week: "It will be time," Mr. Chester said, "to talk of further arrangements two months hence." But when the two months were up, and the time had come round for the move to Mentone, Mr. Chester was so well satisfied with the progress Lionel had made by then, that he engaged him definitely for the half-year, at thirty shillings a week, and £40 more to be paid down in a lump sum on the first day of May if he should prove to have gone on satisfactorily. The mechanical part of the work, the drudgery of arranging in alphabetical order, Lionel found had already been carefully done by Mr. Chester; his part was as pleasant as it was profitable—no better coping-stone could be placed on a classical upbringing. But space fails to follow him in his researches, and to tell how he tracked to each individual source 'Bridge and Horatius Coeles + Nepomuk + Robert Burton + Tam o' Shanter + Mary Wollstonecraft + Crabbe + Byron + Wordsworth + Borrow + Tennyson + Longfellow.' Whoso will may refer to the actual result—the '*Cyclopædia of Useless Knowledge*.' By the late Henry Bracton. Author

of 'Shakespeare's Localities,' 'Collying a Collier,' 'In the Forest of Arden,' etc. With a Memoir and Notes by his literary Executor, John Chester. (2 vols. 4to. Edinburgh, 1880).<sup>1</sup> It had passed out of Lionel's hands many months ere it came to the printer's; and his share in it after all was only that of the painful hack-writer.

But what all this time of Sagul? Well, not much of her, if much from her—almost every day something, and some days many things. Now it would be a salmon, or a box of cigars, or a brace of grouse, a hare, or a couple of chickens; and on the morrow, perhaps, a big order of groceries, and three or four gorgeously-bound books (on remarkable subjects<sup>1</sup>), or a fur-lined overcoat, or a gold scarf-pin, and so forth. They were always directed to "Mr. Leonard Keith, care of A. Wallace, 80 East Mayfield;" and at first Lionel always returned them to the shops from which they had been sent—no doubt to the contentment of the shopkeepers. Sagul must have discovered this, for presently they arrived with no indication of their source; and then it was difficult to know what to do with them, with such at least as were perishable. Lionel solved the difficulty by taking these to the Infirmary, but that was only a make-shift solution. So he broke his resolve, not to see Sagul again until he could repay her to the last farthing (repay her—how could he, with the debt thus ceaselessly swelling?), and went to ask for her at Bothwell House. No, she had left it some weeks ago—had left, for all they knew, Edinburgh. That could not be, else whence these presents, which still kept coming in: in desperation Lionel changed his lodgings. It made only the difference of a difference in the address: the fresh parcels were duly directed to "care of Mrs. Wilson, 3 The Sciennes."

Clearly, then, Sagul must watch him; only he never could catch her doing so. Once, indeed, he thought he saw her in the distance; and more than once, returning home late at night, he felt certain she was following

<sup>1</sup> One was a copy of Grimm's *Household Stories*.

him, and turned—no, perhaps he had fancied it. And the weeks went by, and the months, till it came to that evening of late December when he took Maggie Dodds to the theatre. She was a girl in the tobacconist's in Nicolson Street where he used to get his tobacco, a bright, pretty, auburn-haired lassie, with a laugh and a jest for everybody.

“And when are you going to treat me to the pantomime?” she had asked him that evening.

“Oh, I don't know. When are you coming?”

“Now, if you're on. Thursday is my night off, when Jess bosses the shanty.”

“All right, then;” and that was how it happened. It was undignified, yes; and during the whole performance Lionel was musing on the change in his fortunes since last he was in a theatre. And how that girl would chatter! and oh, what a miserable pantomime! But it was over at last, and they were coming out, when a young fellow, a student, pushed up towards them, exclaiming—

“Hulloa, Maggie! we're mighty stuck up to-night.”

She looked him in the face mischievously, and for answer passed her arm through Lionel's.

“Oh, damn it all, Maggie!” he began—he had been “keeping his New Year” early—when Lionel interposed loftily—

“Excuse me, sir, stand aside; this lady is with Me.”

“Now, don't you go putting your oar in, Mr. Hamlet's Ghost,” was the rejoinder.

Lionel raised his clenched fist, and the other a stick he was carrying—One, two, and the student lay flat, with Sagul blazing over him, like a tigress whose whelps are in jeopardy. Her triumph, alas! was brief; she was pounced on by two uniformed attendants, hustled out into the portico, and there handed over to two constables, who hauled her off, fiercely resisting, to the police-office in Little King Street. Lionel followed, reluctantly; still, he followed. So did the student, with one of the attendants; poor Maggie Dodds had vanished into space.

"Now, then," said an inspector, who was seated at a desk, "what's the charge?—assault to the effusion of blood. Blood enough," he added, surveying the student, whose name (Arthur Cranston) and address (14 Argyll Park Terrace) he proceeded to enter in a book. "And yours?" to Sagul, "what's your name, and who are you stopping with?"

Her red cloak hung in tatters, and her hat was gone; her long dark hair, dishevelled, was tumbled all over her face. Quivering, shuddering, she stood there between her two captors, the tigress no longer, but a stricken doe. "Oh my dear blessed Lord!" she kept moaning, "Oh my mammy, my mammy, my dear blessed old mammy, if you could see your own Daughter"—then pitifully called out, "Lionel, save me, my Lionel."

"Come, my girl," said the inspector, who seemed not an ill-natured fellow, "you'll do yourself no good with that. We shan't kill you, only you've got to give us your name."

Sagul glanced at him, with a faint dawn of hope in her eyes, and answered glibly, "I'm Reperonia, sir, Reperonia Chilcott."

"Reperonia Chilcott, and how do you spell that?" (spelling it somehow, notwithstanding, as he wrote it down). "And your address?—what house are you stopping in? Come, you'd best tell now, else it will go against you at the court to-morrow, and we're safe to find out."

"Yes, you had better tell him," said Lionel, coldly and hardly.

"It's in—but it won't harm *her*; now, will it, my gentleman—it's in Alison's Entry."

"Off the Cowgate. A girl like you in that Queer Street! And who with?"

"Mrs. Murphy; and oh! she's a dear, good, blessed woman."

"Mrs. Murphy—'Prayerful Mary.' Yes, she is just about a good woman. But what are you doing then? are you working any?"

"Me, sir? no, nothing, sir."

"But *she* can't be keeping you. Where did you get your fine clothes from?"

"Bought 'em, sir, out of the shop, oh! a great, big, grand draper's in Princes Street."

"H'm! Alison's Entry doesn't deal as a rule with Princes Street. And does she know what you're up to?"

"Who, sir? what, sir?"

"Mrs. Murphy, does she know how you get your living? Because she'll give them a night's shelter, we all know that; but living with her, to have you living with her?"

"Yes, sir, she do, my gentleman, for she's clean ag'in it; says it's a lying and deceitful spirit."

"Yes, that sounds pretty like her; but I mean, does she know? Does she know, now, you're out to-night?"

"Yes, sir, she do, for I told her I was just going out to see if I couldn't see him, and I did see him, you know, and him with a red-haired young woman (which I never could tolerate red heads, too much o' the nasty Danes' breed), so I follered 'em into the theayter. And then this prodigal monkey here was a-goin' for to strike him, so I downed him—that's how it was, sir."

"Oh! Mr. Cranston was going to strike this one," turning towards Lionel. "And who may you be?" (the inspector's voice hardened)—"her spooney man?"

"I—what——" began Lionel.

The inspector interrupted him impatiently,

"Come, don't pretend. I mean, do you keep her, or she you? (she seems to fight your battles for you, any way). What's your name, quick?"

"My name is Keith—Leonard Keith."

"Keith, yes; and your address?"

"No. 3 The Sciennes."

"Sciennes, yes; and are *you* doing nothing, too?"

"I am working—engaged on literary work, for Mr. Chester."

"Chester—who's he?"

"Mr. John Chester, of the Regent Hotel."

"But it's shut up; he's abroad—Italy, or somewhere."

"He's at Mentone, but I am working every day there, in the hotel."

"Oh!" (there was a nasty note of incredulity in his every word), "that's easy seen to. And might you be Lionel Leonard or Leonard Lionel?"

"I said, 'Leonard.'"

"Yes, but she calls you 'Lionel.' And what *are* you to her, then?"

"I'm—her—brother."

"Her brother—oh! (she's a mighty affectionate sister). You're married, then, are you?" (to Sagul).

"Me, sir, married! not me, sir."

"But how does your name come to be—what? yes—Chilcott, then, and your brother's Keith? And it seems rather odd, doesn't it, one living in Alison's Entry, and the other out in The Sciennes, and you doing nothing, and him 'engaged in *literary* work.'—Well, that's all right, then. You two 'll have to be up at the court to-morrow morning in the High Street by ten sharp."

"But she?" Lionel asked, "what's to become of her?"

"Oh, we'll take good care of your *sister*, never you fear for that. Unless" (as if a sudden thought had struck him) "you're willing to bail her out."

"Bail—why, yes; how much?"

"Three pound we'll fix it at. You see" (watching Lionel sharply), "it was a pretty violent assault."

"I—I'm afraid I haven't as much as three pounds upon me, but if——"

"Three pounds," cried Sagul, "what, and then for to let me go free? Why, I'd willings give thirty, not to be dragged up among all them thieves and murderers and rubbidge. There!" (producing a handful of sovereigns), "there's your three pounds, sir, and welcome, and thank you kindly, my gentleman (*Bengesko rye*<sup>1</sup>!" ironically).

"Wait, stop a second for your receipt; there, you'll get it back afterwards. Ten o'clock, then, you understand, to-morrow morning."

<sup>1</sup> Devil's gentleman.

She did not understand it in the least, but departed, relieved, almost blithe, with Lionel. The inspector looked after them, and calling, "Watson," to a man in plain clothes who had kept in the background, jerked his pen in their direction.

"All right, sir," said Watson, and followed them.

## CHAPTER VII

THEY walked side by side in silence up Leith Street, and in silence along the Bridges, until, passing a sweet-shop, in the window of which was a mirror, Sagul suddenly caught sight of herself.

"*Dábla!*" she cried, "and I've gone and lost my good hat," and burst out laughing.

"Yes, it's a pity, isn't it?" said Lionel, bitterly.

She looked up at him quickly, wonderingly, and asked — "You aren't angry with *me*, sure, my Lionel?"

"Angry, what on earth should I be angry for?"

"Nor you aren't ashamed of being seen 'longside o' me. I'm a figure, but there isn't hardly no one to see us."

"Ashamed! who am I to be ashamed of anything?"

"'Cos I know," she said simply, "I'm nothing but a poor Gypsy wench, and you a grand gentleman; but——"

"Grand gentleman! Good God! did you hear what that fellow said to me?"

"What, him, the pretty hangman,<sup>1</sup> and who'd ever care what he said?"

"No, *you* mayn't, but *I* do. I haven't yet learnt not to."

She answered nothing; her silence only angered him the more.

"If you'd leave me alone," he burst forth. "I've lost enough already, haven't I, through your people—every-

<sup>1</sup> A common Gypsy synonym for "policeman."

thing I ever cared for in the world—name, honour, faith, father, home, yes, everything.”

“I know”—and her strong voice grew pitiful—“but you aren’t a-blamin’ *me* for that; ’twas none o’ my doing.”

“No, but you are a Gypsy like her, my mother—God curse her!”

Sagul stopped aghast. “The Lord love us! What, curse the dead mother as bore you!”

“Curse everything. No, I forgot. You don’t know, you can’t understand. Only if you’d have let things be.”

“What, let a ringtail like that go and strike you, and me standing there, and——”

“No, before, I mean: let them kill me and bury me, me and my shame. It would have been a thousand times better.”

“No,” she said honestly, reflecting for an instant, “I could never have gone and done that.”

“And what’s the good of it, your sending me all those presents, as though I should ever touch them? No, I shall never be anything better than I am now, so I don’t quite see what you’ll get by it.”

“Get by what, my Lionel?”

“‘My Lionel’! Why, I ought, I know, to be grateful to you—I ought to, but I can’t—and of course you know I *might* go back to-morrow, and claim everything ever was mine, and then I suppose you’d naturally look for your reward.”

“Reward—me take money off you!”

“Money, no; but there might be another Lady Glemham, like the late one—a Gypsy.” (What loathing and scorn he flung into that last word!) “But there never will be, never, I tell you that once for all.”

“And you could go back if you choosed to, and all as it ever was.”

“Yes, I *could*; there is nothing legally to hinder me.”

“There! and me always thinking you couldn’t. But why ever don’t you, then? it seems so simple-like not to.”

“Because—you heard all they told me, didn’t you?—those two, down in Radnorshire.”

"What, the fine handsome Perun and that old doctor—ay, I could hear it all plain enough where I was in the Arthurstone. But who'd ever put any harkenings in what they said! No, I knowed 'twas the print as did it?"

"The print?"

"Ay, them 'stificates of marriage and the birth one. Nought else could, sure-ly. Why, I knowed it was all a pack o' lies what they were speakin'. For my mammy had told me everything how it happened, that night, the first time ever we seen you in Yarrow. She was clean mesmerized at the sights o' you, like seeing a *mullo*,<sup>1</sup> she said, for you was the wery spit<sup>2</sup> of Ercilla—her, I mean, what is dead and gone (God rest her dear blessed soul!). Ay, and she told me how she fair doted on him."

"On him—whom?"

"The *gaijo*,<sup>3</sup> the young officer—your father as was—Sir Charles Glemham. My mammy (they was young gals together, you know) didn't want her to have him; said no good could ever come of mixing breeds—she's one of the real old-fashioned, 'riginal Gypsies, my mammy is. And my mammy said she couldn't never abear the fine Perun."

"Who? your mother couldn't?"

"No, her that's dead and gone, couldn't never abear him, though he was always on to her, always saying she'd got to have him. And then they got married, you know, she and Sir Charles Glemham did—they was as good as married already (for a Gypsy gal ain't like a *gaijn*)—but married, I mean, in a church. So I knowed it couldn't be nothing that *they* said, but those 'stificates; for anything in print, that's different—that can't lie. And if it hadn't been true, you'd never have gone and acted so simple-like (when you came to yourself here, I mean), not to go back to your beautiful grand mansion, as Wanselo's told me about it, and to give up—There! and I was clean forgettin'."

"What?" Lionel asked absently (he was trying to puzzle out something). Then, recalled to himself, he

<sup>1</sup> Ghost.

<sup>2</sup> Picture.

<sup>3</sup> Gentle.

exclaimed, "Good Lord! how it's pelting; you'll be getting quite wet. And where are we?"

It was pouring, half rain, half sleet, and they were almost down at the foot of Newington. For, sometimes walking fast, and sometimes halting, they had passed, without noticing, the turn to the Sciennes.

"How stupid of me," he said, "and I've taken you all out of your way"—his voice had altered strangely of a sudden. "But there's nowhere here to take shelter, and we're not two hundred yards from my lodgings, and it's so late she'll be sure to be gone to bed, and she's deaf besides. You won't mind, will you? coming in just for a bit till it gives over."

"Mind," Sagul said, "and whatever should I mind for?—that would be comical for me to mind going anywhere with you."

They turned: the storm smote in their faces.

"Why, you must be getting drenched," said Lionel; in his voice there was actually a touch of slight concern.

"Me," she laughed, "*I* shan't hurt; I'm like an old donkey. But it's you I'm thinking for, my Lionel. You might ha' used that, anyways."

"What?"

"The top-coat as come to you with fur on it."

"That overcoat; but, Sagul, whatever made you go and buy a coat like that?"

"There! and how was I to know what was right for a gentleman? Only one bitter cold night I seen you without e'er a top-coat at all."

"But, Sagul, I tried to find out where it had been sent from, and I took it to half-a-dozen tailors, and one of them told me it must have cost twenty pounds."

"Twenty pounds, not the half of it, for I bought it out of a sale-room in George Street, and didn't give no more for it than fifteen pounds, fifteen shillings."

"But fancy a fellow with thirty shillings a week going about in a fifteen-guinea overcoat." And Lionel laughed: he had not laughed rightly for upwards of two years. "This is the place," he said, "up this stair: here, take my hand, it's so dark."

He guided her up the turnpike stone staircase, opened the outer door with his latch-key, and led her across the lobby into a small sitting-room. A fire was smouldering in the grate; he knocked it up into a blaze, which lit up the place, and revealed on the table an oblong cedar-wood box. Sagul eyed this half-guiltily, then suddenly broke out—

“*Dábla!* and me forgetting it ag’in, and come out o’ purpose to tell you. She’s here in Edingburgh, begging.”

“Begging! who’s begging?”

“That young lady what was with you the very first time ever I seen you, her as you used to keep calling to when you had the fever—‘Marjory, Marjory.’”

“Marjory in Edinburgh!”

“Ay, I was into a shop this morning buying something, a tobacconist’s—I didn’t know then ’twould vex you so—and she come in with two other women, all in black, something like them fish-wives, but more like *mullos*. ‘Round ag’in,’ says the gentleman of the shop, ‘and what are you wanting this time?’ ‘Anytings,’ one of ’em said to him, ‘for our poor old people.’ And he giv’ ’em a whole lot o’ broken ’baccy, cuttings and sweepings; and ‘Tank you,’ she said (she was a cur’us speaker, for all the world like an I-talian), and off they goes. And me standing like a stuck pig, to think she’d come down to that.”

“But they couldn’t be fish-wives?”

“Well, they didn’t show their legs like them women do, as I’d think shame to; but they had on white things like them and dark gownds. I was just a-comin’ out when they come in, and I was sorry afterwards I didn’t ask the gentleman about ’em, only I was that struck. But it’s a shop, I forget what the street’s called, but it’s right anunst the ’firmary.”

“Opposite the Infirmary, yes, I believe I know the shop, in Forrest Road. But Marjory—are you certain it was Marjory? Didn’t she see you?”

“No, ’cos she stood there with her eyes down, never looking at nobody; only she laughed wonst—I’d ha’ knowed her anywheres without that.”

"But she wasn't dressed like the other two?"

"No, only awful plain, almost shabby-like."

"Not in mourning, was she?"

"No, she wasn't in mournings, leastwise no weil or crapes."

"Then they can't be dead——yes, what a lot I've to find out to-morrow. I'm awfully obliged to you, Sagul; only I'm half afraid to hope, I seem to have forgotten the way to. But do sit down; here, I'll draw this chair up to the fire. And take your cloak off; what a pity it's got all torn."

"Oh! that won't si'nify, not a mite. *Dórdi!* my hair's like drowned rotten's tails," stooping over the fire to dry it.

"Yes, I was afraid you'd get wet. And you came out on purpose to tell me; it was awfully good of you."

"Ay" (hesitating a little), "she said as I ought to."

"Who did?"

"Mrs. Murphy; her I'm living beside."

"Yes, where did you say it was?—off the Cowgate. But that's a horrid part, isn't it? I've looked into it sometimes from the South Bridge."

"Ay, it *is* a poverty place, not a mössel o' green or God's sunshine, and nought but low-lived Irish. But she's a dear good blessed woman, as ever was. It was the night after Wanselo went off——"

"Wanselo, where's he gone to?"

"Back to England. He's got married on to one of the Lees, Mandra Lee, my Aunt Genti's girl. They came and stopped in the same meadow down Leith Walk where my wagon was drawn into, that's how we knowed they was there. She's a well-principled young woman, though not one o' my sort, too fly-away; but I was glad for the boy to take up with any one, for he was carryin' on fair ondikelous, was our Wanselo. Would you believe it, I met him one evening marchin' bold as brass up Princes Street along with that Daphne——Lord! but she *did* run, and me arter her. So I gi'en 'em my wagon, only to be sure and sell it or barter it afore ever they come anywheres anight the fine Perun; and off they goes."

“ And you stopped behind ? ”

“ Well, I did make a start as far as a place they call Peebles ; and there it was ‘ Turn ag’in, Whiddleton ’—Sagul took the first train back to Edingburgh.”

“ What for ? ”

“ If you don’t know, I don’t, my Lionel. Only when I got back, I was just like some poor dear lost creetur’, up and down, and down and up, and round and round, and pourin’ wet too, and I hadn’t been hungry that day, until long and by last I s’pose I was fit to drop, and she met me and took me home. It’s like this, you see. When she was nought but a gal, ay, a dear little teeny young gal, not gone fifteen, her father and mother, her own father and mother, used to send her forth upon the streets to earn ’em money, to sell her precious self to get them drink—it was whisky, whisky, whisky blessed mornin’ and noon and night. That went on, oh ! I can’t say how long, till a dear good man, a missionary, got hold of her, and had her put in a home, and when she came out found her something to do in a warehouse. And there was a young fellow there, he’d been in trouble too, but this same missionary had ’varted him, and he was a light porter. So the two fell in love, and got married. Only they never had no children for above a bit—she thought my dear God was displeased with her—till at last she had a gal, and then a boy ; they’re good big children by now. Ay ! but that isn’t all of it. They’ve two rooms and a kitchen, two-and-sixpence a week (’tis a poor place, *mináw*,<sup>1</sup> but there’s a bed to spare), and every night Mrs. Murphy’ll go out in the streets, and look about till she finds some poor lone lost young creetur’, and ’ll take her home with her, and give her a night’s shelter. Ay, and that’s what she thought I was ” (Sagul’s voice grew low), “ and so I was too, only not the way she fancied, thank the Lord. And I’ve bode by her ever since, took two little rooms on the very same landing as hers. Not with her, oh no, for I couldn’t stand none o’ your Daphnes : that’s a thing I should be disdainful of myself. But the language that

<sup>1</sup> My own one—the softest, tenderest vocative of any language.

dear woman has is quite surprisin', and the sense, though she's dead ag'in *dükerin*,<sup>1</sup> which I says is no more than just a few foolish words. That was one thing frightened me yonders, fear she'd get into trouble too over me. But there, you see, he knowed her, the fine hangman did; and that's why he took my three sovereigns, and let me off."

"But, Sagul," began Lionel (he was honestly sorry to have to undeceive her), "I'm afraid—I mean, you know, that was only bail."

"As how, my Lionel?"

"That was only to make sure you'd come up to-morrow morning, and, if you didn't, then you'd forfeit it, and then they could take you up again anywhere, and I suppose it would be worse for you. It can't be anything very bad surely—a small fine, I should say. Or it won't matter even if it's a big one, for I've lots of money (I hadn't it with me just now, but here), over fifteen pounds, that I've been hoarding up, to pay you back what you must have expended on me. And, yes, I'll go with you (I have to anyhow)—Sagul, what is it?"

For she had leapt up, her great eyes dilated with sudden fear, her brown face ashen-grey, livid. "Let me out," she cried hoarsely, "let me run away anywhere. And me a-thinkin' he'd let me go free, the nasty, venomous, cruel, false, black-hearted hangman. Don't I know, haven't I seen, with my own poor dear mammy at Worcester? Three months for nothin' in the world but getting ten shillings off a farmer's sister, as was old enough to know better. And cut her hair short, they did, and bath'd her in water full o' creepin' things, and, if she made the least mite o' noise, the black hole, with sarpints, and toäds, and beedles, and rere-mice. And that for nothin', and this a wi-lent assault. Let me out, my Lionel, let me go right away."

"No, no," said Lionel, "I'm sure it can't be anything like that: a fine, almost for certain. Of course, it's a nuisance, just too now, when I—and of course if you *could* get away, it would be best. But how on

<sup>1</sup> Fortune-telling.

earth could you? There are no trains at this time of night, and they might be watching the stations. Besides, what a night! listen. Why" (looking out of the window), "it has turned to snow, the street's growing white already. No, you'll have to stop here to-night, Sagul; I'll give you up my bed-room. Hang Mrs. Wilson."

He did keep her from rushing out into the street; he got her to sit down again; he even forced on her his fifteen pounds—strange that he did not want then and there to restore her her presents. But take his bed, no, not Sagul.

"You go," she said, "my Lionel (you must be weary), and leave me here. I'll take off my naily boots, and sit like that, with my toes poked into the fire, and try and think as I'm back in my mammy's place. For I couldn't sleep, leastwise not yet, no, not if it was ever so. Good——night, my Lionel."

So he went off at last to bed, and left her sitting there. The fire died slowly out, and still she sat motionless, only heaving sometimes long sighs. At last she arose, laid something on the table, and, picking up her boots, made softly for the lobby, but turned at the threshold, crept back, and kissed the bedroom-door lovingly. Then cautiously undoing the front-door, she stole out into the staircase, put on her boots there, groped her way down into the street, and started running, not townward, but in the direction of the country. A dark figure, that had been lurking in the opposite entry, emerged, and ran after her over the noiseless snow.

## CHAPTER VIII

“**B**RAW ongoings, Mr. Keith, comin’ hame at a’ hours o’ the nicht; and the outer door left aff the sneck; and a woman’s mantle lyin’ on the sofy, torn a’ to bits; and fifteen pound-notes on the parlour-table. Eh! if I wasna an honest woman, though it’s no fifteen pound wad pay Babby Wilson for siccan shamefu’ doin’s in a decent hoose. If ye ha’ no fear o’ God, have ye nae respect for the neighbours?” This and much more Mrs. Wilson, Lionel’s landlady, to Lionel, not yet risen. She came from somewhere near Tinto.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Gone, she’s really gone, then; I only wish I could feel sure she has got clear away from Edinburgh. I hadn’t the least idea she’d mind it so much (was rather selfishly concerned about myself, perhaps), thought *they’d* be quite accustomed to that sort of thing. I wish to goodness she hadn’t left that money. She’d a good bit of her own, I know, with her; still, one hates lying under an obligation, especially to a—— No, I must try and shake off that feeling (at least, I hope I must: thank God for it). ‘The very picture of her’—my mother: how was I to know that? I could see the likeness to *them*, and I’ve hated my face every time I caught sight of it. But now—— Oh! I hope, I hope, I hope.” This and much more Lionel to himself, as he dressed to go to the police-court.

\* \* \* \* \*

“So your lady-friend hasn’t put in an appearance, Mr.

Keith. She needn't have been so frightened: it would only have been a very few shillings' fine, or put under caution, more likely, as a first offender. Hope I wasn't rude to you last night, but we do meet, you see, with such queer customers sometimes. Yes, everything you told me was correct, sir, perfectly correct." Thus Inspector Orrock to Lionel, as they passed out together from the police-court to the High Street. He eyed him narrowly as he said it; and "Clearly," thought Lionel, "I had best not bother after her: to find her would probably betray her whereabouts."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Dressed something like fish-wives, foreigners, begging for broken tobacco, oh! yes, Mister, you'll mean those Popish nuns, the Little Sisters they call themselves. Good sort of women I'm told, keep a kind of charitable poorhouse. Where is it?—along there, in Gilmore Place. A young lady with them?—no, Mister, I couldn't speak to that: can you, Agnes?" "Yes, indeed, because that young person with the red cloak, who buys the regalias, was in the Divan when the three of them came in yesterday, and she looked so strange at her—I told you, don't you remember?" So Mr. Murray, the tobacconist in Forrest Road, and Miss Agnes Murray, his sister.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Seven months, yes, of course. No, I don't want to take a guinea for telling you that; you could have learnt it out of any midwifery handbook." So Dr. Sutherland of Lauriston, who, after Lionel's exit, soliloquized, "I wonder what on earth he looked so glad for. He's surely not married; and an affiliation case—I can't see how that would work in."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Favourably hear, O Lord, my humble prayers in behalf of the souls of thy faithful servants—Mackenzie, a servant he was, and Thou knowest, O Lord, what Mackenzie was, but eh! it's lonesome wi'out him; and my old master, Sir Charles Glemham; and Ercilla, Lady Glemham; and Dorothy, Lady Glemham (heretics, though they were, baith); and him, my bonny bairn,

the young master, Sir Lionel. May their souls through Thy mercy rest in eternal peace!" So dear old Alison, bowed before her crucifix, in the little old homely farmhouse at Traquair. She must have grown deafer, for she had not heard Lionel enter. "Amen," he said, "Alison," kneeling down beside her.

"Ah! my bairn," turning towards him, "and where are the other ones?"

"Who, Alison?"

"Sir Charles, your feyther, and his two ladies, and my poor auld man—I'd be blithe to be sure he was one o' their company."

"But, Alison, I'm not dead;" and he put his young arm around her withered old neck.

She showed no wonder, but gently patted his hand; and "No," she said, "Master Lionel dear, only whiles they all seem dead. And where will you be come from?"

"All sorts of places; I'll tell you about myself presently. But, Alison, I came on purpose to ask you something, something of such importance, and you've half told me it already. Ercilla, Lady Glemham—that was my mother: you remember her? you were with her when I was born?"

"Ay, was I, my bairn, and well for you that I was there, you coming so early, and had to be happed a whole fortnight in cotton wool. And she in her coffin, poor soul—Holy Mary, pray for her!"

"And my father, was he there?"

"No, Master Lionel, Sir Charles was away at Fressingham."

"But how was that, Alison? why was he not beside her?"

"Master Lionel, there are some things children should not ask questions about, and one thing's their parents. If Sir Charles was not with my lady when she died, he was sorry maybe for it afterwards. I told him everything once, and if he'd seen fit he'd have told you everything too; but I never was one to clash about things that my master wished to keep silent." She said it severely, pursing up her old lips—it carried Lionel back for close upon twenty years.

“But you were fond of my mother, Alison?”

“Fond of her, Master Lionel, I fair learnt to love her—too dearly maybe for a servant: she was more like a friend than my mistress.”

“Yet she was only a Gypsy?”

“*Only* a Gypsy, and what for no, if she was one—she never told me, and I never questioned her. That’ll be some o’ Mackenzie’s clavers (old enough too to hae mair sense).”

Lionel might, very likely, have easily beguiled more out of her, but refrained. “And Adam,” he said, “is dead?”

“Ay, Master Lionel, he’s gone too, like the lave o’ them.”

“How long ago was it, Alison?”

“I cannot say rightly; whiles it seems langsyne, and whiles but yesterday. But it came very sudden when it did come. I mind his sayin’, ‘There maun be something awfu’ wrang wi’ me, since I hae taen a scunner at whisky. Ailie woman, I doubt I’m breakin’ up.’ And he took to his bed the next day, and could only struggle up for an hour or two about noon, and then there was nothing he liked so well as seeing the pigs and the poultry. And when at last he kept his bed a’togither, his great pleasure was to lie and look out through yon open door—for we made his bed here in the kitchen. And Jean—that’s my grand-niece, you know (she’ll be up at the House now)—would aye be shuttin’ the door, and one day he shouted after her, ‘Damn you, Jean’ (he was an awfu’ swearer, Mackenzie), ‘will ye no leave the door open, and let me see the sun shining? It’s no lang that I will be here, and sure-ly I can hae that. Throw down some crumbs, and bring the hens round the door.’ And he lay there hotching and laughing, to see the greedy things quarrelling. I wanted him to have the doctor and Father Brady, but ‘No,’ he said, ‘medicine and purgatory, I dinna believe in either,’ and that God had been ower good to him all his life to damn the auld sergeant at the hinder end. But just at the last he went silly-like, and so made a good ending. And oh! Master

Lionel, it grieved me sair you were dead, and no there to lay my auld man's head in the grave—Hoot! I'm forgettin', ye are na dead ava, Sir Lionel."

"Dead, no, rather not, Alison, and going back soon, I hope, to Fressingham, to the old Priory. You'll have to come too."

"'Deed, and I'd like to, Sir Lionel, for often I wonder how things are going on there—I'd the awfulest job always wi' thae English lassies. But it's ower far, I doubt, and I'm ower old. It would be an awfu' long way to carry me when I was deid, for a corp comes expensive, they tell me (I mind that by your own mother, Ercilla, Lady Glemham). And I could not lie anywhere but aside o' my poor auld Mackenzie—maybe at the end of a' things I'll be able to slip in a good word for him wi' St. Peter."

They sat, and talked on and on until close on the last train from Innerleithen to Edinburgh. Sometimes Alison would revert to her "book English," but oftenest she lapsed into the "braid Scots" of her girlhood. And always she was clearest as to things long past, always most puzzled about things of yesterday. Lionel tried in vain to learn something of the Avenels—Miss Marjory, surely she must remember Miss Marjory?

"Fine that," replied Alison, "but I cannot say rightly when she was here last. She's been here often: there was that time, ye mind, when the two of you went up the Minch. I like herself weel, but oh! Master Lionel, I canna thole that—ye ken what—about her feyther."

"Yes, I do know," said Lionel, "but I wish that it was to-morrow. For I hope, Alison, yes, I hope now, I hope, I hope."

## CHAPTER IX

WHEN one knocks at a convent gate, one reasonably expects a nun to look forth through a grille; but when Lionel rang at the home of the Little Sisters of the Poor in Gilmore Place, the door was opened by an old man who might have been a stable-help—unlike most of the inmates, a Scotchman. “Come awa ben, man,” he said, “come awa ben; it’s the Guid Mither ye’ll be wantin’,” and led the way into a dismal waiting-room: the Glenmutchkin Railway itself could hardly show any more dismal. The predominant features were oilcloth and obscurity (it was lighted solely by a window from a passage). One could dimly descry a statue of St. Joseph, an oleograph of Pio Nono, and a large medicine press.

“Sit ye doun, then,” said the guide. “Hoot! man, there’s nae need for a ticket,” as Lionel proffered him a visiting-card, on which he had written “Sir Lionel Keith Glemham.” He shuffled off, and presently there entered the middle-aged Good Mother and a younger Sister, both French, and both speaking broken English with an odd Irish accent, but the one a peasant-woman, the other a high-born lady.

“Monsieur will see ze home?” asked the Sister (she seemed to be spokeswoman); “zat will make us a great happiness to show it.”

No, Lionel explained, his object in coming was to inquire if a Miss Avenel was not living there—Miss Marjory Avenel. Whereupon the Sister said something

quickly in French to the Good Mother, and the Good Mother timidly answered him—

“Mees Avenel, but yes, shure, she is a postulant. Monsieur will—only we know not zat she have any parents.”

“Dead!” exclaimed Lionel, “they’re not dead, both of them?”

“But I comprehend not. Ah!” (with a sudden hope), “is it zat Monsieur speak French?”

“No, but I can understand it quite well if it is spoken slowly.” Then himself, very slowly, in English, with a reminiscence of French exercises, “The father and the mother of Miss Avenel, are they dead?”

“No, but certainly not” (in French). “She has received a letter from him yesterday.”

“Where is he?”

“He is in Rome” (in an awe-struck voice).

“In Rome! and where is she—her mother, Mrs. Avenel?”

“She is in Jerusalem” (in a tone better suited to “Jericho”).

“Rome! Jerusalem! and Marjory here. But I must see her, you *will* let me see her.”

“But who are you, then, Monsieur?”

Lionel handed her the card the porter had rejected: she took it, put on her spectacles, and scanned it earnestly.

“Ah! it is difficult,” she murmured. “Sister Angélique, you who are clever.”

The Sister’s eyes had hardly fallen on it when “Ciel!” she cried, “it is incredible. ‘Sir Lionel Keet Glemham!’ but he is dead, dead already two years. I know it; Marguerite has told me. Monsieur, it is not possible that you are he?”

“Yes, I am Lionel Glemham, I have been for two years like one dead, have been ill, and have suffered much. It was only two days ago that I learnt I—I mean that I heard Miss Avenel was living here.”

In voluble French the Sister explained to the Good Mother; in voluble French the two spoke awhile to—

gether, the Good Mother with uplifted hands, and on the faces of both, else so different, the same look of wonder and gladness and pity and interest.

"But," said the Sister then to Lionel, "have you reflected?—the shock—she believes you dead: we fear it may kill her. St. Joseph, aid us!"

"Ah! I know," cried the Good Mother excitedly, "I have it. A miracle; it is a miracle; Monsieur will give St. Joseph a little alms for our church. He will write it on paper, and Marguerite will recognize, she also is clever."

Sister Angélique clapped her hands: "No, no, it is the Good Mother is wise. Quick, quick, here is ink and a pen."

"But I don't understand quite," said Lionel.

"How? See on this statue of our Patron there is hung this small slip of paper, and on it written, 'St. Joseph, thy Little Family require a church,' for hitherto we have no church, only a shed of wood. Write then on the other side of the paper some little donation, and sign it. So Marguerite will know, and the good St. Joseph will make the shock light for her."

"I see," said Lionel, and wrote hastily: "I promise, when I return to Fressingham, to give one thousand pounds for the church of the Little Sisters of the Poor in Gilmore Place, Edinburgh,—Lionel Keith Glemham."

"I thank you, Monsieur. Like that," said Sister Angélique, rehangng the paper round the neck of St. Joseph: then suddenly, "One thousand pounds! twenty-five thousand francs! and we thought perhaps twenty-five francs. A miracle, oh! but yes, certainly a miracle."

How they laughed, the good couple; how innocently delighted they both were; it was as good as a game of hide-and-seek to them. Lionel was to withdraw to the vestibule, and Sister Angélique was to summon Marjory to the presence of the Good Mother, who was to announce to her the miracle that had befallen: in due time they would recall him. "And pray to St. Joseph, Monsieur, that fortitude be granted her." What a long time it

seemed, that waiting in the vestibule, but at last came the summons, "Enter, then, Monsieur;" and as he passed in the Good Mother and Sister Angélique passed out—Lionel found himself alone with Marjory. . . .

No, there are some things one may not write of, even in a novel.

When at last she could cry without laughing, and laugh without crying, Lionel told her his story, all true but not all the truth, of how he had been kidnapped by Dr. Watson, of the threat to murder him, of how he had been rescued by "some of the Gypsies," of his lingering illness, and of his slow recovery: "And there are some things, Marjory, I couldn't explain to you, and you mustn't ask me to." Nor did she.

"Oh! how happy I am," she cried, "I never looked again to feel so happy, and yet I've been very happy here."

"But how ever did you come here, Marjory? how long have you been here?"

"Nearly four months; I came here the same day they left Newark Peel—Father and Mother. Oh! I forgot, you won't know, Lionel."

"Yes, they told me—Rome and Jerusalem. What on earth does it all mean?"

"I will tell *you*, Lionel; I could never tell any one else. It was Mother's doing, all my Mother's doing. Father did grieve so for you (oh! how glad he will be when we write to him!), it was as though he had lost his own son; and he blamed himself—at least, thought it was part of his punishment. I don't believe he ever said one word of that to Mother (he didn't to me); but I knew it, and she must have known it too. You remember, Lionel, her Anglo-Israelite theory, the *British Jewry*, and all that; well, it was early in this year that she announced her intention of going out to the Holy Land to make arrangements for the return of the Ten Lost Tribes. You know how she used to joke about things, and I didn't pay much heed to it at first, and Father didn't either (he wasn't heeding anything much then); but she went on making preparations, buying

her outfit—she used to talk so much about that outfit. Still, I never believed in it, never thought she could really be serious; and then (that was in June) I came to spend a fortnight with the Geraldines. They're renting that big house (do you know it?) beneath Arthurs Seat, and it was there I came across the Little Sisters. Two of them called, on their *quête*, begging, you know, and I got talking to them; and they were so pleased, my speaking French and being a Catholic, and invited me to come and see the Home. And I came, and—I'll show you all over it, Lionel—it is just beautiful. Well, when I went back to Newark, I found Mama actually talking of starting next month, and Father was to go with her as far as Marseilles, and there they were to separate; and he was to travel perhaps a little by himself; and *perhaps* I might go with them, and go on with Mama, unless some better arrangement could be made. I didn't understand it in the least, Lionel, and it seemed to me so cruel (to Father, I mean, as he then was); and I said I hadn't the slightest wish to go to Palestine; mightn't I come and stop here instead in their absence? You know, I fancied it would be only for a month or two; and, besides, I never imagined they would let me. But Father raised no objection (he objected to nothing then), neither did Mother: she used to go on laughing and jesting—Lionel, it did seem so cruel. And I might never have known, only one night she broke down, the Thursday before they went, and told me everything; that she knew Father never could be happy again unless he was reconciled to the Church, that that could never be so long as she was with him, that he would never voluntarily leave her (Lionel, and she joked about the Micawbers!), and that so she was doing this. Oh! it was terrible! How she loves him and me—love and self-sacrifice, I never knew their meaning until then. And the next day she was as bright and cheery as ever, and the day after that they left Newark. And they parted at Marseilles, and an old friend met him there—Mother had written to Cardinal Weldon.

"Yes," added Marjory, "and her not believing in it the least—in Catholicism, I mean—must have made it, oh ! so much harder."

"And is he reconciled, Marjory ?"

"No, not yet, but I can see from his letters he hopes to be."

"And Mrs. Avenel, your mother ?"

"Oh ! she writes often to me, too. Such merry, amusing letters. She doesn't like Jerusalem one bit ; says she thinks now it would be best for just a few members of the Lost Tribes to return there first—Dean Smith, and the Baxendines, and Aunt Emily (Mother never could stand Aunt Emily)."

"But how is it all to end, Marjory ?—what's to become of you ?"

"Of me : why, Mother will soon, I hope, be back, and then we shall live together for years and years, more happily even than ever. And some day, at the last, this Home will become my home. Come, I will show you it."

She showed him everything—kitchen, cellar, linen-room, day-rooms, dormitories, infirmaries, cow-shed, and wash-house. In the last an old Irish woman, who had just lit her pipe, dropped it cleverly out of her mouth into the wash-tub ; but, "Bridget, we've caught you," laughed Marjory. She introduced him to the oldest inhabitant, who sat crouched up in bed like a monkey, and who to the question, "And how old *are* you, Granny ?" made reply, "I'm oulder than I'm good, darlin', glory be to God." She brought him into the presence of a little old Italian, who sat painting a picture of 'St. Lawrence on the Gridiron.' "You'd better stand behind him," was her caution, "for you might laugh, and that would hurt him."

It sounds rather amusing, doesn't it ?—no, not a bit of it. Over a hundred old people, four-fifths of them very poor Irish, many of them bed-ridden, many childish, and many suffering from loathsome maladies—that, on the one hand ; and on the other, a dozen Sisters, to minister to the poorest wants of those poor souls, to

provide, by begging, their every bite and sup and article of clothing, and withal to endeavour to make them as happy as possible. "Yes," remarked Marjory in the cellar, which, just after the Christmas festival, had little beer left and no wine at all, "they try to give them everything, but it's rather hard sometimes, for sometimes they've *nothing* to give them." Yet, when they came back to the parlour, her comment on it all was, "Yes, isn't it beautiful?"

"Beautiful,—no, it's horrible."

"Lionel!"

"Oh! I know, of course, it's admirable, and splendid, and saintly, but—ugh! that old woman who wanted to show me her sores. Now, if it was wounded soldiers, or sick children; but a lot of grumbling, deaf, dirty, old Irish."

"Dirty! oh no, Lionel."

"No, not now perhaps—the whole place looks painfully clean; but they'll be filthy when they come, I suppose. And then that begging. Do you mean to tell me, Marjory, that you go round begging to tobacconists and greengrocers and hotels and restaurants?"

"No, I don't, I only go with them: I wish I might. Don't you remember how I always used to like beggars?—I never thought then of turning one myself."

"But, Marjory—I hadn't intended to speak out now; I mean, I intended to wait till I'd got back to Fressingham. But for my sake, Marjory. Won't you consider *me*? You are free, are you not? you haven't made any vows? you could come away to-day if you were minded to. Marjory, will you?"

She flushed rosy red beneath her little black peasant cap, but she made no pretence of seeming to misunderstand him. "No," she said simply, "that could never be."

"But why not? I tell you, all these two miserable years, I've been always thinking of you, only of you, Marjory. Why, if I'd wanted—no, I wouldn't tell you that; but the first instant I felt myself free to do so, I hurry here, and 'Never' you say then. Does that mean I'm to go, never to see you again?"

“Oh no, Lionel, I hope we shall meet again, often— at Newark, and here, perhaps, years and years afterwards. Who knows, I may even be Good Mother.”

“That’s nonsense, Marjory, that’s not what I meant at all. I meant, will you be my wife?”

“No, *that* can never be.”

“But why not, Marjory?”

“Because of yourself, Lionel, of something Father once said to me. And because” (once again she was laughing and crying together), “because of the Gypsy woman’s prophecy.”

“Gypsy’s prophecy!”

“Yes; don’t you remember, in Yarrow, that I wasn’t to marry as might have perhaps been expected, but higher, ever so much higher. ‘And His name it begins with de C.’”

## CHAPTER X

THERE was a fresh surprise for Lionel when he got back to his lodgings—Inspector Orrock and the Rev. Thomas Discipline.

“Is that him?” asked the inspector, as Lionel entered the sitting-room.

“Of course it is,” Discipline answered, rising effusively from the arm-chair in which he was sitting. “Lionel, my dear Lionel, what in the name of wonder can all this possibly mean?”

“What on earth brings you here?” was Lionel’s counter-query.

“A telegraphic communication from this officer. I received it yesterday, started instantler for Town, travelled down by the night mail (a bitter cold journey), reached Edinburgh at six a.m., went to an hotel, got a snatch of sleep, breakfasted, sent for Inspector Orrock, and drove out here with him—we’ve been waiting nearly two hours.”

“But how did *he* know?”

“It certainly shows remarkable acuteness, but it was the name you gave, Lionel Keith, that——”

“Excuse me, sir,” the inspector interrupted, “it was the name he didn’t give, the name she called him by, and then me finding his account of himself was correct, that he really was working for Mr. Chester of the Regent. I was pretty sure then there must be something up, and ‘Lionel Keith,’ too, sounded somehow familiar. I thought I’d just take a look through the

'Wanted' in case, and I'd a fairish hunt, for two years is a long time back, but I hit it at last. 'Five hundred pounds reward . . . information . . . Sir *Lionel Keith Glemham*, Bart. . . age 21, height 5 foot 10 inches, dark complexion, andceterer . . . Apply Rev. Discipline, Henningham Rectory.' And I lost no time in applying."

"No, indeed, you did not, Inspector. But, Lionel, first of all, before anything else, are you married to her?"

"Married, I, who to?"

"To that young person. It's a wonderful thing how my earliest conjecture proves right. Some youthful indiscretion, I said at once, when you disappeared from Oxford, some Delilah he has got entangled with. Yes, I distinctly remember saying to the Warden of Morham, 'Cherchez la femme, Mr. Warden'—he was scandalized at the bare notion of his doing so. But you are not married to her, Lionel?"

"Most certainly not."

"Thank Heaven for that: I entertained the gravest apprehensions. For I knew a good deal already about the laxity of the Scotch marriage law, and Inspector Orrock here actually assures me that if you and that young person had given the same surname the other night and described yourselves in the hearing of witnesses as man and wife, it would have constituted an irregular Scotch marriage. It's awful to think of. A liaison is bad enough; still, it always is terminable. You are certain, then, she has no hold on you, no claim whatever?"

"None in the world. That is, I'm her debtor for I can't say exactly how much, and really she——"

"My dear boy, what a relief, what an unspeakable relief to my anxiety! And no—no encumbrances, Lionel?"

"No what, sir?"

"There has been no fruit of the liaison?—in a word, no child born?"

"Good God! no. Haven't I told you?"

"No, you hadn't, but that's a good thing, too: yes, makes it much simpler. Come, let's hear the whole history, you shall make a clean breast of it. We will sit down comfortably; and, yes, I think I'll try another of your cigars. My case gave out, and I saw that box there, and ventured to break a bundle. Uncommonly good cigars they are; where do you get them? Your literary avocation must have proved a small gold-mine: Now then."

"Don't you think we had better be alone, sir?"

"Alone? what, Inspector Orrock? No, no, I regard him quite as an *amicus curiæ*. From a discreet police officer I would withhold nothing, and he, I can assure you, is thoroughly dependable."

So Lionel once more told his story—it had to be told some time. This time, then, he told it fully, almost everything as it had happened to the best of his recollection. Mr. Discipline during the telling assumed a thoughtful, sagacious pose: he might have been sitting for 'The Intelligent Listener,' and sitting like that one cannot put many questions. Inspector Orrock, on the other hand, wore a far-away, "none-of-my-business" expression. Thus the narrative flowed on almost uninterruptedly.

"You have acted, it seems to me," Mr. Discipline said at the close, "with commendable prudence, the most astonishing prudence. On the whole, I mean, but, come now" (with portentous archness), "what *have* you done with her?"

"Done with her—nothing."

"But you did bring her here that night. You told me so, did you not, Inspector?"

"Yes, sir," answered Inspector Orrock, "for Watson followed them (I'd told him off to), and then goes and falls asleep in that entry. I should have got him the sack over it, only I'd other fish to fry, you know, and didn't want to draw attention to this case."

"Quite right, yes, exceedingly right. But you see the futility, Lionel, of concealment from a member of the force. No, I have no desire to be hard on you, my

boy, I am too full of thankfulness for your escape. Only, where is she? come."

"I haven't the slightest idea; she went away in the night-time."

"Yes, we know that, because your landlady told us so, at least that she was not here in the morning. What an appalling female that is, Lionel; how on earth have you been able to put up with her! Such a tongue, such a Babylonish jargon (fortunately I had an interpreter). And she did not return, you say, to where she had been living, Inspector?"

"No, sir, hasn't been near Mrs. Murphy since five p.m., Thursday."

"I expect," said Lionel, "she has gone back to England to her people: she spoke of doing so."

"Let us trust she has, far the wisest thing she could do. Do you know, I confess I feel rather sorry for the poor creature, rejoiced though I am there was no more serious entanglement. But that discovery, that shocking discovery about your father."

"About his murder?"

"No, I was not alluding to that (of course, we already knew that he was murdered). But about his marriage. Mind you, I do not really blame him for telling me she was a Russian (there are some very good Russian families); no, no one could blame him for that, though naturally it threw me completely off the scent (I mean, of the assassin). But if only he had not married her—he told me himself she was not greatly bent on it—No, no, I beg your pardon, my dear Lionel, I did not of course mean that. But, dear me! dear me! what a lot there is to think about! Obviously the first thing is as to our immediate course. You have not, I trust, told anybody?"

"What about?"

"About your mother being a—not being a Russian."

"Only Marjory—Miss Avenel."

"Miss Avenel, when did you see her?"

"To-day, here in Edinburgh, at the home of the Little Sisters."

"A home, has it come to that? Yes, I have heard of the rupture between her father and mother; I understand Avenel was the one most to blame. Now, I should have thought a man at his time of life—— But that's not the question. You haven't told any one else?"

"No, except Alison, Mrs. Mackenzie; and she knew already. Besides, I doubt if she'll remember anything I told her; she's almost quite childish."

"That's good. Though why you should have told any one—I wouldn't have admitted a soul into my confidence. For clearly the one thing is to hush it up. You agree with me there, Inspector?"

"Y-e-e-es, sir," said Inspector Orrock thoughtfully.

"There can be no question about it. Why, I remember the frightful *esclandre* there was about your poor father's disappearance, Lionel, but that would be nothing to this:—'Romantic Abduction of a young Baronet . . . The Yawning Grave . . . One for his Nob.' It is ghastly to contemplate. If Neville Pudsey got hold of it, he would turn it into a Transpontine drama. But as it is, nobody knows of it."

"No-o, sir," said the Inspector, still thoughtfully, "except you and Sir Lionel and I."

"Except you and Sir Lionel and *me*. And it is safe with us, of course."

"Only how," asked the inspector, of a sudden becoming remarkably rigid and alert, "about the apprehension of the criminal? Three hundred pounds it was, offered first, and then five, and at the finish a cool thousand, for information leading to the conviction of the murderer or murderers of the late Sir Charles Glemham, Bart.—oh yes, I know, I was looking it up only yesterday. For one name, you see, led on to another, and that's the kind of plum as sticks in an officer's memory. What steps may you be proposing to take about that, sir?"

"Well," answered Discipline, looking wiser than any one man has any business to look, "you see, the arch-criminal, the instigator of the murder, has already passed to his account."

"Yes, sir, and that's another point. It was homicide the young woman hitting him on the head like that—justifiable homicide maybe, only that'll be for the authorities to determine."

"But you seem hardly to follow me, Inspector. For family reasons, the honour of an illustrious house, our wisest course clearly is to leave the lesser criminal to the punishment that will undoubtedly overtake him, and to maintain a discreet reticence."

"Yes, sir, yours, sir, I don't say no to that; but mine? Scotland, as well as England, expects every policeman—let alone an inspector—to do his duty, especially when it's put so plain before him. Let's see, now:—Perun Stanley; Gypsy; age (he'd be much about Sir C. Glemham's age), say forty-five; tall; strongly-built; swarthy; brother to Sylvester or Wester Stanley; uncle to Sagul Stanley, *alias* Reperonia Chilcott: yes, it shouldn't be hard to put one's hand on him. And the young woman, too, though I'm not that keen after her; still, she'd make a most beautiful witness. Why, we could have that chap hanged at—Ipswich, would it be?—in, I dare say, under three months."

"But you don't realize," cried Discipline, flabbergasted. "Hanged! why, everything would have to come out then. He might revive that story (it does not matter, it is absolutely false) that he was really the fa—, and then that compromising liaison; and even Dr. Watson, that I knew him, admitted him to my table (he met the archdeacon); and—no, no, that would never do. I think, perhaps, my dear Lionel" (arching his eyebrows, and trying to reassume his wisest look), "if Inspector Orrock would withdraw for a few minutes, we, you and I, might arrange some *modus vivendi*."

"No," said Lionel, "that is hardly necessary. One thing" (to Inspector Orrock), "if you had laid this information before your superior officer—what is his name?"

"Mr. Arbuthnot, sir."

"Yes, if you communicated the information you have received from me to Mr. Arbuthnot, wouldn't he be

entitled to claim the reward, one thousand, or whatever it is?"

"No, sir, it would be him as first laid it."

"Ah! I wanted to get to that. And if you withheld it, we should have to make it worth your while to withhold it, I suppose that's so?" (Mr. Discipline nodded approval).

"Well, sir," rubbing his chin with a pensive forefinger, "being among friends, and speaking to a gentleman, it might be."

"And how much would you put it at?"

"Well, sir, there'd be the five hundred for discovering you."

"Yes, there's that, I suppose, though I had discovered myself already. And what else?"

"There'd be the thousand pounds, and then there'd be the compensation for the loss of credit: a case like that would bring an officer a deal of credit."

"I fear, though, you will lose it, and the thousand pounds too, for I am going myself at once to lay the first information before Chief Constable Arbuthnot. Mr. Discipline, I am ashamed to confess that during the last two days I have been doubting what I should do—no, not what I *should* do, but what I was going to do. Those doubts have been resolved in the past half-hour by you and by your friend here, our *amicus curiæ*. He has forced my hand, and I am honestly glad he has done so. Yes, I am beginning to realize that perhaps I am not the centre of the universe, that, even if things had been as in my diseased folly I fancied, I still might owe something to others besides myself, for example to that poor Gypsy girl, who is as pure, sir, as your dead sister, my dear stepmother. And as things are, I surely owe much to my father and to my mother's memory—to hesitate for an instant would imply that I doubted still. Inspector Orrock, we need detain you no longer; Mr. Discipline and I will walk over together to the High Street."

As they walked across the Meadows the Rev. Thomas

Discipline gradually replumed himself, until, by the time they had reached the Infirmary, he remarked: "Your conduct, my dear Lionel, in this matter, I mean as regards that man Orrock, has been simply masterly. I freely admit I was egregiously mistaken in the fellow, but to manage a Scotchman I expect one requires to have lived in Scotland. As it is, you of course will tell just as much or as little (naturally as little) as will suffice to keep that mercenary rascal's mouth shut. And I think I should throw out a strongish hint to Chief Constable Arbuthnot that he had actually the effrontery to attempt to induce us to purchase his silence. There can be no risk with a Chief Constable, even a Scotch one.

"And there is one thing occurs to me forcibly," he observed, as they turned into the High Street, "that if only you had taken my advice, Lionel, and left Oxford two and a half years ago, and gone into the army, the whole of this would almost certainly never have happened."

## CHAPTER XI

HOW good it was to be back at Fressingham, empty though Fressingham was of all but dead memories; still, to feel that it was one's very home, that one had a home at all! And to be young and hale and rich and well esteemed (one needs to have been sick and poor and abject to appreciate those boons rightly), and to have received a commission in one's father's old regiment, and to be going out two months hence to Malta to join it—yes, it was glorious, glorious, that sunny morning of May. It was a nuisance then to be bothered with a letter, bearing the unfamiliar post-mark "Clun," addressed in a shapeless scrawl to "sir Lionell Glemam, Fressingam Pryry, Suffock." Lionel tore it open, and read it:—

"my Lionell, this reetches you hoping it finds you well as it leeves us all at pressent ekcept me for i am dying and would take it very kind in you to look in if so be as you are round this way and see me go for i cannot go eesy without I see your face worst more. my Daddy and mammy send respectfull complements and Pirramous and Wanslow and hoping no offence but he wishes the baby called Lionell. so no more at present from your gratefull and obeydent servant, SAYGULL STANLY.

"Wanslow will be there at the Bishops Castel station."

"I suppose I ought," began Lionel, then "Of course

I will ;” and he started by the first train. It was a long, slow cross-journey, with many breaks, and with plenty of time for reflection—bah! there has been too much talking about thoughts throughout this book: try and realize the true meaning of the trite “thoughts too deep for words.” It was morning, exactly at sunrise, when he reached that little roadside station in Shropshire; yes, merry-faced Wanselo was awaiting him there on the platform—a merry face can look sadder than a dour one. Not a word passed between them as they met, and they had walked in silence a hundred yards from the station. “She’s living?” then asked Lionel; even his voice was husky.

“Ay, bor,” replied Wanselo, and burst out crying again. Still, having once begun, they found it easier.

“How did you know what train I should come by, Wanselo?”

“I didn’t know, bor; she did, the dear blessed wench.”

“She—Sagul, but how?”

“That I can’t say, bor, but she seen you as plain as ever anything at Fressingham. I’ve been there, as you know, but she wasn’t never anight it, yet she seen you as plain as plain in an old house with water all round it, and the stone gateway, and the shiny slippery floors. Ay, and seen you get the letter and reading it, and seen you in the train, and in the handsome-cab driving through London, and then in the train again. And then she bod’ me walk and meet you at the station—I hadn’t been waiting more nor five or six hours.”

“But what is it? what is she ill of?”

“Conjections of the lungs, bor, sort o’ decline like. Lord! you won’t hardly know her, our Sagul.”

“But she looked so strong: how long has she been ill, then?”

“Ever since we found her by Tarporley, when she’d tramped it from Carlisle.”

“Tramped from Carlisle! when? why?”

“Ay, bor, tramped like a common wagram. And when?—when she come off from Edingborough.”

"Not that time, surely? why, she had a good bit of money with her then."

"*Had*, hor, ay; but the pretty fine hangman as chased her took it all off her, said if she didn't give it him quiet, he'd have her back to the p'lice office. She g'iven him, she doesn't know how much, but twenty or thirty sovereigns, and he gave her a half one back to pay her train from Peebles into England. When she got to Carlisle, she hadn't two shillins left of it."

"But who was he?"

"I don't know, bor; Lord! don't I just wish I did. But some nasty wicked hangman as was watchin' outside where you lived, said he'd been set to watch her."

"But she never walked from Edinburgh to Peebles? —why, it was snowing that night, I remember."

"Edinburgh to Peebles, hor, ay, and Carlisle to this side o' Chester; and ne'er a hat nor a bonnet, nor a cloak or a shawl nor nothink. You should ha' seen her when we found her ag'in Tarporley, as tattered as a mawkin,<sup>1</sup> all her rags fair jumpin' for joy. Found her, it wasn't we found her, but my mammy's dog, Shushy, knowed the poor gal di-reckly (she was restin' by the wayside), ran up to her, scrabblin' and barkin': 'Damn my skin!' says my daddy, 'that's Daughter.'"

"But when was that?"

"I couldn't say ezackly when it would be, but it was after the big snow, 'cos we'd been snowed up three weeks on Brierley Common, and hadn't started only that morning, too late though, for Church Stretton horse-fair!"

"But how had she lived all that time?"

"She hadn't lived, bor, not to call it livin'. You see, she wasn't sinsible enough to *dúker*,<sup>2</sup> being that mazed-like, through chasin' and used so scandalous. My mammy had two doctors to her that wery night, and one out o' Chester next morning, but they couldn't do nothin', nor none on 'em ever since. It's a hypocriting disease that, and sometimes we've thought her better; but not she, only was glad to be back to her mammy. And

<sup>1</sup> Scarecrow.

<sup>2</sup> Tell fortunes.

she's never said much about you till three days back, last Tuesday: then she made me write you that letter. And we knowed when you come she'd go, so I've sent to the others too."

"What others?"

"Mandra's people and Olive's and my Aunts Shuri and Patience, and my cousin Orpherus, and old Brittany (that's my mammy's grandmother); and some on 'em is come, and some are coming."

"Not he?" asked Lionel, with sudden apprehension, "he's not there?"

"Who, bor?"

"Perun Stanley, your father's brother."

"Lord love us all, bor! what, haven't you ever heard? he's mad, stark, starin', outrageous mad, in the 'sylum at Brooklings, Americay. You know, that time yonder, when he found 'twas the old doctor he'd buried, and not you, he was in the most awfulest ontaking ever was, said they'd know in three days he was dead, and who'd done it, and where 'twas done, and 'd come and take him, and my daddy too. So the pair on 'em starts right away to Liverpool, and gets on a steamer there—Mr. John Smith, that was my daddy; and the pretty fine Perun was Mr. William Smith. And you should hear my daddy talk about that v'yge, how they'd go up like Snowdon, and down like a crab in a coalpit, and the hutches all fattened down, and pumpin' (you'd think they'd water enough already), and Perun always drinkin' when he wasn't dyin', and always a-lookin' out for the telegraph wires, which I suppose they really go under the bottom of the ocean. And all hopes given up, so a prayer-meetin'—there was a populated American 'wangelist on board. And he prayed and preached about Jonah, and my daddy consated who Jonah was; and he prayed and preached about goin' on the deep waters, and feelin' the works of the steamship; and he prayed and preached about buryin' the old man. Up jumps my noble Perun in a hurry: 'I've done it,' he says. 'I've done it, and more nor done it—I've buried the Old Gentleman hisself.' 'Glory!' shouts the 'wangelist,

'Glory!' and the seas growing calm in a minute; and when they got to New York, no telegrams nor nothin'. Yes, that was how Perun became the 'Convarted Gypsy,' and used to go about preachin' with that 'wangelist in a high hat and shining black suit and black kid gloves and a Bible, and never drinkin' (only unbeknowns), and always rebukin' my daddy, as wasn't convarted, for the least little bits o' things. Long and by last my daddy got sick of it, and came away back in time for the Derby week, 'cos he backed Kisber, and won fifty-two pound ten. And the very next thing they heard was Brooklings—Perun had gone and wanted to bury that 'wangelist, and it took thirteen men to hold him (it was all in the papers). So my daddy sends something reg'lar there for 'William Smith,' and, when he's got a drop into him, he'll often cry about his 'little brother.' Not me, wouldn't cry for no such a *rátvalo júkel*." <sup>1</sup>

"So," thought Lionel, "that's where he is, in a madhouse; that's how they've never caught him. In a madhouse, he, in a madhouse."

But he said nothing, and in silence they accomplished most of the rest of their ten-miles walk. They walked through the delicate May morning air, sweet with the scent of hawthorn and wild hyacinths, and vibrating with the lark's song and the cuckoo's note, walked down into the valley where lies little sleepy Clun, and up out of the valley on to the high green hills which separate England from Wales, and on which, just over the crest, the Stanleys had made their encampment. It was as large as, or larger than, the one at Oxford—tents, tilt-carts, and caravans, and in the midst the big red tent, and Sagul lying there.

Not know her—ah! then shall we not know the Blessed Dead, for Sagul it was, but Sagul glorified. Her face was brown still, only somehow strangely transparent; her eyes were larger and even more luminous, but she could not keep them long open; her arms lay straight and wasted on the coverlet—they never more might

<sup>1</sup> Cursed hound.

wield a tent-mallet. They had made her bed up fronting the wide tent-entrance, and at its head on the left hand sat her father and mother; on the right a place had been kept for Lionel. For she was expecting him, and had made them prepare for him a savoury stew—at least, it smelt savoury.

“I knowed you’d come, my Lionel,” she said (he had to bend down to hear her), “but it’s good of you.” Presently, “If you’d reach me your hand, my Lionel, I’d like it dearly.” Presently, “You aren’t tired, my Lionel?”

“Tired?”

“Of me: I mean of sittin’ like that beside me.”

“Sagul!” He could have burst forth with anything, everything—anguish, excuses, unavailing regrets. Unavailing, indeed: what good could that have done?—and he kept silence, it was better so.

The long day swept swiftly by, broken only by occasional arrivals, the last to arrive the great-grandmother, who was Lionel’s great-grandmother too, though that he did not know till afterwards. A little, old, old woman, she had journeyed a hundred miles, mounted on a white donkey. They helped her off, and she came into the tent, sat down on the earth, and covered her head with her mantle. “*Kino shom, chawollé,*” she said (“Little children, I am weary”).

Perhaps it was noon when Sagul asked Lionel to read to her—“you know, *mináw*, the one of the Iron Stove.” He read it as best he might, out of that old, well-thumbed copy of Grimm; and all the time he read, her lips kept moving—she knew it by heart, and was repeating it after him.

“Blessed words,” said the great-grandmother when he had ended. She thought it was a chapter of the Bible.

And it was towards evening that, still holding Lionel’s hand, still feebly pressing it from time to time, she said to her brother, “Play me something, my Wanselo.”

How that scene came back to Lionel years afterwards!

The tents were pitched upon the western hill-slope. Beside them ran Offa’s Dyke, reared centuries before to

peep out the Welsh marauders ; the silver Teme flowed beneath ; and beyond stretched the beautiful Welsh country, all shimmering through the soft blue woodsmoke of the fire that smouldered outside. Some sat within the tent, but more on the turf without—the children awe-struck, puzzled. The sinking sun slanted through the tent-opening, and lighted up Sagul's face, which was lighted up, too, by happy recollections. For Wanselo was playing Scotch melodies, dear to her soul from those old Canongate days. First, the 'Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,' and then from its stirring tones he slid imperceptibly into the tender 'Farewell to Lochaber.' And as he played, he cried quietly, big merry-faced Wanselo.

"Play that again, my Wanselo."

And Wanselo did play it again, but not quite to the end, for, as the last bar opened, Sagul died. Then there was weeping in those tents of Egypt ; and I too, Lionel, wept.

Yes ; I who have written this "novel" am Lionel.

THE END

Warwick House

Salisbury Square

LONDON E.C.

A LIST OF  
New and Popular Books

PUBLISHED BY

WARD LOCK & BOWDEN LTD

---

NEW WORK BY GUY BOOTHBY

*A Bid for Fortune; or, Dr. Nikola's Vendetta.* By GUY BOOTHBY, Author of "In Strange Company," "A Lost Endeavour," "The Marriage of Esther," etc. With about **Fifty Illustrations** by STANLEY L. WOOD. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 5s.

This story, during its appearance in serial form in the "Windsor Magazine," has met with extraordinary success. The weird conception of Dr. Nikola does not easily find a parallel, and the adventures of this mysterious man in little known quarters of the globe have been followed with eager interest by thousands of readers during the present year.

---

NEW WORK BY JOSEPH HOCKING

*All Men are Liars.* By JOSEPH HOCKING, Author of "Ishmael Pengelly," "The Story of Andrew Fairfax," etc. With **Frontispiece and Vignette** by GORDON BROWNE. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

"Mr. Joseph Hocking has fulfilled the promise of his literary youth. This is a notable book. . . . Thoughtful people will be fascinated by its actuality, its fearlessness, and the insight it gives into the influence of modern thought and literature upon the mind and morals of our most promising manhood."—*Christian World.*

---

WARD LOCK & BOWDEN LTD

## GUY BOOTHBY

*In Strange Company.* A Story of Chili and the Southern Seas. By GUY BOOTHBY, Author of "A Bid for Fortune," etc. With Six Full-page Illustrations by STANLEY L. WOOD. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, bevelled boards, 5s.

"A capital novel of its kind—the sensational adventurous. It has the quality of life and stir, and will carry the reader with curiosity unabated to the end."—*The World*.

By the same Author

*The Marriage of Esther:* A Torres Straits Sketch. With Four Full-page Illustrations by STANLEY L. WOOD. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 5s.

"A story full of action, life, and dramatic interest. . . . There is a vigour and a power of illusion about it that raises it quite above the level of the ordinary novel of adventure."—*Manchester Guardian*.

## GEORGE MEREDITH

*The Tale of Chloe;* The House on the Beach; and The Case of General Ople and Lady Camper. By GEORGE MEREDITH, Author of "Diana of the Crossways," "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," "The Tragic Comedians," etc. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

"'The Tale of Chloe' is one of the gems of English fiction. Mr. Meredith is a cunning delineator of women—no living writer more so—but we question whether, even in Mr. Meredith's rich array of female characters, there is any more lovable than Chloe."—*Daily Telegraph*.

By the same Author

*The Tragic Comedians:* A Study in a well-known Story. Revised and corrected by the Author. With an Introductory Note on Ferdinand Lassalle by CLEMENT SHORTER, and Photogravure Portrait of the Author. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d. (The 6s. edition can still be had.)

"One of the most brilliant of all George Meredith's novels."—*The Speaker*.

## BERTRAM MITFORD

*The Curse of Clement Waynflete: A*

Story of Two Wars. With **Four Full-page Illustrations** by STANLEY L. WOOD. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

"Telling us wonderful incidents of inter-racial warfare of ambuscades, sieges, surprises, and assaults almost without number. . . . A thoroughly exciting story, full of bright descriptions and stirring episodes."—*The Daily Telegraph*

By the same Author

*A Veldt Official: A Novel of Circum-*

stance. With **Two Full-page Illustrations** by STANLEY L. WOOD. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

"We have seldom come across a more thrilling narrative. From start to finish Mr. Mitford secures unflagging attention."—*Leeds Mercury*.

## MAX PEMBERTON

*Jewel Mysteries I Have Known.* By

MAX PEMBERTON, Author of "The Iron Pirate." With **Fifty Illustrations** by R. CATON WOODVILLE and FRED BARNARD. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, gilt edges, 5s.

"The most interesting and entrancing 'mystery' stories that have appeared since the publication of the doings of Mr. Sherlock Holmes."—*The Literary World*.

## ARTHUR MORRISON

*Martin Hewitt, Investigator.* By

ARTHUR MORRISON, Author of "Tales of Mean Streets," etc. With about **Fifty Illustrations** by SYDNEY PAGET. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 5s.

"Most people like tales of this sort, . . . and no one writes them better than Mr. Morrison does. The narratives are written not only with ingenuity, but with conviction, which is, perhaps, even the more valuable quality."—*Globe*.

By the same Author

*Chronicles of Martin Hewitt.* With

**Thirty Illustrations** by D. MURRAY SMITH. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 5s.

## HENRY KINGSLEY

New Library Edition of HENRY KINGSLEY'S NOVELS.

Edited by CLEMENT K. SHORTER. Well printed (from type specially cast) on good paper, and neatly and handsomely bound. With Frontispieces by eminent Artists. Price 3s. 6d. per volume.

COMPLETE IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

- 1 *The Recollections of Geoffry Hamlyn.*
- 2 *Ravenshoe.*
- 3 *The Hillyars and the Burtons.*
- 4 *Silcote of Silcotes.*
- 5 *Stretton.*
- 6 *Austin Elliot and The Harveys.*
- 7 *Mdlle. Mathilde.*
- 8 *Old Margaret, and other Stories.*
- 9 *Valentin, and Number Seventeen.*
- 10 *Oakshott Castle and The Grange Garden.*
- 11 *Reginald Hetherege and Leighton Court.*
- 12 *The Boy in Grey, and other Stories.*

"To renew your acquaintance with Henry Kingsley is for Henry Kingsley to stand forth victorious all along the line. His work, in truth, is moving and entertaining now as it was moving and entertaining thirty odd years ago."—*The Pall Mall Gazette.*

"Henry Kingsley was born to wear the purple of romance. . . . Where will any one who is ordinary and sane find better comradeship? Scarcely outside the novels of Walter Scott. . . . Messrs. Ward, Lock & Bowden's edition of this despotic and satisfying romancer is cheap, and well printed, and comfortable to hold. Those who love Kingsley will love him again and better for this edition, and those who have not loved have a joy in store that we envy them."—*The National Observer.*

"To Mr. Clement Shorter and to the publishers the unreserved thanks of the public are warmly due; there can be no finer mission from the world of fiction to the world of fact than the putting forth of these ennobling novels afresh and in a fitting form."—*The Daily Chronicle.*

EDITH JOHNSTONE

*A Sunless Heart.* Third and Cheap

Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

"Mr. W. T. Stead, in his article on 'Women Novelists,' writes of 'its intrinsic merit, its originality and its pathos, its distinctively woman's outlook on life, and the singular glow and genius of its author.' . . . Lotus is a distinct creation—vivid, life-like, and original."—*Review of Reviews.*

FRANCIS PREVOST

*Rust of Gold.* By FRANCIS PREVOST.

Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 5s.

"A series of nine *fin de siècle* stories of great power and picturesqueness. . . . A more appalling tale than 'A Ghost of the Sea' has not been recounted for many years past, nor have the tragical potentialities of modern life, as lived by people of culture and refinement, been more graphically illustrated than in 'Grass upon the Housetops,' 'The Skirts of Chance,' and 'False Equivalents.' As word-pictures they are simply masterpieces."—*Daily Telegraph.*

NORA VYNNE

*Honey of Aloes, and other Stories.*

By NORA VYNNE, Author of "The Blind Artist's Pictures." Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"Irresistibly amusing, full of character, humour, truth, with much underlying pathos. . . . The quarrel with which the chief story begins is delightfully unreasonable, progressive, inevitable, and the interest never flags for a line to the thoroughly natural and human end. The author is so clever that she makes us ready to attest the truth of her most venturesome improbabilities, and her wit is charming."—*The World.*

By the same Author

*A Comedy of Honour.* By NORAVYNNE, Author of "The Blind Artist's Pictures," "Honey of Aloes," etc. With Illustrations by BERTHA NEWCOMBE. Square fcap. 8vo, elegantly bound, cloth gilt, gilt top, 2s. 6d. (*Nautilus Series.*)

## FERGUS HUME

*The Dwarf's Chamber*, and other Stories.

With many Illustrations by GEORGE HUTCHINSON, R. JACK, and others. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

"The Dwarf's Chamber" is a singularly weird and uncommon tale, which will, beyond question, add considerably to Mr. Hume's reputation by showing him in another and, the publishers venture to think, even more attractive vein.

## SHAN F. BULLOCK

*By Thrasna River*: The Story of a

Townland. Given by one John Farmer, and Edited by his Friend, SHAN F. BULLOCK, Author of "The Awkward Squad." With Full-page Illustrations by ST. CLAIR SIMMONS. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 6s.

Good judges who have had the opportunity of reading the present work before publication, have expressed the opinion that with the single exception of Miss Barlow's books no such delightful story of Irish life has seen the light for years.

## CAPTAIN CHARLES KING

*Fort Frayne*. A Story of Army Life in the North-West. With Portrait of the Author. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

Captain King is probably the most popular American novelist of to-day. He always has a good story to tell, and he tells it with spirit; and his latest effort, "Fort Frayne," is certainly one of his marked successes, for the reader is carried on by the succession of strong situations and dramatic incidents to the very end.

## OUTRAM TRISTRAM

*The Dead Gallant*; together with "The

*King of Hearts*." By OUTRAM TRISTRAM. With Full-page Illustrations by HUGH THOMSON and ST. GEORGE HARE. Crown 8vo, art linen gilt, 5s.

"Both stories are well written in faultless English, and display a knowledge of history, a careful study of character, and a fine appreciation of a dramatic point, all too rare in these days of slipshod fiction."—*National Observer*.

A. CONAN DOYLE

*The First Book about Sherlock Holmes.*

*A Study in Scarlet.* By CONAN DOYLE.  
Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d. With Forty Illustrations  
by GEORGE HUTCHINSON.

"One of the cleverest and best detective stories we have yet seen. . . . Mr. Conan Doyle is a literary artist, and this is a good specimen of his skill."—*London Quarterly Review.*

---

J. E. MUDDOCK

*Stormlight; or, the Nihilist's Doom.* A Story of Switzerland and Russia. By J. E. MUDDOCK, F.R.G.S., Author of "For God and the Czar," etc. With Two Full-page Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

"The work has a strong plot, exciting situations, and a certain truth to history, that make it full of interest."—*The Scotsman.*

---

HEADON HILL

*The Rajah's Second Wife.* A Story of Missionary Life and Trial in India. By HEADON HILL, Author of "Zambra the Detective," "Cabinet Secrets," etc. With Two Full-page Illustrations by WALTER S. STACEY. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

"Will assuredly be read with the deepest interest. . . . The novel, as a whole, is one that will be read with genuine pleasure."—*The Scotsman.*

By the same Author

*The Divinations of Kala Persad.* With Two Full-page Illustrations by STANLEY L. WOOD. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

For readers who enjoy really ably constructed and powerfully told detective stories "The Divinations of Kala Persad" will afford thrilling reading. Mr. Headon Hill has already made his mark as a writer of "Mysteries" by his record of the doings of that astute investigator "Zambra, the Detective," and the new book contains some even more original experience of the same unraveller of crime.

---

## HENRY HERMAN

*His Angel*: A Romance of the Far West.

By HENRY HERMAN, Author of "A Leading Lady," "The Silver King" (play), etc., and part-Author of "The Bishops' Bible," "One Traveller Returns," etc. With Four Full-page Illustrations by GEORGE HUTCHINSON. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

"'His Angel' is well, even brilliantly, written, very much after the style of Charles Reade's famous novels of colonial adventure."—*Black and White*.

By the same Author

*Woman, the Mystery*: A Tale of Three

Revolutions. With Four Full-page Illustrations by GEO. HUTCHINSON. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

"A tale so chock-full of sensation and thrilling episodes and hairbreadth escapes that the reader's breath is fairly taken away before the end of it."—*Manchester Guardian*.

By the same Author

*The Crime of a Christmas Toy*.

With Forty Illustrations by GEORGE HUTCHINSON. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

The dramatic power which made the play, "The Silver King," of which he was part-author, so signal a success, is very noticeable in the present work, "The Crime of a Christmas Toy."

## THOMAS NELSON PAGE

*In Ole Virginia*; or, "Marse Chan," and

other Stories. By THOS. NELSON PAGE. With Introduction by T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P., and Frontispiece by GEORGE HUTCHINSON. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"Pathos and humour are mingled with singular felicity. . . . Few will read 'Marse Chan' with dry eyes."—*Leeds Mercury*.

By the same Author

*The Burial of the Guns*, and other

Stories. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

"Very beautiful and touching. . . . It is a heroic book, and also a most pathetic one."—*The Guardian*.

## COULSON KERNAHAN

*God and the Ant.* Twenty-third Thousand, long 8vo, sewed, 1s.

"He has risen to imaginative heights whither few living authors could follow him. Nor can I recall any finer picture in religious fiction than that which he has painted of the end of the world and the coming of unnumbered souls to cry for vengeance before the throne of God."—*Vanity Fair*.

"It may be said to speak as closely to the religious consciousness of the nineteenth century as Bunyan's immortal work did to that of the seventeenth."—*Literary World*.

*A Book of Strange Sins.* Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"I do not remember to have read for a long time a study of the deadliness to soul and body—of what I may even call the murderousness of purely sensual passion—in which the moral is so finely, and I must use the word, awfully conveyed."—*Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P.*, in *The Weekly Sun*.

"Such books are among the healthiest symptoms, not only of modern literature, but of modern thought. The book is a fine one, and I think it will live."—*The Academy*.

*A Dead Man's Diary.* Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

"A brilliant success."—*Globe*.

*Sorrow and Song.* Second Edition. Crown 8vo, buckram, 3s. 6d.

"Mr. Kernahan shows himself a genuine thinker, a sympathetic critic, a patient analyst, and, above all, a man of wholesome, clean soul, so far as he has enshrined it in the pages of this modestly dignified little book."—*Mr. S. R. Crockett*, in *The Bookman*.

"By a writer of much insight and originality."—*Times*.

"Of singular beauty and tenderness, but at the same time full of critical insight."—*Athenæum*.

ETHEL TURNER

*Seven Little Australians.* With  
Twenty-six Illustrations by A. J. JOHNSON. Tenth  
Thousand. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, bevelled, gilt edges,  
3s. 6d.

"Ought to capture hearts young and old as 'Helen's  
Babies' captured them—a book which both children and  
adults will love."—*The Queen.*

"Our impressions of this clever and vivacious narrative  
are so pleasing, that we hope, for the maintenance of life's  
gaiety and the power of laughter, there is more to come."—  
*The Star.*

By the same Author

*The Family at Misrule.* A Sequel to  
the above. With Twenty-nine Illustrations by A. J.  
JOHNSON. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

By the same Author

*The Story of a Baby.* With Two  
Illustrations by ST. CLAIR SIMMONS. Square fcap. 8vo,  
cloth elegant, gilt top, 2s. 6d. (*Nautilus Series.*)

"A very fetching little story."—*The New Budget.*

"'The Story of a Baby' is charmingly written."—*Scotsman.*

MRS. A. BLITZ

*An Australian Millionaire.* With  
Frontispiece and Vignette by GEORGE HUTCHINSON.  
Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

"Its plot displays remarkable originality of conception as  
well as ingenuity of construction. . . . The story in  
question has conspicuous merits of its own, which entitle it  
to honourable mention, and its author to cordial encourage-  
ment."—*Daily Telegraph,*

E. DONNISON

*Winning a Wife in Australia.* With  
Frontispiece and Vignette by GEORGE HUTCHINSON.  
Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

"Written in a spirited fashion, and one gets the impression  
that the 'local colouring' is as accurate as it is vivid. The  
story has plenty of 'go,' and on the whole gives a pleasing  
picture of Colonial Life."—*Glasgow Herald.*

---

E. H. STRAIN

*A Man's Foes.* By E. H. STRAIN. In  
3 vols., crown 8vo, cloth, 15s. net.

"The best historical novel pure and simple that we have had since Mr. Conan Doyle published 'Micah Clarke.' . . . One of the most picturesque, dramatic, and absorbing historical romances we have read for many a long day."  
—*Daily Chronicle.*

---

F. MARION CRAWFORD

*To Leeward.* A Novel. By F. MARION  
CRAWFORD, Author of "A Roman Singer," "Mr. Isaacs," etc. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"Mr. Marion Crawford, in his new novel, 'To Leeward,' has achieved his greatest success; indeed, it is not too much to say that this work takes a high place in the ranks of modern fiction."—*Vanity Fair.*

By the same Author

*An American Politician.* A Novel.  
Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

---

S. G. FIELDING

*The Southern Light.* By S. G. FIELD-  
ING. With Four Full-page Illustrations by WARWICK  
GOBLE. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

"The Southern Light" is a story of the Sea with plenty of adventure and incident, and many realistic descriptions of the perils and trials of a sailor's life. Some of the scenes are very vivid bits of word-painting, and make one almost hold one's breath as one reads.

---

THOMAS HENEY

*The Girl at Birrell's.* By THOMAS  
HENEY. With Frontispiece by T. S. C. CROWTHER.  
Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

A singularly realistic picture of Australian Bush Life. It may be questioned whether any more faithfully drawn picture of what "roughing it in the bush" means has been published.

---

**JULIEN GORDON**

*Vampires, and Mademoiselle Réséda.*

Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

"A clever sketch of contemporary manners . . . full of charming touches."—*Morning Post.*

"‘Mademoiselle Réséda’ is a charming love story."—*Sheffield Telegraph.*

---

**EDGAR FAWCETT**

*Her Fair Fame.* With a Frontispiece

by GEO. HUTCHINSON. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

"It is a cleverly written dramatic piece of fiction."—*Publishers' Circular.*

---

**MAGGIE SWAN**

*A Late Awakening.* By MAGGIE SWAN.

With Two Illustrations by ST. CLAIR SIMMONS.  
Square fcap. 8vo, cloth elegant, gilt top, 2s. 6d. (*Nautilus Series.*)

Miss Maggie Swan bids fair to take a place side by side with her famous sister, Annie S. Swan. "A Late Awakening" is engrossing in interest, wide in its sympathy, and graceful in style.

---

**JANE G. AUSTIN**

*Standish of Standish: A Story of the Pilgrims.*

With Two Illustrations by GEO. HUTCHINSON.  
Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"Miss Austin writes their (the Pilgrims') story as one inspired. . . . A most satisfying story, and a valuable addition to historical fiction."—*Sheffield Telegraph.*

---

**AVERY MACALPINE**

*Joel Marsh: an American; and Other*

Stories. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

"‘Joel Marsh’ tells the old tale of the Good Samaritan in a new guise—related with much humour, touched with sympathetic humanity. Of the other stories, ‘A Sacrifice to Faith’ is the strongest, is powerfully depicted, and impresses the hall-mark of distinction upon the volume."—*The Speaker.*

---





18 AUG 1898

23 SEP 1898

7 NOV 1898

23 JAN 1899

FEB 14 1899

MAY 27 1899

MAY 18 1902

[OCT 8 1902]

APR 1 1899

